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Collier's

June 28, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

EXCLUSIVE!

Inside Perón's Secret TORTURE CHAMBERS

By Dr. Alberto Caride

ARLENE DAHL
Elizabethan Fashions

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PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

Make your next drink a better drink. Whether you prefer a cocktail or a highball, Lord Calvert offers a *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* matched by no other whiskey in the world.

For of all the millions of gallons we distill—only the very choicest are set aside for this distinguished whiskey. So tonight, at home or at your favorite bar, enjoy Lord Calvert . . . the whiskey of distinction.

For Men of Distinction . . . LORD CALVERT

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C.

MR. WALTER T. SHIRLEY — *distinguished business executive—left school at 14 to help support his family. He was a song and dance man and a silent movie actor. Later, to pay for further education, he sold bonds. In 1917 he enlisted. While in training on Long Island he was struck with the contrast between country living and congested city life. After the war he pioneered the subdivision of large tracts of choice land for home sites for people of moderate means. Mr. Shirley has since become one of America's most prominent real estate developers. Today, a member of many clubs, he devotes much time to N. Y. philanthropies.*

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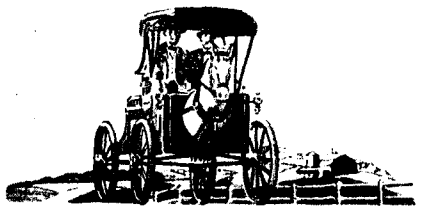
1908 FORD was the first of fifteen million Model T's that were manufactured. It was also the first Ford to have left-hand drive. Color was optional—"as long as it was black."

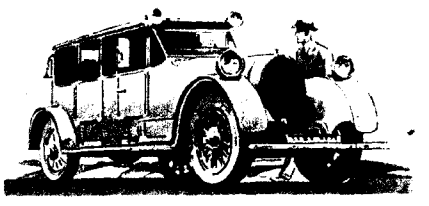
TODAY AS YESTERDAY,

CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE

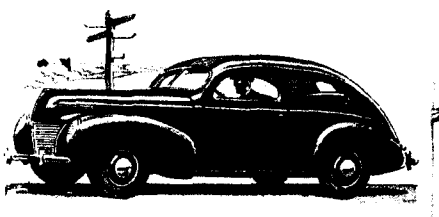
1900 HORSEY CARRIAGE had a wooden horse on the dash. The designer figured this would keep "Old Dobbin" from bolting, as he often did when he saw an early motor car.

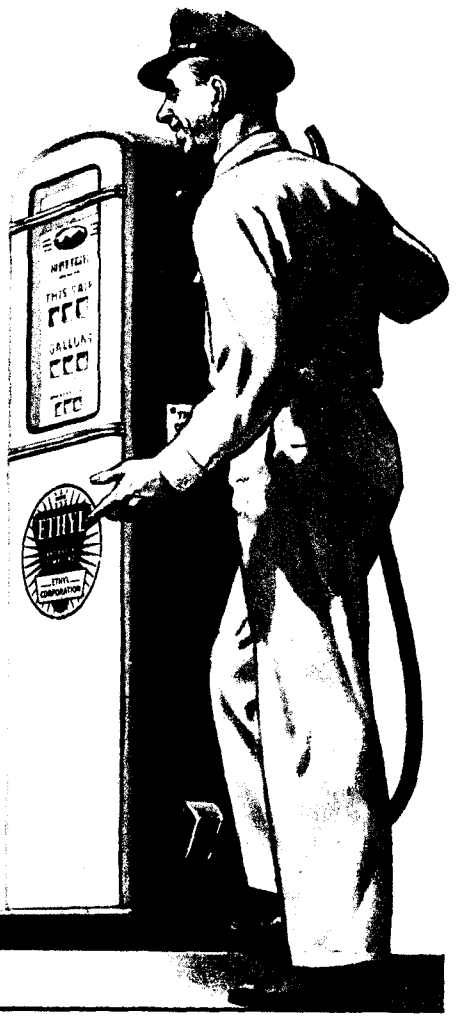


1924 HEINE-VELOX SPECIAL was more a road locomotive than an automobile. It had a 12-cylinder engine, 148-inch wheelbase and was one of the first with hydraulic brakes.

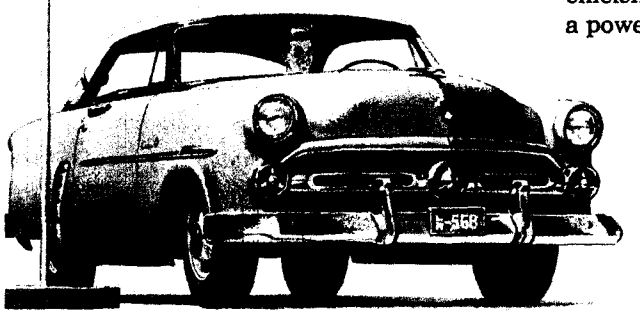


1939 MERCURY was hailed as the latest addition to the Ford line of fine cars. This medium-priced, high-performance automobile caught on quickly with the motoring public.





1952 FORD offers many new features including a choice of two high-performing, high compression engines—a 101-horsepower six or a 110-horsepower V-8.



From the day the first car chugged wearily down the road, motorists have wanted more power. More power to climb hills . . . to get away at traffic lights . . . to pull them out of tight places. Today the combination of a modern high compression engine and "Ethyl" gasoline gives power, economy and all-round performance that was only a dream a few years back.

"Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline. It's the gasoline that helps modern high compression engines develop top power and efficiency. It's the gasoline you ought to buy. Remember, there's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

If you like musical pictures, you are bound to like "Lovely To Look At". It is a film perfectly described by the title, and has been produced in what *Life Magazine* describes as "the lush, extravagant, M-G-M manner".

It has, first of all, a great cast, including Kathryn Grayson, Red Skelton, Howard Keel, Marge and Gower Champion, and Ann Miller. It has the music of Jerome Kern, one of his very best scores, and in addition to the title song includes "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes", "The Touch of Your Hand", "I Won't Dance", "Yesterdays", and others that truly entertain.

The story is what they call "solid". Red Skelton inherits a dress shop in Paris. This gets him and his pals out of one kind of trouble and into some more. The plot commutes from New York to Paris, and gives an opportunity for the great American designer, Adrian, to display a fashion show that women will talk about and men will admire. They not only will admire the gowns, but the fillings.

Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel are at their most romantic vocally. Red Skelton is at his funniest, the Champions are at their danciest, and Ann Miller is at her hottest. The number in which she mutters "The natives are restless tonight" is a triumph of rhythmic choreography, or, in less expensive words, of matter over mind.

There are many laughs in "Lovely To Look At", and the combination is a full course dinner of story, gaiety and pictorialness that is bound to satisfy the appetite of the most exacting fan.

It is said that one of the reasons M-G-M won the Academy Award for "An American In Paris" was the great Art Students' Ball. "Lovely To Look At" boasts a rival attraction in the Great Fashion Spectacle. M-G-M's new musical is a Technicolor triumph.

P.S. "Ivanhoe" is coming! Sir Walter Scott's famed story enriches the giant screen in Color by Technicolor!

★ ★ ★

"LOVELY TO LOOK AT" starring KATHRYN GRAYSON, RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL, MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Kurt Kasznar. An M-G-M picture in color by Technicolor. Screen play by George Wells and Harry Ruby. Additional dialogue by Andrew Solt. Based on the musical comedy "Roberta" from the novel by Alice Duer Miller. Book and lyrics by Otto A. Harbach. Music by Jerome Kern. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Produced by Jack Cummings.

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June 28, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Inspired by the ascension of Queen Elizabeth II, a group of U.S. fashion people have gone back to the days of Good Queen Bess herself, and come up with a modern version of 300-year-old styles. The hat and ruff worn by Hollywood's Arlene Dahl in this regal cover portrait are examples of their new ideas. More examples—and other Elizabethan-styled lovelies—are on page 18.

Week's Mail

Christianity & China's Reds

EDITOR: Congratulations on Cardinal Spellman's story of How Red China Tortures Protestant and Catholic Missionaries (May 10th). It is good to know that Collier's has the moral fortitude to publish straightforward, hard-hitting articles of this type. If our American press is to remain free, it must shoulder up to its responsibility to tell the people the truth about events in Asia. Otherwise, we too may awaken one fine morning and hear barbarian bugles sound taps over our cherished liberties.

PATRICK J. HARRINGTON, Ridgefield, N.J.

. . . Thank you for your generosity in printing Cardinal Spellman's revelation of the naked and grave facts in his article about our Catholic and Protestant missionaries in Red China.

Our prayers and supplications can ease the sufferings of those fighting for our religious freedom.

MRS. MARYLYN THORPE ROH,
Santa Monica, Cal.

Contemporary Boone

EDITOR: The picture story in Collier's, Dan'l Boone VI (May 10th), was especially interesting in the town of Boone because Mr. Boone was a recent visitor here.

He came over from Burnsville to look over the construction of the new outdoor Daniel Boone Theater for the new historical drama, Horn in the West. At the invitation of the Southern Appalachian Historical Association, which is the sponsoring organization for the drama, he "autographed" one of the trees near the new theater.

Mr. Boone says he is glad he didn't have to carve quite as much of an inscription as Daniel Boone I did when he recorded on a tree in Tennessee that he "cilled a bar in the year 1760."

Our "Daniel Boone tree" is authentic, although not very historic as yet: Mr. Boone was here March 20th.

MIRIAM GLOVIER RABB, Boone, N.C.

Conquest of Space

EDITOR: In Week's Mail of your May 10th issue, discussing the issue concerning space travel, I noticed that several readers seemed to be in doubt as to whether a crew could be found which would be competent and brave enough for space travel and exploration. These readers should keep in mind

(Continued on page 8)

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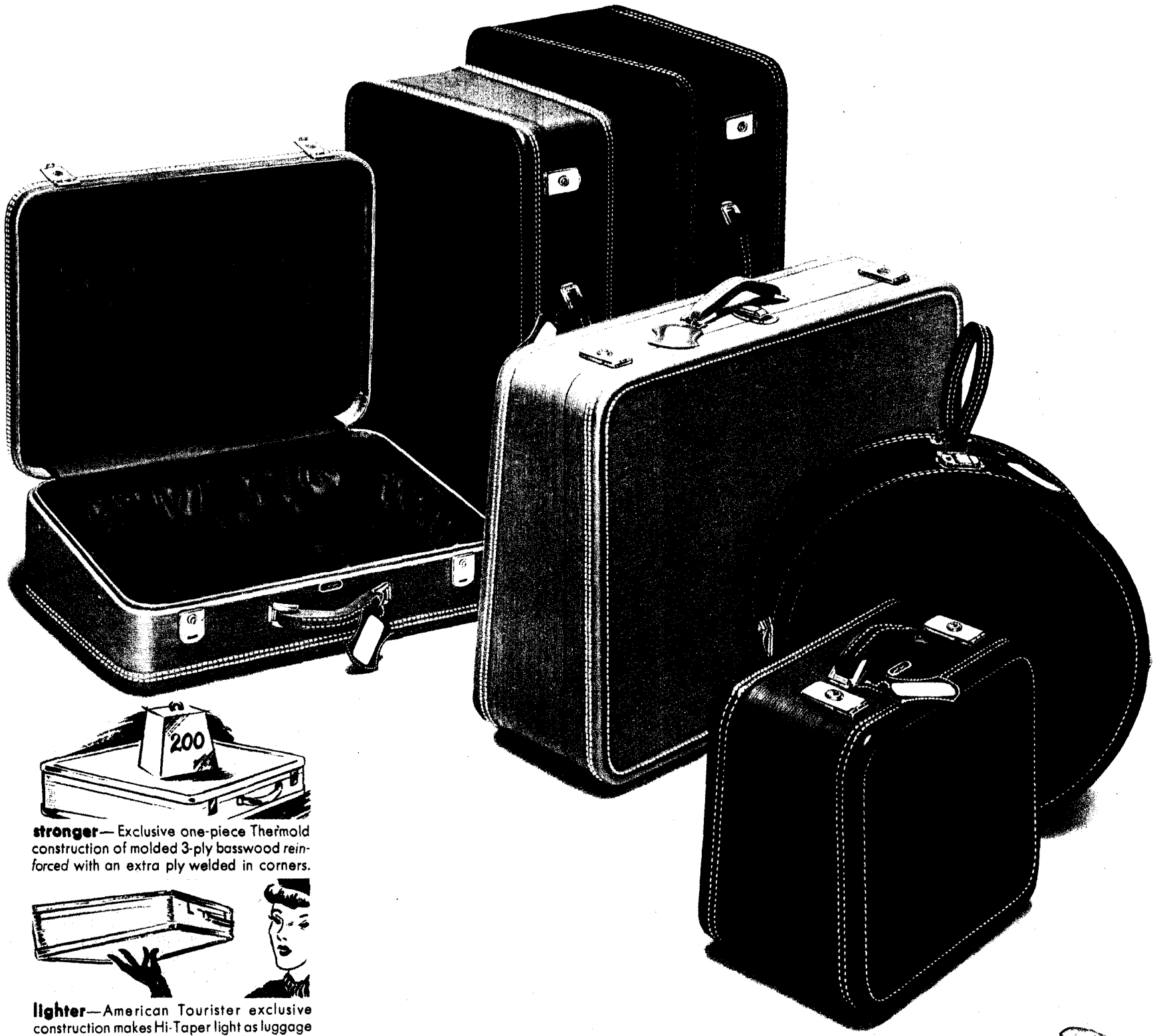

stronger— Exclusive one-piece Thermold construction of molded 3-ply basswood *reinforced* with an extra ply welded in corners.

lighter—American Tourister exclusive construction makes Hi-Taper light as luggage can be without sacrificing strength.

easier to pack— New Hi-Taper is *tall* shaped to hold more with fewer folds. Clothes travel wrinkle-free!

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And look at the "extras": easy-to-hold Palmguard handles . . . luxurious linings . . . matching identification tags . . . removable water-proof zipper cosmetic case . . . patented fingertip-action compact locks.

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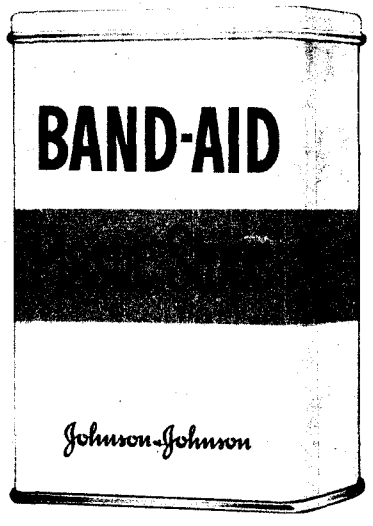

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Assortment of Strips, Patches, Spots

Johnson & Johnson

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Young man in Detroit whose father is a doctor and whose grandfather was, too, asked his scientific parent whether, as a young physician, any of his patients recovered. While Dad was trying to control himself, the boy asked whether any of Grandpaw's customers managed to pull through. "No offense. No offense," protested the lad. "I was just wondering how you fellows got by before all these new miracle drugs were discovered."

★ ★ ★

This will serve notice on the Department of Agriculture that we've quit reading its mimeographed handouts and listening to

its price index reports. We can get bewildered enough without them. Listen. A letter from Washington says the government is fighting hard to reduce the cost of living. It is doing this, we read, by buying 12,000,000 pounds of pork products to keep a price-depressing surplus off the market and keep prices up. Therefore, donning our best cap and bells, with a squirrel perched on each shoulder, talking volubly to ourself and otherwise notifying the public that we're just as nuts as the Agriculture Department, we walk backward against the lights in traffic proclaiming we're Napoleon.

★ ★ ★

And now to sterner aspects of life in these bedeviled 48. In Berkeley, California, students of the University of California polled a reunion of alumni. Question: What has a college education done for you? One middle-aged Old Boy replied: "I don't know what I'd have been without college. I might even have been a success."

★ ★ ★

We've been reading the Wisconsin Agriculturist, too. It says: "True free speech means freedom for fools, nitwits and ignoramuses to peddle their ideas. Even if they don't agree with your own sensible, worthwhile and accurate conclusions."

★ ★ ★

We pause to clap our toilworn hands in applause for a new law in Indiana. It decrees that in all public schools in that state, within two weeks immediately preceding any general, Congressional or state election, the pupils in grades 6 through 12 shall receive "five full recitation periods" of instruction in why we vote, the mechanics of voting, the election laws and, above all, "the responsibilities of citizen participation in government and in elections." Hope the lessons are passed on to Pop and Mom.

★ ★ ★

Recently a large and justly appreciative audience gathered in Milwaukee's Auditorium to hear the Arion music club sing Johann Sebastian Bach's beautiful B Minor Mass. The Auditorium, used for a variety of functions, had been swept out and otherwise cleared for the singing. Only thing is that the cleaners forgot to remove a large banner hanging from the balcony. It read: "No Betting Allowed."

★ ★ ★

Depressing letter from a fellow in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Tells about a lady who spent so much time taking treatments warranted to keep her looking young that she wore herself out and died prematurely.

★ ★ ★

Well do we remember when this country was called the New World. Now we're just everybody's Old Man.

★ ★ ★

What the badly banged ears of these 48 need is more clear, sane words like Bishop Paul B. Kern's. Bishop Kern is a Nashville, Tennessee, man. At the Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Church, Dr. Kern said gravely that the fear of insecurity was upon us as a nation, that this fear threatens to become a country-wide neurosis menacing the fundamental liberties inherent in our democracy. We need such warning—perhaps as never before—in an era when a citizen dares not quote Thomas Jefferson lest he have a "subversive" placard hung around his neck. An encore for Bishop Kern.

★ ★ ★

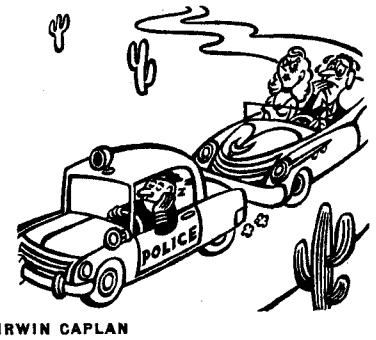
Just in case you'd like to know how Pasadena, California, managed to clean itself up—getting rid of slums and the like—without passing any new, expensive legislation, we've made a few inquiries. Revolutionary. Unheard of. Pasadena merely put into effect a few building safety, sanitation and health laws she already had on the books and never had given much attention.

★ ★ ★

And Mrs. Mary Belle Dooley, of Aberdeen, South Dakota, is wholeheartedly in favor of making ex-Presidents members-at-large of the United States Senate. She realizes that such proposed legislation would not permit them to vote, but to keep them busy she'd provide them with free picture post cards which they could send to the White House with "Don't you wish you were here?" written on them.

★ ★ ★

As in your car you go touring this summer and you presently come up back of a



IRWIN CAPLAN

dawdling police car, what will you do? Crawl along behind it, afraid to pass it? If you do that in Colorado, the police will decide you have either a guilty conscience or are just afraid of cops on general principles;

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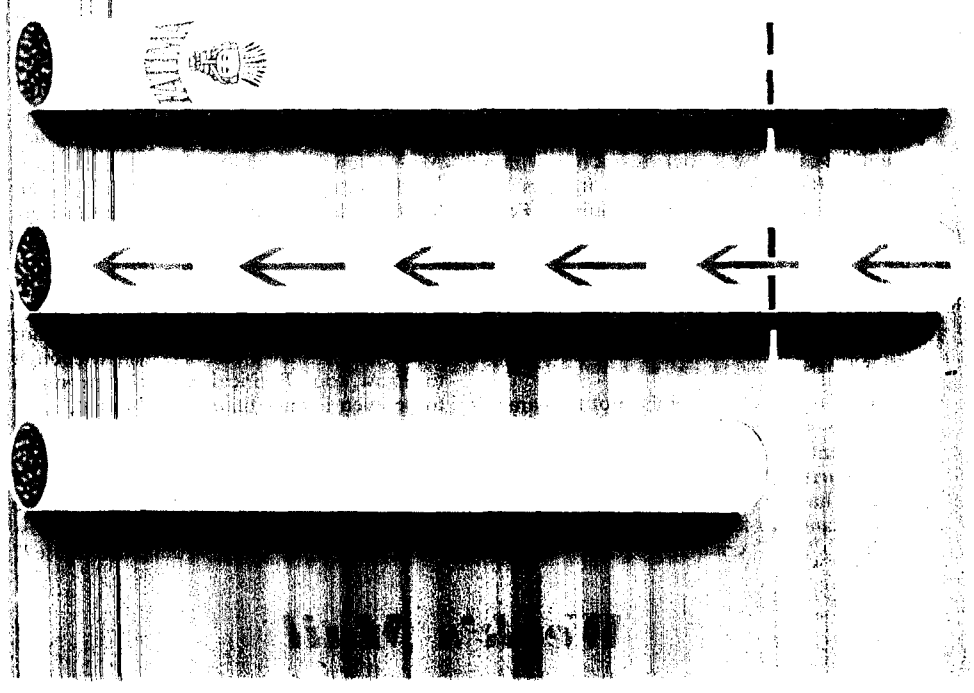

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Try this completely *new* hair tonic tomorrow morning. You'll be surprised how that natural, fresh-combed look stays on and on!

New 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic contains Triple-A Lanolin, too . . . homogenized for easy flow. Get a bottle today—you'll be mighty pleased with it!

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HAIR TONIC
Contains VIRATOL* with LANOLIN
For well-groomed hair and daily care of the scalp
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* *A special compound (with lanolin) that helps keep hair in place . . . gives it natural-looking lustre.*

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anyway, that's what Mr. Gilbert R. Carrel, chief of Colorado's State Patrol says. Chances are the police car is just moping along on police business—looking for a certain license number on passing cars, for example. Go ahead and pass—at legal speed, of course—provided traffic will let you. Old 48 trying to be helpful.

★ ★ ★

Our Dickens County, Texas, paper has just arrived—the Spur. Looks fine. Crammed with news. But Grady Lackey, the editor, doesn't think so. Says Mr. Lackey: "The recent death of one printer, the unexplained disappearance of another, the failure of the third to show up for work and the sudden illness and departure of a fourth has left us slightly understaffed with a back-shop crew of one part-time high-school boy."

★ ★ ★

Amongst the more memorable happenings in Minneapolis thus far this year was a frantic call to fire headquarters. Smoke, said the caller, was pouring out of a window of the Radisson Hotel. Fire fighters with lots of equipment came running. Found the executive board of the Minnesota Education Association sitting around a table inside that window, five of them vigorously smoking cigars. They'd been discussing fire prevention too, among other things.

★ ★ ★

Relying on your promise not to blame us for this one, we courageously set down a comment from Mr. Fred Sammarco. Mr. Sammarco complains from Denver, Colorado, that there has been a great deal of propaganda in favor of changing his eating habits. "But," cried he, "I'll be darned if I'm going to be nagged into eating horse meat." Now, now. Don't get into a stew. Put down that brick.

★ ★ ★

University of Illinois professor of medicine proposes that patients diagnose their own ailments before going to the doctor. Write out symptoms, personal backgrounds, current state of ill-being and so on. Then hand it to the doctor. But nothing said, according to our Chicago man, about billing the doctor for expert advice.

★ ★ ★

About that recent item, it wasn't the Office of Price Stabilization but the California State Board of Equalization that jumped on a tradesman in Oakland for offering trays of ice cubes free to anyone wanting them. Mr. J. E. Gatchell, our original informant, spoke hastily. We've got a letter from him and another from Max Hall of the OPS in Washington to prove it. But there's the usual silver lining. Mr. Gatchell was treated to a nice edible lunch, with ice cubes, by Homer Potter, the OPS district director in San Francisco. Glad that's cleared up before it got to the UN General Assembly.

★ ★ ★

California is raising watermelons not much larger than a baseball. Light enough to throw, too. Political campaign promises to be even livelier than we'd thought.

★ ★ ★

That's about all, except a note from a lady in Charleston, West Virginia, asking, "Do you know of any way I can keep my husband from fixing things around the house?"

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

that, before our continent was discovered, men knew practically nothing about this earth; so little, in fact, that it was believed that if one went very far out to sea, he would fall off the edge of the earth, yet Columbus was able to find crews for his ships.

So it has been all through the ages—always there have been dangerous and important jobs to do, and always men have been found capable of doing them, and willing to do them. Surely in this age, when scientists know so much about conditions in the solar system, when so much time, money and study are put into the perfecting of machines to conquer space, men could be found who would be competent and brave enough to take on the job of space pioneers.

JACQUELINE VATER, Florence, Ky.

. . . I ran across the Week's Mail in your May 10th issue and would like to tell you how astounded I was at several persons' narrow-minded attitudes.

I wish to point out that not too many years back the thought of reaching a speed of 100 miles per hour was fantastic and impossible. Today man has passed this mark 10 times. With this and other strides of science in mind I fail to see where anyone would gather enough nerve to express in public the impossibility of a single word in your article.

CHARLES FERRIN, Laramie, Wyo.

. . . This letter is meant to be a strike back for all space pioneers. I have just read a letter in your Week's Mail (May 10th) from Pelham Barrett, of Southern Pines, N.C. Barrett states that conquering space is idiotic and that those who believe in it belong in a lunatic asylum.

It is people with old-fogy ideas like this that have delayed the conquering of space. It sounds like this Barrett person is something left over from the nineteenth century. If, whenever something was said about space flights, people would urge these pioneers on instead of criticizing them we would be further advanced in this field than we are now. The only thing that is keeping man from going to the moon is money. I belong to the United States Rocket Society, which is pledged to the conquering of space. If our society had $30,000,000 we could go to the moon.

BRUCE A. JENKINS, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

About Editorials

EDITOR: I have just read the Collier's editorial captioned Our Strength Still Grows (May 10th) and was as thrilled as when I had listened to some Fourth of July tributes to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States in my youth, some 50 years ago.

F. G. SWANSON, Tyler, Tex.

. . . When I have been particularly impressed by one of Collier's editorials, I have wished that I had the money to reprint the editorial (with your permission) on the front page of some newspaper, so that more persons would have the opportunity to read it.

I was therefore quite pleased, after having read the May 10th issue, to be listening to the radio and suddenly become aware that your editorial was being read word for word by Arthur Godfrey.

Needless to say the applause was most enthusiastic. It would be well for more such radio stars to read Collier's.

ARDEN A. TODD, Chanute, Kans.

. . . Thanks for the May 10th editorial Why Play Stalin's Straight Man? It is amazing how naïve some newspaper editors seem to be.

With all the corruption that has been going on for some time in the present administration, it seems to me these editors could have given the people better service by telling them about it, long before the people were aware of it. Generally speaking, I think the newspapers of this country have fallen down on the job here at home.

EVVA S. TOMB, Toledo, Ohio

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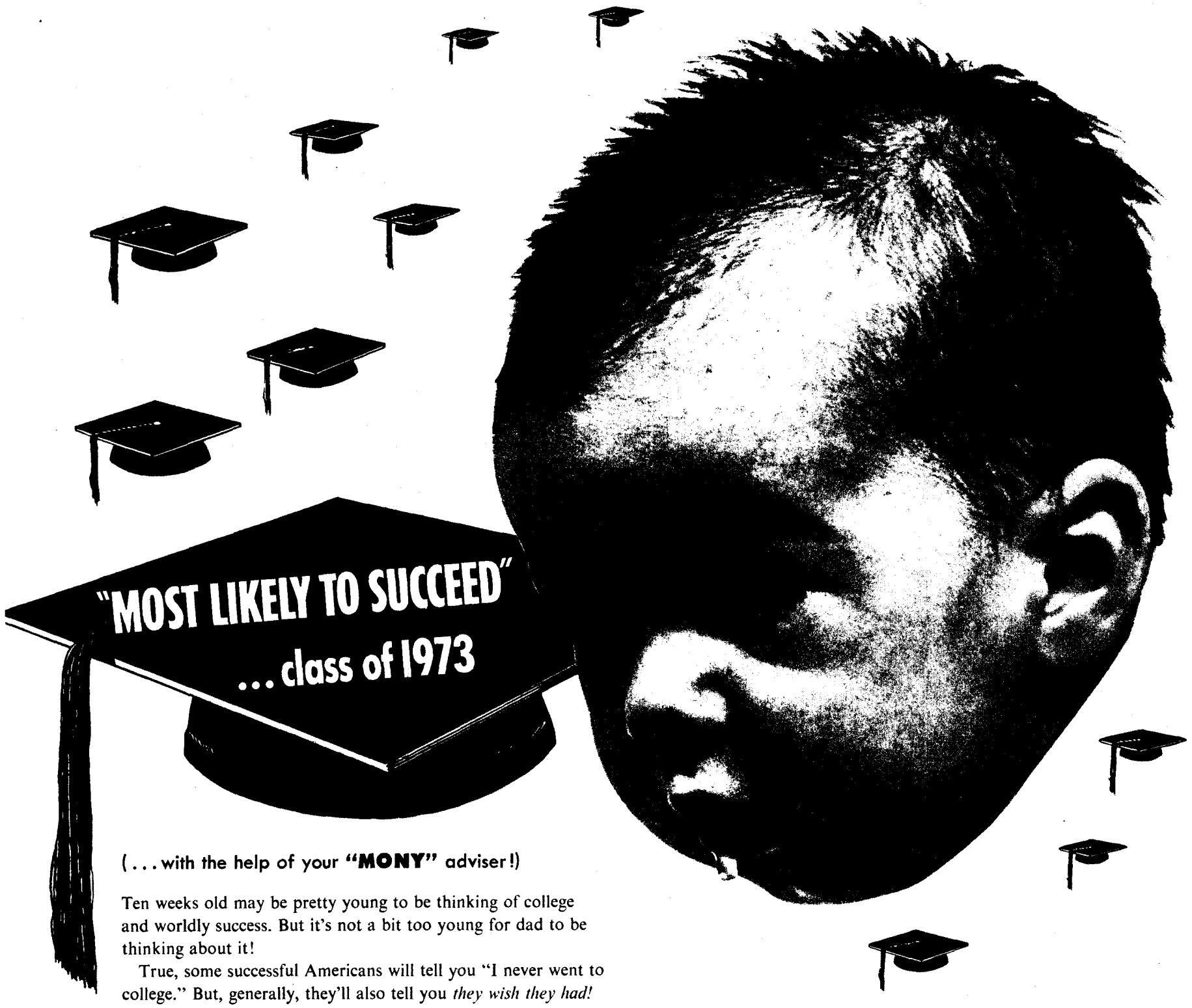


(. . . with the help of your "MONY" adviser!)

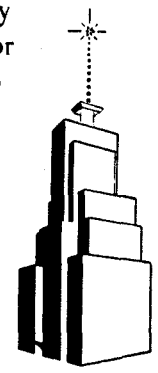
Ten weeks old may be pretty young to be thinking of college and worldly success. But it's not a bit too young for dad to be thinking about it!

True, some successful Americans will tell you "I never went to college." But, generally, they'll also tell you *they wish they had!* Still others will tell of having "worked" their way through—the hard way. And almost everybody will tell you that the odds are all in favor of the boy or girl who *does* go to college.

If you have a young hopeful, wouldn't you like to be *sure* there will be money for college—whether or not you're here?

You *can* be sure—and for only a few dollars a week—with a "MONY" Educational Policy. Mail the coupon—the "MONY" adviser nearest you will gladly tell you all about it. You'll find him far more than just an insurance salesman. He's an insurance adviser skilled in fitting life insurance to individual needs and income.

And, through Mutual Of New York—one of the oldest and strongest life insurance companies in America—he can *guarantee* money for future needs—whether it's money for family protection, money for retirement, money for protection against expenses and loss of income due to accident or sickness—or all of these and many more! Mail the coupon today for further information.



WEATHER STAR SIGNALS ON TOP OF OUR HOME OFFICE

Green . . . . . Fair
Orange . . . . . Cloudy
Orange flashing . . . . . Rain
White flashing . . . . . Snow

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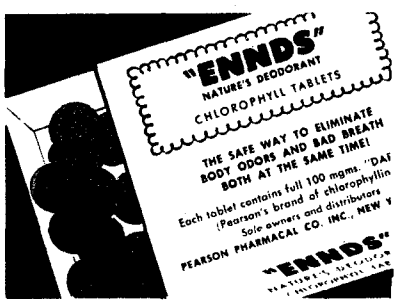
STOP TRIPLE "O"

...don't let any odor offense come between you!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NATURE'S DEODORANT
CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS
THE SAFE WAY TO ELIMINATE BODY ODORS AND BAD BREATH BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!
Each tablet contains full 100 mgms. "DAF" (Pearson's brand of chlorophyllin)
Sole owners and distributors
PEARSON PHARMACAL CO. INC., NEW Y
"ENNDS"

HIGH POTENCY "ENNDS"

more effective than any other chlorophyll product—act faster, longer, more thoroughly to stop all odor offense all day!

YOU READ in Reader's Digest how chlorophyll, Nature's most effective deodorant, has miraculous power to stop odors of breath and body *both at once!*

Now, here's even greater news! America's most popular chlorophyll tablets, *high potency* "ENNDS", have power to protect you from *all three* forms of odor offense (breath, body and OTHER personal odors)...faster, longer, more completely than ever before possible!

Protect you from TRIPLE "O" all day!

Yes, *high potency* "ENNDS" go to work *at once...are so effective that just one or* two tablets stop TRIPLE "O" for all day!

You see, "ENNDS" are made from a more potent *form* of chlorophyll that acts faster, longer, more thoroughly throughout your system than any other chlorophyll product. *High potency* "ENNDS" tablets are triple effective.

High potency "ENNDS" stop not only breath and perspiration odors. They act internally even to check odors of "difficult days" and other odors people don't discuss. They keep you *fresh as a daisy* . . . from head to toe!

"ENNDS" are *guaranteed* to stop TRIPLE "O"...or money back! You wouldn't *expect* such protection from chewing gum or candy substitutes, or from old-fashioned deodorants, mouthwashes, toothpastes or so-called "deodorant" soaps that act only on the surface!

High potency "ENNDS"* Chlorophyll Tablets are completely safe—pleasant tasting! At drug counters everywhere.

Over 90% stopped TRIPLE "O" in clinical test

Scientific odor test . . . with hundreds of examinations of factory and office workers proved that "ENNDS" stopped Triple "O" worries as never before possible! You see, high potency "ENNDS" act inside body (where odors start) *to destroy* all personal odors...keep you safe from offending *always!*

**"ENNDS" contain "Darotol," Pearson's special brand of high potency chlorophyllins*

Trial Size—49¢ • Pocket Size—$1.25 • Economy Size—$2.75 • Hospital Size—$12.50

Also available in Canada

"ENNDS"

CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

What Do You Do When Bored?

A sure cure for ennui, or, what to do at a dull party

By EARL H. PESTOW

Try estimating the combined weight of the women present

THE other night at a party a fellow guest sat down alongside, drummed out a devil's tattoo on the chair arm with his fingers, then turned hopefully and asked, "Know any good stories?"

"Never remember them," I replied.

"Dull shindig, isn't it?"

"Could be, but I'm not letting it."

"You have a prescription to stave off boredom?" he asked, amazed.

"Not exactly a prescription," I said. "More of an anesthesia."

I then divulged my secret. I'm never logy with ennui because the instant the symptoms appear my subconscious kicks my conscious mind into finding something to do. At the moment he asked me about it I was busily estimating the combined weight of the blonde women present against the brunettes, with the nod going to the dark-hairs, who were a few ounces shy of a fully laden coal barge.

Way I see it, this system is nature's recompense for making me a wallflower. It embarrasses me to sit around doing nothing, so I dig up something to concentrate on. The other guests always consider me a well-informed man who is too busy thinking deeply to be bothered with trivia.

Many people would call me a lazy woolgatherer, but they're athletes, who believe in movements of the body. Since only my mind works, I save considerable on food, clothing and shoe soles. Besides, it's comforting just knowing I can, anywhere, seven days a week, in all types of weather, keep myself preoccupied.

The last time it rained on Sunday afternoon I asked my wife to wake up and talk to me, but she got sore, so I casually extracted every twentieth word from an article on foreign affairs and made a message of it. Finished, it read: "Correspondent tangles with MIG-15 at high-level discussion over Washington." There was more, but it didn't make sense, and I considered myself quite a cryptographer to get that much.

One advantage of busting boredom in this manner is that I also acquaint myself with facts which might someday come in handy. For instance, if anyone should ever ask me, I can tell them right off there are 514 flowers, 642 leaves and 434 silver ferns on the wallpaper in our living room. Also, when my wife is happy she uses 62 to 72 brush strokes to apply nail polish to 10 fingers, but peevishness cuts it down to between 41 and 50. The steaming point is 32 to 40.

Lassitude doesn't bother me in the open, either, where there seemingly is nothing to view except trees, grass and scudding clouds. Some people might be discouraged into taking a nap under an elm, but not me. I pull out my watch and ascertain how long it takes a bit of cumulus to travel from one spot to another.

If waiting in a doctor's anteroom bores you stiff, as it does me, next time you might attempt the experiment I worked last week, when I tried smoking a king-size cigarette down to a one-inch stub in precisely 26 puffs. After eight failures I succeeded, but didn't get much satisfaction out of it, unless you want to count the doc's expression when he opened his door and the smoke hit him.

I've been doing research on other people's methods of dispersing ennui, but few have lingered long enough to explain theirs. One man did talk, however, and related how he'd recently dissipated his wife's languor at a family reunion by donning a hideous mask and going around telling everybody he was his wife's brother. Personally, I like my system better, since it keeps me out of fights.

The only time it ever failed was when I attempted to create a sentence exactly matching the rhythm of train wheels passing over rail joints. I managed "A click . . . is a click . . . is a click . . ." and when I awoke we were in Pittsburgh.

To my mind, everyone has a way of doing something while apparently doing nothing. Some people doodle, others scratch, many calculate how many gallons of paint it will take to renovate their house, and the rest just sit and think. My system seems to be a little different, that's all, and do you think I should consult a psychiatrist? ▲▲▲

Outdoors, you can time the speed of a mass of cumulus

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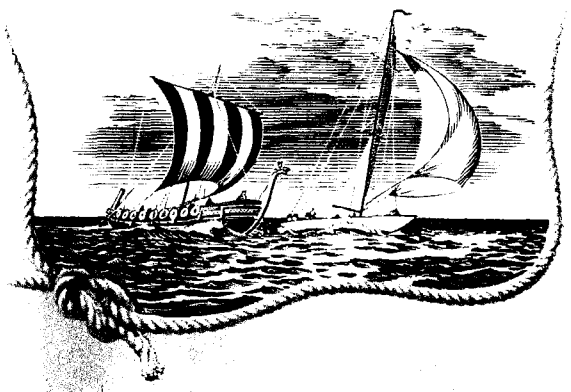
Yachting has Come of Age



NOW GIN HAS COME OF AGE...

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SEAGRAM SEA⁕BREEZES

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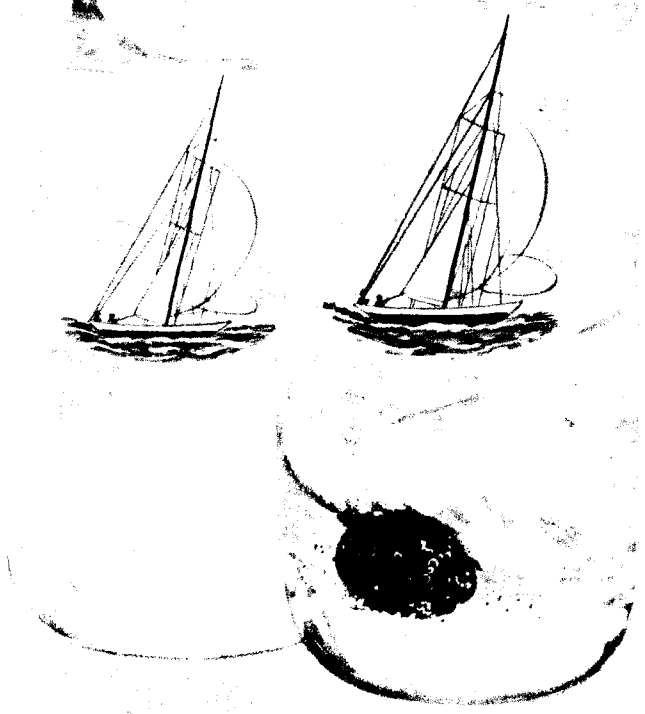
GOLDEN COLLINS ★ GOLDEN GIN AND TONIC

made with Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

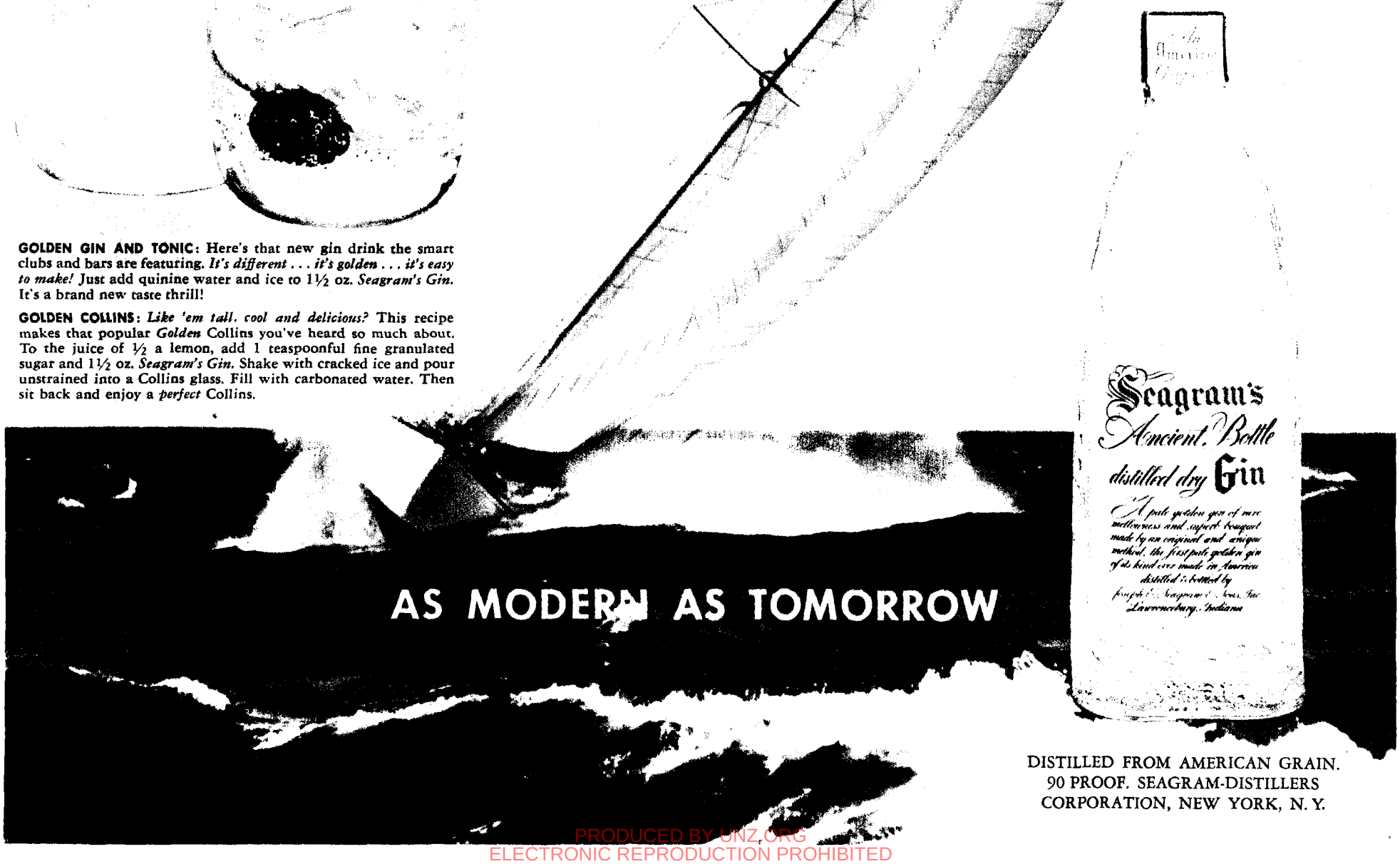
COOL AS A SOFT SEA-BREEZE! Try one of these delicious summer drinks today. They're smooth and *golden* . . . and, with Seagram's Gin, you can make yours as hearty as you like and really *enjoy* it.

Seagram's, you know, is the *modern* gin . . . made with patience and leisurely care . . . the original American *Golden* Gin, first basic improvement in gin in 300 years.



GOLDEN GIN AND TONIC: Here's that new gin drink the smart clubs and bars are featuring. *It's different . . . it's golden . . . it's easy to make!* Just add quinine water and ice to 1½ oz. *Seagram's Gin.* It's a brand new taste thrill!

GOLDEN COLLINS: *Like 'em tall, cool and delicious?* This recipe makes that popular *Golden* Collins you've heard so much about. To the juice of ½ a lemon, add 1 teaspoonful fine granulated sugar and 1½ oz. *Seagram's Gin.* Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into a Collins glass. Fill with carbonated water. Then sit back and enjoy a *perfect* Collins.



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Today, I sold part of my heart...

MY WEDDING RING seems strangely lonely on my finger tonight.

I'm trying not to look at it, or even think about it. Because it tells a sad ending to a story that had such a happy beginning.

It was my last year in college. I was majoring in music and had all sorts of concert-stage ambitions. That is, I did—until I met Kenneth.

There's no describing Ken. There never was. To say he was tall and smiling-eyed and always irrepressible—that was only half of it. And the night he said, "Don't you think we could make a go of it—forever?" I was so happy I was sure I'd burst.

Next day, he came over with a tiny package in his hand and all the lights in the world turned on in his eyes. "Honey, I won't be able to eat for months," he said, "but your engagement ring *had* to be an emerald." And it was!

We were married soon after, and then little Pam came along to take the place of that career I'd once dreamed of. And even though I didn't play any concerts, I must say our life was pure music. Gay and full of laughter and full of tenderness.

Neither Ken nor I ever gave the future much thought. We were too full of the present, and we always said "tomorrow" was time enough to think about our later years.

But "tomorrow" never came. Because, when Pam was five, Ken was killed in an automobile accident—instantly, tragically for us.

The going hasn't been easy since then—in more ways than one. We didn't have much money ahead, and Ken's insurance barely took care of funeral expenses. I know he didn't mean to be careless about it. He thought there'd be time enough to plan everything. But there wasn't.

I got a job, and I've tried to keep things going—and bring Pam up the way Ken would want her to be. But try as I would—every so often I've had to part with some of our "treasures" just to make ends meet.

First the lovely old silver candlesticks Grannie gave us had to go—then some of my other precious antiques.

Today, I could see that blank wall in front of me again. Pam's tuition was due—there'd been some extra just-living bills—and no money to meet them.

There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I sold my engagement ring—Ken's "I love you" present to me.

• • •

This story is not unusual. All too many married men, through sheer oversight, never get around to taking out enough insurance. Why not go over your life insurance program carefully with your Travelers agent or your insurance broker?

The Travelers

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insuring public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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Inside PERÓN'S Secret

One of Argentina's most honored physicians, now in exile here, gives an eyewitness account of the horrors inflicted on the brave souls who dare to oppose the South American dictator

FOR two and a quarter centuries, it has been my family's privilege to ease the pain, stanch the wounds and mend the broken bones of the proud Latin people of Buenos Aires. Ever since Dr. Francisco Argerich was sent to the Río de la Plata by the King of Spain in 1725, each generation of us has produced at least one physician. The family practice has been handed down from father to son or from uncle to nephew—whole families of patients being inherited in this way—without interruption.

Of this long line of doctors, the most illustrious was Dr. Cosme Argerich. Founder of the very first medical school in Argentina, he served as a physician in the army of the Liberator, José de San Martín, and crossed the Andes into Peru with the troops that marched in the great pincer movement on Lima which liberated South America from Spain.

After Cosme, the accomplishments of the rest of us are hardly more than annotations, in small type, to the family saga. But it is possible to be proud even of footnotes. And I am proud that my own work as chief of the violent-injury wards in Ramos Mejía Hospital became known as far distant as Rome, causing me to be called there to save the life of Prince Francesco Boncompagni, scion of a royal line that reaches back to the days of the Medicis and the Borgias. The prince is an old friend of Pope Pius XII, and there hangs in my consulting room today a photograph of El Papa, which he sent to me after a private audience and on which he inscribed, in his own hand, a special benediction for my patients.

I tell of my family not for the purpose of boasting. For the individual man—not the family line—is democracy's precious heritage. I tell of my family rather as a kind of guaranty of my veracity. Because the happenings I am about to relate are difficult to believe. It is incredible that here, in these supposedly free Americas, a physician of good repute would be called upon to stay the ebbing lives of a dictator's torture victims in order that their anguish might be prolonged by further torture.

It is incredible. Yet it is true.

It happened to me.

The summons roused me from a deep sleep on the night of February 15, 1948. I lifted the receiver of my bedside telephone, and the whirring that had wakened me stopped. "*Hola!*" I grunted sleepily into the mouthpiece, and waited for the troubled voice of a patient to speak up. The message I actually heard conveyed a sudden chill:

"The Special Section of the police is calling Doctor Caride."

The Special Section! Keeper of the torture chambers of dictator Juan Domingo Perón! Its secret arrests and incommunicado imprisonments were common gossip throughout Argentina. What could it want of me?

I had treated a dozen or more of its victims in the last few years. The left leg of one had to be cut off because of a cancer that formed after a beating. Another was rendered impotent by the mangling of his genitals. A third had a tumor between his front teeth, the result of irritation produced by electric shock. But I had not sought these people out; they had come to me, privately, as patients.

Why me, then? Was it because I had recently treated Perón's favorite lieutenant, Colonel Domingo Mercante? For, although I had cured him of a spinal weakness after other doctors failed, I had made no attempt to hide my distaste for the dictator's clique. I confess I felt fear when I acknowledged:

"This is Doctor Caride."

"Do you know who this is?" a strange voice asked. "It's Amoresano."

Night Ride in a Black Sedan

Amoresano? The only Amoresano I could remember was a reception clerk who had worked in my father-in-law's private sanatorium while I practiced there years ago. I didn't know his first name. If he had one, I never heard it. He had been fired from the sanatorium after being accused of soliciting tips from patients.

"Amoresano!" I cried with a rush of relief. "What do you mean by saying you are calling from the police?"

"Well," he said gaily, apparently pleased at my confusion. "I'm working here with the Special Section now, Doctor, and we need you. By the time you are ready, a car will be at your door to bring you over."

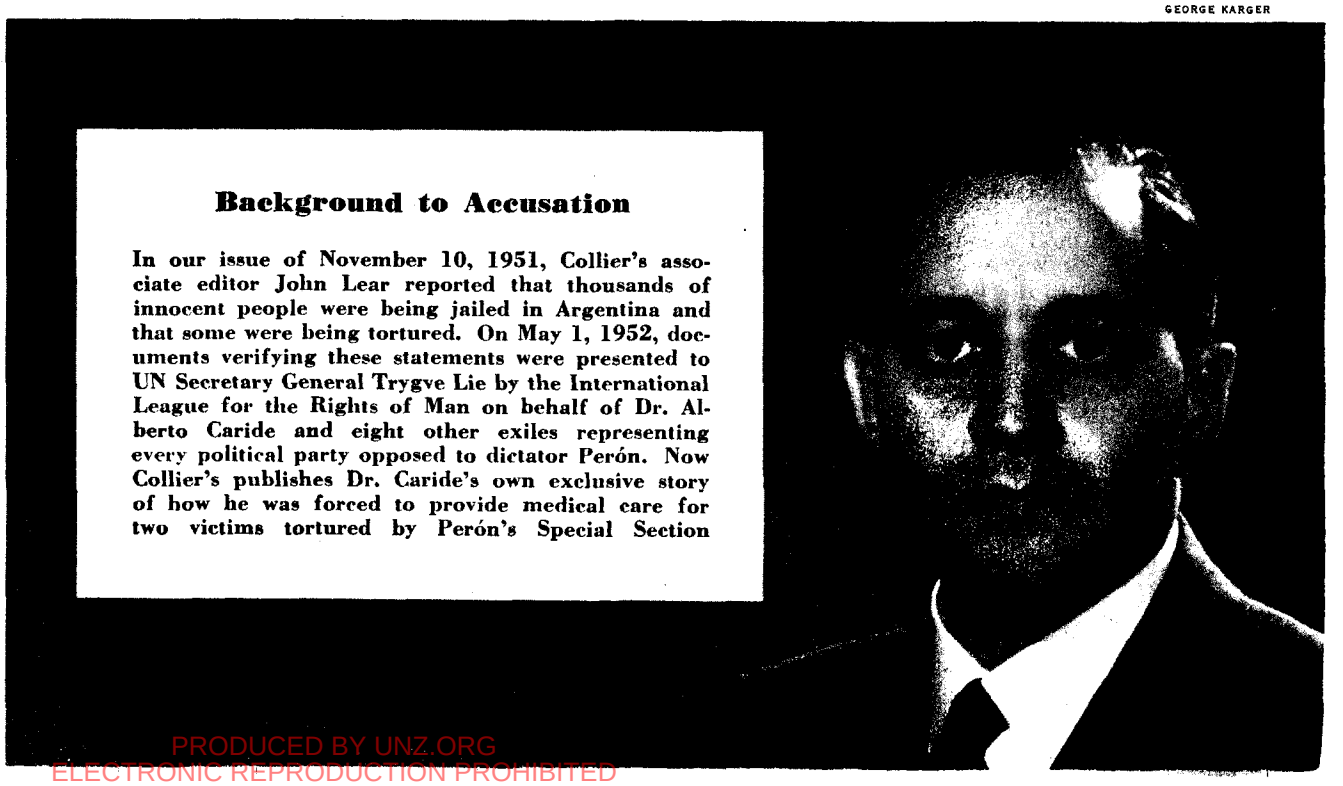
I hung up and looked at the clock on the table. It was after 2:00 A.M. Dressing quickly, I hurried downstairs and into the street. Already waiting, in front of my door, was a black sedan with nothing —not even an official license plate—to indicate the nature of its errand. In the front seat, behind the wheel, a man was sitting in plain clothes. He might have been an ordinary motorist. Behind him, in a business suit like my own, lolled an enormously fat man. He had taken on a tremendous amount of weight since I saw him last, but I recognized him easily—Amoresano himself.

We drove almost two miles over the streets of Buenos Aires in the muggy darkness. Amoresano talked all the way. He began by telling me with obvious delight how he had bloodied the nose of the fellow employee whose charges had caused his dismissal from my father-in-law's place. After leaving there, he said, he worked on a truck with his brother until he got a chance to join the police. His career had gone well, he continued, and he was now the "right-hand man" to Commissioner Cipriano Lombilla, head of the Special Section, the man we were going to see.

"The Special Section is the only part of the force where I could hope to advance myself," Amoresano explained. "Everywhere else, promotions go only to those who attend and pass the three-year course in Police School. Lombilla is like me. He never went to Police School, either. His whole career has been in the Special Section."

Our ride ended in front of Station House No. 8, across from my youthful training school, the Ramos Mejía Hospital, on General Urquiza Street, in the block between Venezuela and Agrelo. The brick front of the old police building was still painted the same gloomy green it had been when I was an intern from 1929 to 1933 and first heard of

GEORGE KARGER



Background to Accusation

In our issue of November 10, 1951, Collier's associate editor John Lear reported that thousands of innocent people were being jailed in Argentina and that some were being tortured. On May 1, 1952, documents verifying these statements were presented to UN Secretary General Trygve Lie by the International League for the Rights of Man on behalf of Dr. Alberto Caride and eight other exiles representing every political party opposed to dictator Perón. Now Collier's publishes Dr. Caride's own exclusive story of how he was forced to provide medical care for two victims tortured by Perón's Special Section

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the Special Section being created by President Augustín Justo to investigate Communist activity. Amoresano led me up a plain marble staircase into a long, high-ceilinged hall, floored with tile and bare of any furnishing except one bench at the top of the stairs. We turned from this empty corridor into an office fronting on the street. Amoresano, pausing in the doorway, said, "Here is Doctor Caride."

"Show him in," a voice inside said. "Show him in." And a man of forty-six or forty-eight years came forward to greet me. Of medium height, strongly built, red-cheeked, with a flat nose, he brushed his scant wisps of brownish hair straight back from his forehead. His expression was kindly, and he smiled easily. "This," Amoresano said deferentially, "is Commissioner Lombilla."

Having completed the introduction, Amoresano left us and walked into the next room. Lombilla invited me to take a chair beside his desk, a large oval table covered with glass. Under the glass were crowded photographs of President Perón, his wife Eva, and mass meetings of Peronista fanatics. Propped erect on the glass top, in a place of honor, was a framed picture of Perón and Lombilla alone, signed by the dictator's own familiar hand.

The Torture Victim

Apologizing for having got me out of bed at such an hour, Lombilla explained that the doctors who usually worked with the Special Section were on holiday—it being our carnival time—and that Amoresano had suggested me as a substitute because he remembered my work in my father-in-law's sanitorium. "You see," he went on, "the boys have been a little too rough with one of our prisoners. The fellow's unconscious now," he added casually. "If you find you can't do anything for him, don't worry about it. If he dies, there will be one less."

Amoresano reappeared then, in his shirt sleeves, and I followed him and Lombilla down the long hall. On our left were windows overlooking the yard of the police station downstairs. On our right was a row of open doors, bright with light and alive with the clacking of typewriter keys.

I knew that I might be walking in my own funeral procession. But the fear that rose from that knowledge was submerged by a profound revulsion as we neared the end of the bare corridor. For high on the wall, recessed in a lighted niche, was an image of the Virgin of Luján, cynically placed so as to appear to be eternally blessing the daily events of the institution. Just beyond her, the hallway opened into a patio which enabled me to see the rear section of two floors of the building at the same time: the one I was on and the one above. Both were entirely taken up by metal doors, each a solid sheet except for one small, hinged window, also of solid metal.

At the far end of the patio, we climbed a narrow stairway and in a few moments were standing in front of one of the metal doors. Somebody—I can't recollect whether it was Lombilla or Amoresano or another—opened a padlock hanging on a hasp and threw wide the door. Lombilla waved me inside.

It was like a cave. There were no windows. The only door was the metal sheet through which I had passed. The only light was cast by the rays that slanted through the doorway from the hall ceiling to the cell floor. As my eyes accustomed themselves to the dusk, I could make out a space perhaps three feet wide and six feet long. Huddled at the base of one of the longer walls was the dim shadow of a prostrate figure, breathing spasmodically in the stifling heat, like a trapped and wounded animal.

Kneeling down beside this suffering thing, I heard a faint click and was temporarily blinded by a brilliant circle of light from an electric flash lamp. From the darkness behind it, Lombilla said, "This is the man."

In the natural course of my practice, I had seen horribly mangled bodies. But what I saw in that circle of light on the concrete floor was not an accidental horror.

It had been planned. I clenched my jaws and forced myself to swallow my emotions.

Cruelly beaten about the head, a dark-haired young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years lay senseless on his back, stripped to an undershirt and shorts, gasping for breath, foaming blood-flecked spittle from his mouth.

I tried to open his eyes. They were so badly swollen that I could hardly separate the lids. But I could see the pupils racing back and forth involuntarily—a sign of probable brain concussion. I rose to give Lombilla my diagnosis and found myself surrounded on every side by shirt-sleeved toughs I had passed earlier. They seemed to materialize instantaneously from the concrete, their guns in their belts, grim looks on their faces, circling me so closely I could feel their breaths.

"Don't talk here," Lombilla ordered, *sotto voce*. "You can be heard in the other cells. Let's go back to my office."

All my instincts as a doctor commanded me to stay and try to help this broken wretch. But I was a prisoner, too. The intent was all too plain from the fact that I had not been allowed the usual ethic of seeing the patient alone. They were determined to prevent any communication whatever between the tortured man and his family or anyone else who might betray his fate.

As long as I live, I shall never forget my feeling of shame and humiliation as I stepped out into the light again, leaving that shattered human being to his fate, and heard the metal door clang and a key turn in the padlock.

I noticed immediately as we resumed walking that we were not returning to Lombilla's office. Instead, we were passing the third-floor dungeon tier toward a point where the building seemed to end. When we reached that point, a door I had not observed opened into a large room lined with filing cabinets. Lombilla explained that this was where the Special Section kept its dossiers. We could talk there without fear of being overheard, for access to the files was limited to a chosen few.

I told Lombilla then that I thought his prisoner was suffering a brain concussion. Lombilla doubted my diagnosis.

"What you saw is the effect of the electric needle," he said. "We used it on him for three hours."

How Needle Works

I had heard weird tales of this device. I had treated men who claimed to have been tortured with it. From what I could make out it was applied locally to particular parts of the naked body and produced a mild form of electrocution. I did not believe it could have caused the symptoms I saw in the prisoner's eyes. I insisted on the correctness of my finding.

"You could be right," Lombilla finally agreed. "When the electric needle is applied for too long, the muscles contract permanently and the prisoner stiffens. So then we soften him. Since the jaws stiffen first, we punch the jaws. We did that with this fellow, but he didn't soften. So I myself grabbed him by the hair and banged his head on the table where he was fastened. Come to think of it, that might have caused a brain concussion."

I asked Lombilla whether he had considered that the blood in the foam the prisoner was spitting might indicate tuberculosis, since the tortured youth was thin and undernourished. He surmised that the blood came from the prisoner's mouth, where the electric needle had been applied to the gums, tongue and teeth. "Although," he added, "the needle was mostly applied directly above the mouth of his stomach."

I stared at Lombilla as he calmly detailed this beastly performance, watching his expression for some trace of remorse or pity. But he spoke as blandly and naturally as he had when he apologized for waking me from a sound sleep.

My oath as a doctor compelled me to do what I could for the tortured man. I thought first of the stifling heat and lack of air. If he had to stay in that concrete cave, the prisoner should at least have water. But Lombilla said it wasn't practical. For 48 hours after the electric needle is applied, he explained, the muscular contraction within the digestive system makes it impossible for the torture victims to swallow or even to be given an enema.

I realized then, for the first time, that under the Perón regime torture had become a science. These brutes who now surrounded me were specialists in the art of inflicting pain. They knew, and boasted of the knowledge, exactly *(Continued on page 44)*

Labeled "Torture Specialists," rare photos of Special Section commissioner Lombilla (r.) and aide José Gonzalez appeared in newspaper Crítica in '45. Perón later took over the publication

DIOS ME PUSO SOBRE VUESTRA CIUDAD C

AÑO XXXII - No. 11.313 BUENOS AIRES ...

Desarmarán a los Japonese.

Capitularon

LOS ESPECIALISTAS EN TORTURAS

JOSE GONZALEZ

CIPRIANO LOMBILLA y José Gonzalez, dos de los empleados de la Sección Especial de la Policía, especialistas en toda clase de torturas físicas y vejámenes morales, que han sido denunciados por un grupo de presos torturados y para los cuales la vindicta pública reclama la más enérgica sanción legal

CIPRIANO LOMBILLA

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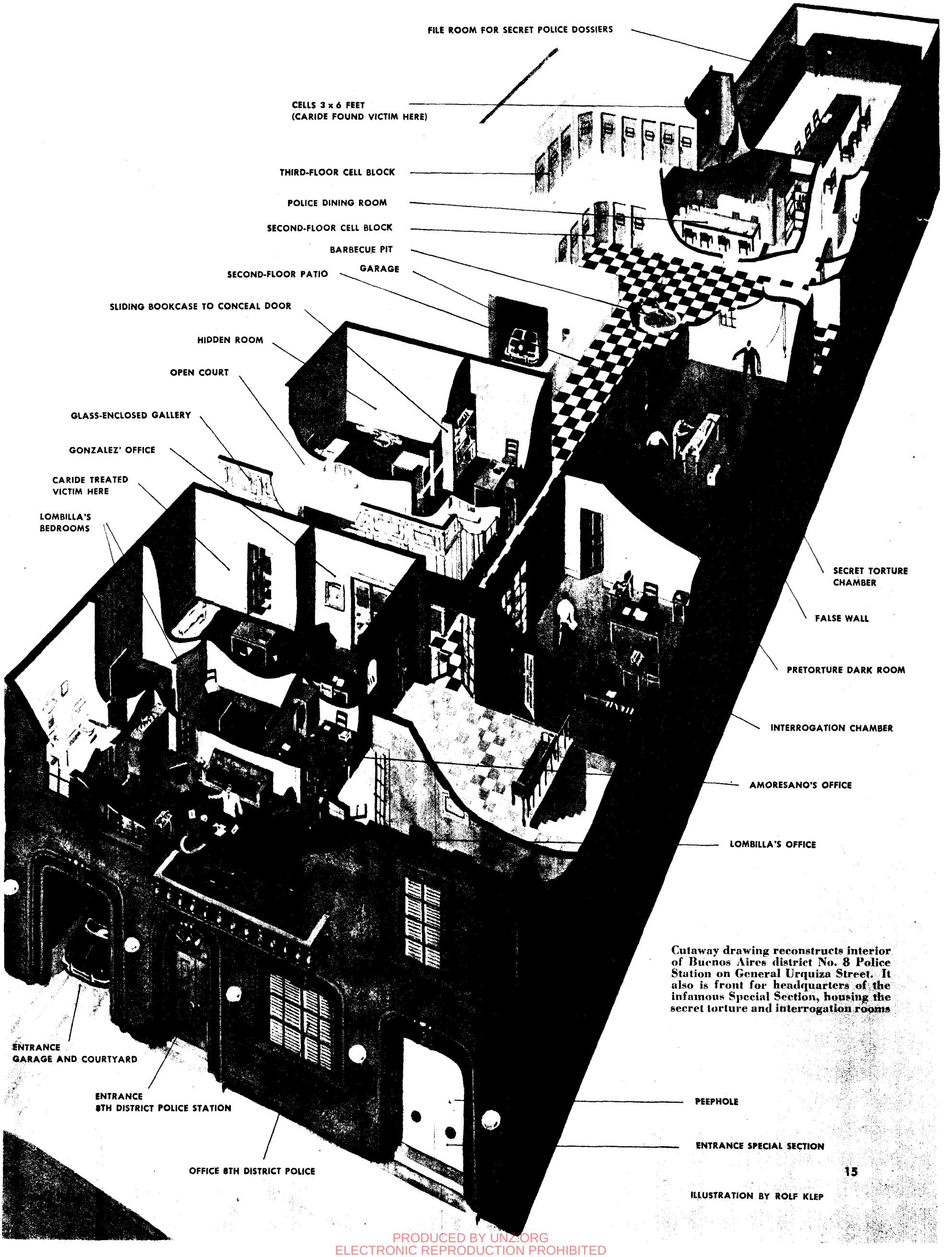

Cutaway drawing reconstructs interior of Buenos Aires district No. 8 Police Station on General Urquiza Street. It also is front for headquarters of the infamous Special Section, housing the secret torture and interrogation rooms

ILLUSTRATION BY ROLF KLEP

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IT'S A

A man's home is his castle. Granted

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WOMAN'S WORLD

But a man's castle can be vulnerable all the same—when it's attacked from within

By HENRY FRANK

I've never heard anything like it since the Arabian Nights. Man, it had everything: intrigue in the Far East, love affairs in the South, sinister figures, quick peeks behind the Iron Curtain

THERE'S one in every house. They call it the den, the snuggery, the rumpus room, the library, or the study. When we added one to our house at twelve-fifty a square foot, Ruthie swore on a stack of cookbooks that it was to be mine, all mine. "Sy," she said, "I won't even let the kids in here if you don't want them. It's to be your room."

My room. It's got a cot in it for when Aunt Serena visits, two sewing machines, Patty's toy box, Ginny's potty, an assortment of old candy bars, a player piano, and a headless Teddy bear. It's where I go when I want to be alone with a cot, two sewing machines, a toy box, a potty, an assortment of old candy bars, a player piano, and a headless Teddy bear. It's where Ruthie finds me when she wants the girls bathed, the lawn mowed, the wash hung out or a bug killed. In short, it's a regular ivory tower.

I'm not trying to make a big thing of this, but I've got a special problem. Women. Large women and small women. I married one, fathered two, and work for a hundred thousand. You've seen the ads: The S. A. Bancroft Co.—"A Foundation for Your Future: the two-way stretch, the form divine, your figure problems are ours." That's me. I was going to be a marine biologist, but I got pushed into the business—my father owns it. I got pushed into it, and I get it. The business. All day every day—women.

Not that I'm bitter. Ruthie's a woman, a lot of woman; in fact, she's the foundation of my life. Foundation of my life. That was some copy we ran last month. What I'm trying to say is that Ruthie knows what I'm up against. Take my birthdays. She's always giving me subscriptions to Field and Stream, and one year she went out and bought a skeet gun; she wouldn't let me keep it in the house, because of the kids, but she bought it.

She even went out and got potted with me when the Army decided I ought to stay home and manufacture harness straps (form-fitting) for parachutes, instead of being a man among men. Ruthie understands all right, but she backslides. For instance, we've got an all-white living room. So help me, all white. It's the kind of room that makes you itch between the shoulder blades. I don't use it. *I've* got the snuggery.

Then there's our bedroom. I've got this friend, Will Ames, a really great guy. He's a correspondent, and in a trench coat you wouldn't know him from Joel McCrea. Well, anyway, he sent me some tribal knives from the Congo and a couple of voodoo masks. I was going to put them in our bedroom, because a guy can look at roses and ruffles just so long. Ruthie comes in and sees me hanging one of the masks, and you'd think she'd caught me strangling the kids.

"You've got the den," she says. That was the week Ginny and Patty decided to play movie star in the den. There were six pairs of Ruthie's shoes in there, two brassières, cotton for stuffing them, one half-used lipstick, a cigarette holder of Ruthie's, and thirty-five magazines.

"Listen," I said, "the Gish sisters have got my den. Do I live in this house or don't I?"

Ruthie hunched up her shoulders, trying to get a chip off them. "It's that Will Ames," she said. "Every time you hear from him you begin to act like someone out of Ernest Hemingway."

"Yeah," I said angrily. "The short, unhappy life of S. A. Bancroft, Jr."

"All right," said Ruthie, stiffly, "turn your children out of the house and hang those things anywhere you like." She sniffed at the masks haughtily. "If Will Ames sent them, you can just bet they mean something terrible."

"What have you got against Will Ames?" I demanded. "You've never even met him."

"I read the World-Telegram," said Ruthie. "A chat with Will Ames, writer, adventurer, soldier of fortune. Said Mr. Ames, speaking of American womanhood: 'Keep them barefoot, pregnant, and on the edge of town.'"

"He's a great kidder," I said, smiling.

"When asked what elements he considered made the greatest contributions to modern civilization he replied: 'Banks, bars, and beds.' That's *your* buddy-buddy."

"Okay," I said, "maybe he hasn't got a house with an all-white living room, but he was parachuting into enemy territory for the OSS while I was here hanging up diapers and fighting the battle of the bulge . . . see our nylon one-piece foundation garment."

WE MIGHT really have gone to the mat but we were saved by the bell. Ginny showed up wearing a pair of black-lace panties I'd given Ruthie back in the days when I still thought about those things. She had them on over her blue jeans.

"I've got two things to tell you," she said, sagging in the doorway.

"What is it, dear?"

She hitched up the panties and stared off into space. "One is more important than the other," she said.

"Fire when ready," I told her.

"Well, there's a man downstairs with a special-delivery letter for Daddy, and Patty has fallen into the toilet tank."

Ruthie started to run. Ginny reconsidered. "She's not all the way in," she said, "but she's sinking."

I fixed Ginny with a stern glance. "What was she doing in there in the first place?" I demanded.

"You remember the television?" Ginny said mysteriously.

"What about it?"

"She saw it on television. I told her it wasn't the same, but she wanted to try it out."

"Try what out?"

"She was playing the Flying Enterprise. She was going down with her ship. I *told* her to do it in the bathtub, but she didn't want Mother to hear the water running. The man's still waiting."

"What man?" I was beginning to feel harassed.

"The man with the letter. I told him I'd bring you down."

"Thank you, Miss Bancroft."

Ruthie came back in carrying Patty, who was wrapped in a towel.

"There was a storm, Daddy," Patty said.

"Keen!"

"She took the lid off and did something to the insides. It's gurgling, Sy. You'll have to fix it."

"Come on, Daddy." Ginny grabbed me by the hand. "Be careful of the stairs," she cautioned.

I looked at her. She was doing things to her face, and, with her little pug nose stuck up in the air, she missed the expression of woe she was trying for. "I know," I said, "you're Joan Crawford, abandoning a child."

"Please," she said, and led me to the door.

The messenger stared at *(Continued on page 37)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

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Designer Ceil Chapman's nylon tulle "Elizabeth" gown, $200, is worn by Arlene Dahl, soon to appear in Pine-Thomas Paramount film, Caribbean

Arlene Dahl and opera star Marguerite Piazza wear John Frederics' "Elizabeth" hats, $69.50

Elizabethan Fashions

Collier's for June 28, 1952

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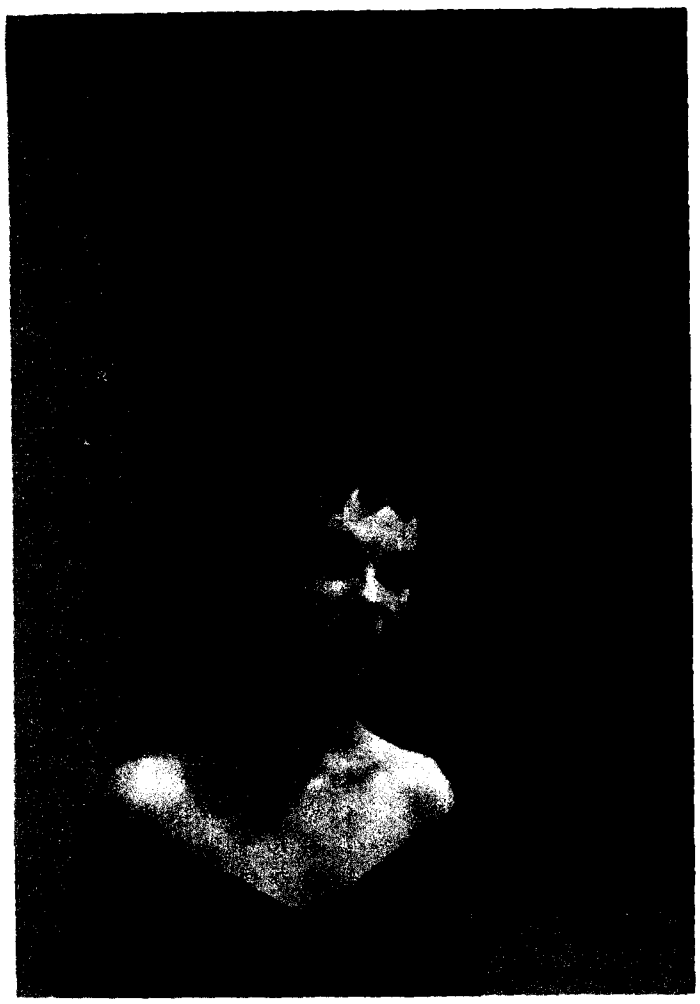
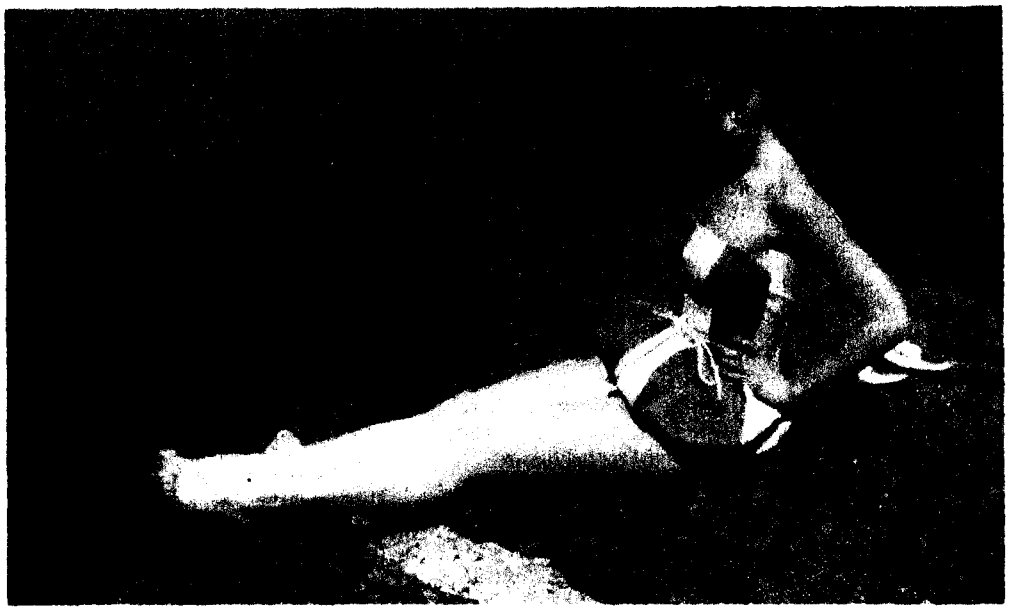


Before Queen Bess portrait in New York's Metropolitan Museum, model Enid Phillips displays "Elizabeth" hairdo

Wearing "Court Jester" dress by Carolyn Schnurer, $25, Broadway star Anne Jeffreys studies 300-year-old gauntlet, shoe and stockings at Brooklyn Museum

These jeweled felt lounging slippers, by Capezio, are fashioned on a straight last and custom-made for $34.95



Enid Phillips wears Carolyn Schnurer's $17.95 "Elizabethan" bathing suit, with billowing slashed shorts, for bathing as the Elizabethan ladies never knew it

THE glory of Britain's sixteenth-century era under Good Queen Bess has been remembered somewhat better for the epic accomplishments of its poets and its adventurers than its women's fashions. While the Elizabethan lady could choose to be either chic or comfortable, she couldn't possibly have been both. The farthingale, or rigid hoop, accentuated a tiny waist but made sitting hazardous. The deep ruffs (collars), supported by wire frames, made it inadvisable to turn one's head suddenly—or even coyly. The great sleeves and skirts hung heavy with the weight of rich brocades and damasks, and the clumsy shoes, often alike for right and left foot, were crippling.

Nonetheless, when Britain's second Elizabeth recently ascended the throne, style enthusiasts in the U.S. were inspired to look back 300 years and stage a neo-Elizabethan period in women's fashions. Such top designers as Ceil Chapman, Carolyn Schnurer, Capezio and John Frederics visited the museums to study portraits of Bess and her steel-corseted court. Through ingenious translation of Elizabethan design into the lines and materials and production methods of the present, they licked their biggest problem: getting the regal effect without the discomfort. They modified the farthingale, lowered the ruff, fashioned single-last shoes of such pliable texture that they would wear easily, and kept sleeves and skirts billowing—but weightless—with the use of nylons and tulles and other wonderful gossamers that were beyond imagination three centuries ago. And all at prices lower than sixteenth-century courtiers ever dreamed of.

The result: a neo-Elizabethan trend, in everything from ball gowns to hair styles, which is now building up on the periphery of fashion. If the trend turns inward, Elizabeth II's coronation in June, 1953, may find an audience looking strangely like that of 300 years ago. ROLAND WILD

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EVE ARNOLD

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A Sound of THUNDER

By RAY BRADBURY

They were going back sixty million years, to kill a dinosaur. And they mustn't step on one single blade of grass, or all of future civilization might be destroyed

The sign on the office wall read:

TIME SAFARI, INC.
SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR IN THE PAST
YOU NAME THE ANIMAL
WE TAKE YOU THERE
YOU SHOOT IT

Mr. Eckels smiled nervously and handed a check for ten thousand dollars to the man behind the desk.

"Does this safari guarantee I come back alive?"

"We guarantee nothing," said the official, "except the dinosaurs." He turned. "This is Mr. Travis, your Safari Guide in the Past. He'll tell you what and where to shoot. If he says no shooting, no shooting. If you don't follow directions, there's a stiff penalty of another ten thousand dollars, plus possible government action, on your return."

Eckels looked across the vast office at an arrangement of wires, golden boxes and an aurora that flickered like a great bonfire.

"Hell and damn," Eckels breathed, the light of the Machine on his thin face. "A real time machine." He shook his head. "Makes you think. If the election had gone badly yesterday, I might be here now running away from the results. Thank God Keith won. He'll make a fine President of the United States."

"Yes," said the man behind the desk. "We're lucky. If Lyman had gotten in, we'd have the worst kind of dictatorship. There's an anti-everything man for you—a militarist, anti-Christ, anti-human, anti-intellectual. People called us up, you know, joking but not joking. Said if Lyman got elected they wanted to go live in 1492. Of course, it's not our business to conduct escapes, but to form safaris. Anyway, Keith's President now. All you got to worry about is—"

"Shooting my dinosaur," Eckels said.

"A Tyrannosaurus rex. The damnedest monster in history. Sign this release. Anything happens to you, we're not responsible. Those dinosaurs are hungry."

Eckels flushed angrily. "Trying to scare me!"

"Frankly, yes. We don't want anyone going who'll panic at the first shot. Six safari leaders were killed last year, and a dozen hunters. We're here to give you the damnedest thrill a *real* hunter ever asked for. Taking you back sixty million years to bag the biggest damned game in all time. Your personal check's still there. Tear it up."

Mr. Eckels looked at the check for a long time. His fingers twitched.

"Good luck," said the man behind the desk. "Mr. Travis, he's all yours."

They moved silently across the room, taking their guns with them, toward the Machine, toward the silver metal and the roaring light. . . .

First a day and then a night and then a day and then a night, then it was day-night-day-night-day. A week, a month, a year, a decade! 2056 A.D., 2019 A.D., 1999! 1957! Gone! The Machine roared.

They put on their oxygen helmets and tested the intercoms.

Eckels swayed on the padded seat, his face pale, his jaw stiff. He felt the trembling in his arms, and he looked down and found his hands tight on the new rifle. There were four other men in the Machine: Travis, the safari leader; his assistant, Lesperance; and two other hunters, Billings and Kramer. They sat looking at one another, and the years blazed around them.

"Can these guns get a dinosaur cold?" Eckels felt his mouth saying.

"If you hit them right," Travis said on the helmet radio. "Some dinosaurs have the equivalent of two brains, one in the head, another—a nerve plexus—far down the spinal column. We stay away from those. That's stretching luck. Put your first two shots into the eyes, if you can—blind them and go back into the brain."

THE Machine howled. Time was a film run backward. Suns fled and ten million moons fled after them. "Good God," said Eckels. "Every hunter that ever lived would envy us today. This makes Africa seem like Illinois."

The Machine slowed; its scream fell to a murmur. The Machine stopped.

The sun stopped in the sky.

The fog that had enveloped the Machine blew away, and they were in an old time, a very old time indeed, three hunters and two safari heads with their blue metal guns across their knees.

"Christ isn't born yet," said Travis. "Moses has not gone to the mountain to talk with God. The Pyramids are still in the earth, waiting to be cut out and put up. *Remember* that. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler—none of them exists."

The men nodded.

"That," Mr. Travis said, pointing, "is the jungle of sixty million two thousand and fifty-five years before President Keith."

He indicated a metal path that wandered into green wilderness, over steaming swamp, among giant ferns and palms.

"And that," he said, "is the Path, laid by Time Safari for your use. It floats six inches above the earth. Doesn't touch so much as one grass blade, flower or tree. It's an antigravity metal. Its purpose is to keep you from touching this world of the past in any way. Stay *(Continued on page 60)*

The monster lunged forward with a terrible scream. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. The great reptile's tail lashed sideways

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Concluding Big Business for a Big Country

TOWARD A NEW

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

FRANCIS REISS

In preceding articles, Mr. Lilienthal has revealed the fallacies in our punitive and negative attitude toward Bigness. In this article he offers a positive, constructive approach. It is one with which this magazine profoundly agrees, and for which it will campaign from now on. Mr. Lilienthal will expand this series into a book to be brought out by Harper and Brothers next January. *The Editors*

THIS country is what it is in large part because of Bigness. Yet the basic governmental business policy and the everyday enforcement of the antitrust laws in U.S.A. 1952 rest upon the nineteenth-century presumption that Bigness is against the public interest.

This monumental confusion acts as a drag upon our economic headway. It hobbles our social development. It occasions a profligate waste and distraction of the energies of business management. It bogs down the federal courts with hopelessly unmanageable litigation. Because much of our business policy and its expression in interminable antitrust lawsuits and Congressional investigations is so obviously antiquarian and ineffectual, it undermines respect for government among conscientious citizens.

In the foregoing chapters I have pleaded that we set about at once to re-examine the outdated structure of our public policy toward Bigness. I believe we should replace it with a foundation of economic and legal policy based upon the realities of the mid-twentieth century upon which we can build an even greater America.

The times call for a rousing affirmation that Bigness can (with sensible safeguards for the public) be made the means of promoting and furthering our nation's productivity and the well-being of its individual citizens.

To my proposal of an affirmative policy to *encourage* Bigness, the question might reasonably be asked: "Why do we need to do anything to encourage Bigness? Look at the great corporations that have grown up. And continue to grow. Isn't this proof that our policies have not hurt the country and have not hurt Bigness?"

The answer depends largely on whether one conceives of America as now at the height of her powers and growth or only at the beginning, with her greatest potentialities yet to be realized, the greatest test of productiveness yet to come. I believe the latter to be the case.

We have, in my opinion, made but a beginning in demonstrating what the techniques of large-scale organization and decentralized management can do to further the well-being of this country. We are not, as some say, "at the end of an era." We are at the *beginning* of an era, an era in which Bigness—encouraged, not hobbled—can fulfill its promise of benefits.

Our huge chemical industry and our vast industries based upon petroleum are both still infants, in age and size. Electronics, big as it is, is in knee pants, its future growth and potentialities unlimited. Electronic devices for many purposes will become as familiar in the factory, office and home as radio and television sets.

Our production and processing of food, our lumbering and coal mining, shoe and clothing, furniture, textile and pharmaceutical industries have hardly begun to use the advantages of the techniques of large-scale enterprise.

The air-cooling of American homes has reached major proportions, but actually it has hardly begun, measured by the demand and need; less than 10 per cent of commercial buildings and an even lesser percentage of factories are equipped to assure this modern minimum of human comfort and business efficiency.

Moreover, a whole new world of industrial energy and radiation will come from the peaceful atom.

A fantastic transformation can come about if we go at our housing opportunities through Bigness. Our need for many new hospitals and training centers runs into billions of dollars.

Remaking our highways from coast to coast will be one of the greatest construction undertakings in history. Providing ample modern parking facilities and motor terminals is another giant undertaking urgently needed.

The disastrous floods in the Missouri Valley are a national disgrace to a country as advanced in water and soil technology as we are. The Missouri can be tamed if we substitute Bigness for the political Pork Barrel to do the job. Cleaning up the pollution of the rivers of the Atlantic Seaboard, ridding the atmosphere over our great cities of noxious fumes, smog and smoke, converting the salty waters of the sea, by economic industrial-sized processes, into potable water for irrigation of arid land—these are but examples of Big Jobs for Bigness.

The public schools have urgent capital needs representing many billions in buildings and equipment. Our city streets are congested, beyond comfort or good economies. They need to be widened, elevated, modernized. This can be done if we go at the job with the advantages of Bigness to help us, and with the boldness, sense and integrity of men like New York City's Robert Moses to plan and direct the work.

It is relevant to the discussion of Bigness to remind ourselves how crucial it is that our economic system flourish, that its productivity increase.

THE free nations now depend on us for military might, for "economic aid" and for our strengthening influence in a world rocking with fear and unrest.

If we fail or falter, the whole free world would be shaken to its foundations.

To maintain this position of leadership is costly; it requires sustained and ever-increasing American productivity.

Here at home the expectations and demands of the American people on their own productive powers have also reached new heights. Our demands on our productive system will be greater, not less.

These are the political and economic realities with which we must deal.

During two wars, a great depression and a major reformation, our capitalism has undergone many changes. In its fundamentals, however, as a going concern, it remains strong and dynamic and essentially capitalistic.

If this new, modern kind of capitalistic system is to continue to be healthy it must constantly generate need for *new* capital. This demands an overall high rate of productivity to create a margin above what we consume; otherwise, of course, there will be no new capital to invest. Equally essential, there must be a constant flood of ideas for new ways in which to invest that capital with a fair chance of profit. Consequently, research, technical development, invention and industrial innovation at a high level of intensity have become a constant necessity.

A quick sure way to bring about economic stagnation and an end to the dynamic, expanding quality of our American economic society is to permit the springs of scientific research and development to dry up. From these springs flow technological change whereby whole new industries come into being, and an existing industry, such as chemicals, is able to double (as it did) in little more than a decade.

The political temper of the country is such, in my opinion, that it will not long accept stagnation, and consequent mass unemployment. If stagnation comes it will be met, even under the most conservative political leadership, by direct governmental economic activity that may make the measures of the 1930s seem small-scale and cautious by comparison.

FOR this and other reasons it is therefore in the interest of small business, as well as large, to help create favorable conditions for Big Research in industry, universities and in government, and to assure ample private incentives for the *industrial translation* of these technical developments into new and improved products, so that individual savings will flow into these new developments.

We can meet all the demands and expectations put upon our productive capacity, but only if we make full use of our talent for the large-scale organization and decentralized administration of industry, research, distribution.

What stands in the way of the fuller realization of the great productive and social benefits of Bigness is chiefly a way of thinking and feeling. We think negatively. We are preoccupied with restraints, prohibitions, antitrust, antimonopoly, anti-this and anti-that. This should not be the mood of sanguine and confident Americans.

We seem to be split personalities, against Bigness but desiring its fruits. But we can't have it completely both ways. We cannot try, at one and the same time, to restore the past and to create the future. As a nation, we can't live in a world of economic folk dancing and basket weaving and simultaneously in the world of the big productive machines.

Much of our business governmental policy seems to proceed upon the assumption that small-unit business is still the norm. The burden has been put on Big Businesses to *disprove* that their growth and success is not evidence of real or potential injury to the commonwealth.

But in 1952 small-scale business, while it is an integral, essential part of our society, is certainly *not* the norm.

The driving force of our economic life is now large business; all the lingering nostalgia for the good old days cannot change that fact.

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POLICY OF BIGNESS

The view that Bigness in business is evil must be replaced by an attitude that is realistic, says the writer. For Bigness can express "the heroic size of man himself as he comes to a new-found greatness"

The whole problem of promoting the public welfare through Bigness will change once we shift from the negative to the positive—from no to yes.

From such a change in our thinking will come a Policy for Bigness, in which *the things that Bigness can do for us* will become our *central* concern: protecting ourselves against the abuses of Bigness will become subordinate, a matter delegated to such business police forces as those of the Antitrust Division and the Federal Trade Commission.

Such a change from the negative to the positive is a deep and profound thing. It is simple, but it is not easy. From no to yes, from negative to positive, is a change that puts a heavy demand upon the imagination and discipline and judgment of individuals and of a people.

The changes from punishment to education, from domination by force to persuasion and cooperation, from totalitarian dictation to democratic self-government are all examples of this course of human evolution.

Now we are ready for this transition from no to yes with respect to Bigness. The dominant note should be finding ways and means of encouraging and safeguarding the principle of growth and development and size so that it can contribute best to the well-being of the country in the new era that now opens.

What can the individual do to hasten the transition? He can *himself* re-examine *his own thinking*. This is the starting point. He can help secure a re-examination of the policy and viewpoint of his neighbors, his political party, his labor union, his chamber of commerce or technical society. He can encourage business and labor and farm organizations to set up groups of citizens or experts, to dig into the realities of Bigness as they find them in their own communities.

THE foundation on which a 20th-century economic policy can be built must evolve from a growing knowledge of the facts and the meaning of the facts that bear on the advantages of Bigness in the everyday life of everyday Americans.

We need a set of *measuring rods* by which to judge our business institutions. What is it we want and expect of business? We should seek answers to this question.

Once these are clear, we are then ready to determine on the basis of the facts :

(1) Whether and to what extent the technique of Bigness has succeeded, in specific situations, in giving us what we want.

(2) To what extent further encouragement and promotion of Bigness is in the public interest.

(3) What new public safeguards we may require, what existing ones are self-defeating, ineffectual and outmoded.

In this process of analysis we need the research help of our leading universities and economic foundations, institutions such as the 20th Century Fund, the Ford Foundation, the Committee for Economic Development, the research divisions of our national labor organizations, the Business Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce, and many others. Joint exploratory task forces also ought to be set up; for example, at Harvard University a team might be made up of outstanding members of the faculties in science, the departments of economics and government, the law school and the Graduate School of Business Administration.

These various inquiries should not concentrate almost exclusively (as in so many past Congressional inquiries) upon potential or actual dangers and abuses; they should also try to measure the *beneficial effect of Bigness,* as judged by such criteria as these:

1. Will Bigness increase and stimulate competition between ideas, products or services, and thereby provide additional areas of free choice for consumers and producers?

2. Will it increase the funds and the human energy expended, per unit of products or sales, on basic or applied research and development, toward improvement of products, new and more diverse products, better management techniques, greater conservation of materials, greater use of machinery, greater safety or health of workers—and kindred objectives?

3. Will Bigness strengthen constructive labor-management relations and collective bargaining, further mutual responsibility and sharing of benefits of increased productivity, increase individual satisfactions for workers and managers?

4. Will it produce greater stability of employment, industry by industry, and business by business, on a *year-round* basis?

5. Will it increase industrial output per dollar of capital invested and man-hour of labor expended?

6. Will Bigness increase and fortify competition by adding to the number of large units capable of effective competition with other existing large units of industry?

7. Will it increase competition through making available to producers new or alternative sources of raw or semifinished materials?

8. Will Bigness promote and further a maximum of managerial decentralization, delegation of authority and geographical decentralization?

9. Will it promote industrial diversification (as I have described it in an earlier chapter)?

10. Will Bigness promote conservation of natural resources?

If this important change is to come about, it will require more than inquiries into such questions as these, more than investigations, study commissions and reports; it will require more than education. Congress ought to act; there will have to be legislation.

We should, by act of Congress, make our present limited and essentially negative dogma of competition (such as is embodied in our antitrust laws and their current enforcement) clearly *subordinate* to a broader and more basic proposition. Such a new law should make it explicit that what we want is something positive: productivity for the general welfare and the common defense. The Sherman Act *forbids "restraint* of trade"—a double negative. The new law, by contrast, should expressly *foster* the *"development* of trade"—a double affirmative.

IT IS not too early to give some thought to how we go about the specific task of rewriting the legal basis of our economic policy toward size. This, however, is not the hard part of the job. For when the country is agreed that Bigness, on the whole, does serve the public interest, that it does measure up, as judged by measuring rods such as the 10 I have set out above, the drafting of specific provisions of a law will not be difficult.

My thought in that connection is that we should not attempt a whole array of specific amendments to this and that section of the Sherman Act or the Clayton Act, but rather a broad declaration of public policy that the prime objective of Congress is not competition, per se, but productivity and the promotion of an ethical and economic distribution of this productivity. This new statute should then go on to provide expressly that the Sherman and Clayton Acts, and all other existing laws, administrative policies and judicial interpretations of the antitrust laws, as well as consent decrees that are not consistent with or that do not further this Basic Economic Policy, are to that extent modified, set aside or repealed.

Suppose Congress had passed a Basic Economic Act along the lines I have here proposed. Suppose, further, that some large business is thereafter sued by the government, or brought before the Federal Trade Commission. The complaint is that, by reason of its size, the business is in "restraint of trade," and constitutes a monopoly or a "potential monopoly" contrary to the antitrust laws. The government seeks to have the defendant enterprise broken into smaller units, or some similar decree entered.

THE large company, in presenting its answer, would not, under the new law, be limited to the single issue of the effect on competition either of its size or its practices or business advantages that are a consequence of its size. Nor under such a new law would the legality of Bigness, in the setting of the particular facts, be determined solely by whether, for reasons based upon or growing out of the defendant's size, some competitor (or would-be competitor) has suffered a loss in his business, or fears such a loss.

The issues, while they would include such matters, would be far broader; the facts about the company that would be relevant in its defense would be far more comprehensive.

For under such a proposed Basic Economic Act the legal test Bigness would have to face would thenceforth be whether the particular aspect of size challenged by the government does in fact *further the public interest.* Whether its business acts under question (a merger or acquisition, for example, or its relations with customers or suppliers or licensees under its patents, etc.) do further the public interest would be judged by the court or tribunal by such measuring rods as the 10 criteria I proposed earlier in this chapter, and others of that character. Under the proposed new law when Bigness was challenged in the courts or commissions, or by officers of the executive branch, and presumably before Congressional committees as well, it would be permitted to show, if it could, such affirmative contributions as it has made and is making to the health and vitality and prosperity of the country.

There was an old dream: the independent man in his own little shop or business. It *was* a good dream.

There is a new dream: a world of great machines, with man in control, devising and making use of these inanimate creatures to build a new kind of independence, a new source of pride of achievement, beauty, humaneness.

The brain of man conceived these fabulous machines, and the intellect of man can master them to further his own purposes of human freedom and culture.

Bigness can become an expression of the heroic size of man himself as he comes to a new-found greatness. ▲▲▲

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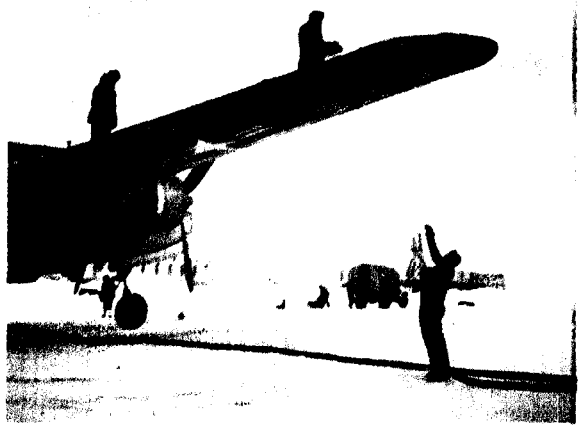
On Guard at the Pole

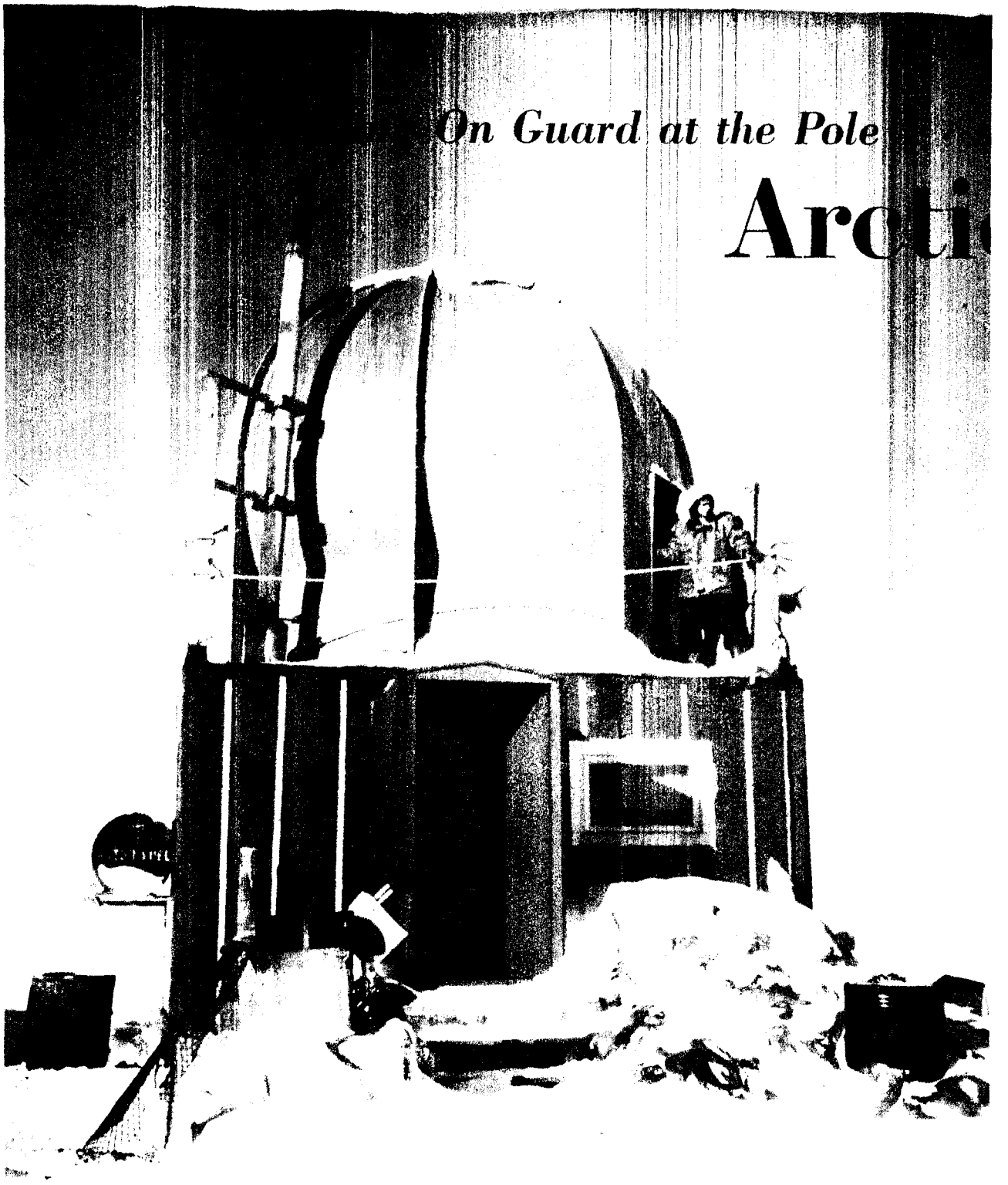
Arcti

Lonely Alert, the northernmost outpost of the free world, 450 miles from Po e

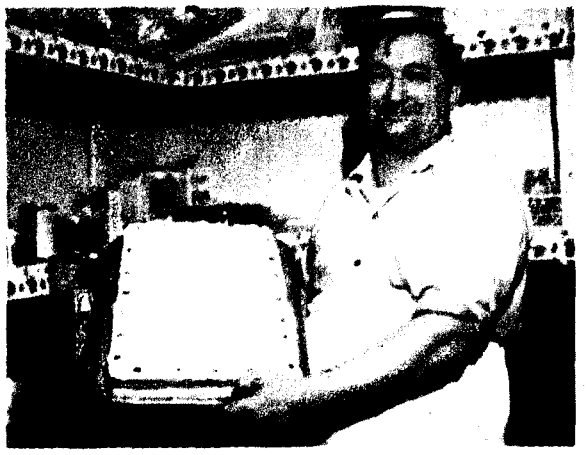


Fueling C-54. If idle over 30 minutes, engines won't start in the intense cold

H. Van Utt in Alert library. "Angel of Arctic," St. Paul woman, donated books



Radiosonde building contains radar set which tracks weather balloons to get upper-air wind direction



Chef John Malikowski whipped up holiday cake for personnel at one installation

Getting weather data. Information goes to Canada, then to U.S. and West Europe

Planeload of replacement GIs heading north. From left, Sgt. David Bonnell, Pfc James Tolliver, Sgt. Clifford Pruett, Pfc Billy Jack Ponder (top), Pfc Jesse Rivera

Radioman Jim Tarver at Alert. Radios are attended 24 hours a day, in case aircraft need navigational or emergency assistance

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

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Outpost — Alert at "ALERT"

By BILL DAVIDSON

Even the simplest details of living become complicated chores at the desolate, frigid stations we're building in the polar wastes, where spring temperatures rise to 20 below

In previous installments, Bill Davidson told of the origin of our northern outposts, of the courageous pioneers who built them and man them, braving the world's worst weather conditions, and of the vital role these stations have in the plans of the Allies

WHEN photographer Lew Merrim and I flew to within 450 miles of the North Pole to visit the free world's northernmost permanent outpost—a joint U.S.-Canadian weather station and airstrip at Alert on the Arctic Ocean—it was a sunshiny spring day in the arctic. The temperature was only 20 degrees below zero, so we stripped down to long flannel underwear, wool pants and shirt, gabardine coveralls, fur-lined windproof overpants, fur-lined parka, fur hat, two pairs of wool socks, heavy felt boots and four pairs of gloves.

To make notes and take photographs, we removed the outer three leather-and-wool layers from one hand, leaving it protected only by gloves of double-thick nylon. This worked for approximately two minutes, after which the hand began to ache and stiffen; but by this time the cameras, their mechanisms congealed by the cold, no longer functioned anyway.

To protect our exposed faces, we followed the example of the station's personnel and drew the fur of our parka hoods close in around our cheeks. Our warm breath froze to ice on the fur, but we managed to trap enough body heat inside the hood to keep our faces from freezing. Still, we noticed that the features of nearly every man stationed there bore the telltale white scars of frostbite, and we learned that one weather technician, William Grafton, of Prescott, Arizona, actually had lost the outer skin of his face on several occasions.

At another installation farther south, we had found working conditions to be no less harsh. The commanding officer of the station told us of a near-tragic case during the 24-hour-a-day Dark Period last December in which a 100-mile-an-hour wind literally blew an officer from the cabin door of an airplane on the strip into an area more than a quarter of a mile away. Rescue parties were sent out into the raging storm, but when several of the searchers had to be hospitalized, the hunt was about to be abandoned.

Just then someone spotted a faint light which flickered momentarily in an unoccupied barracks and then disappeared. They rushed over and found the lost officer. He had stumbled into the deserted, unheated building, and by the longest of long shots, he had signaled at just the right moment by setting fire to a single page which he had torn out of a magazine and crammed into his pocket that afternoon. If he had burned the paper an instant sooner, or later, the search party probably would have missed the signal and he would have frozen to death within a relatively short time.

The significance of all this lies in the fact that he had disappeared in the midst of the station, and that he could have died within a stone's throw of would-be rescuers who couldn't possibly have found him in the storm.

Under conditions such as these, it borders on the miraculous that our men in the subpolar installations can perform their assigned tasks—providing weather information for peacetime flying in the North Atlantic, and for wartime operations, if they should become necessary, in Europe. For obvious reasons, then, the adventurer-technicians we visited —especially the civilian volunteers who man the northernmost weather outposts—rank among the toughest, most courageous, most efficient men in the world.

Even the simplest details of living become complicated chores for the personnel in the outposts, which are hundreds of miles from the nearest inhabited area. At Eureka Sound, for example, the men must hike two miles across the rough sea ice and chip away at the side of an iceberg, one of their sources of fresh water for drinking, washing and cooking. At Alert, the system is even more complex. Here they have a 350-gallon water wagon mounted on sled runners, which they must tow by tractor for five miles over rugged terrain to a frozen fresh-water lake.

When they reach the lake, they locate a pipe which they have sunk into the seven-foot-thick ice. The pipe, 12 feet long, has been filled with gasoline to keep it from freezing. They ignite the gasoline, which does not explode in the extremely low temperatures. In fact, it is so cold that it takes more than 15 minutes for the gasoline to burn. This slow, steady heat melts the ice at the bottom of the pipe, and the men can then drop a rubber hose down the pipe to free-running water and pump it off by means of a motor in the water wagon. The water, of course, freezes again in the tank before they can return to camp, but the water wagon has a little coal stove built into it.

Whenever a man wants water, he goes out to the water wagon, which is parked between the barracks and the kitchen, and lights the coal stove. Finally, after about an hour, he is able to draw off pure water, unpolluted by civilization, except that it occasionally retains the faint taste of gasoline. *(Continued on page 63)*

John Lewis, of Australia, with old jug of rum he discovered in a mysterious, abandoned campsite, about 18 miles from Alert station

Warner Chapman, executive officer at Alert. A zoologist, he devotes free time to collecting specimens and photographs of arctic wildlife

HANS KNOPF

Colonel Bernt Balchen, world-famous arctic explorer and one of pioneers in establishing chain of posts in northern Greenland, Canada

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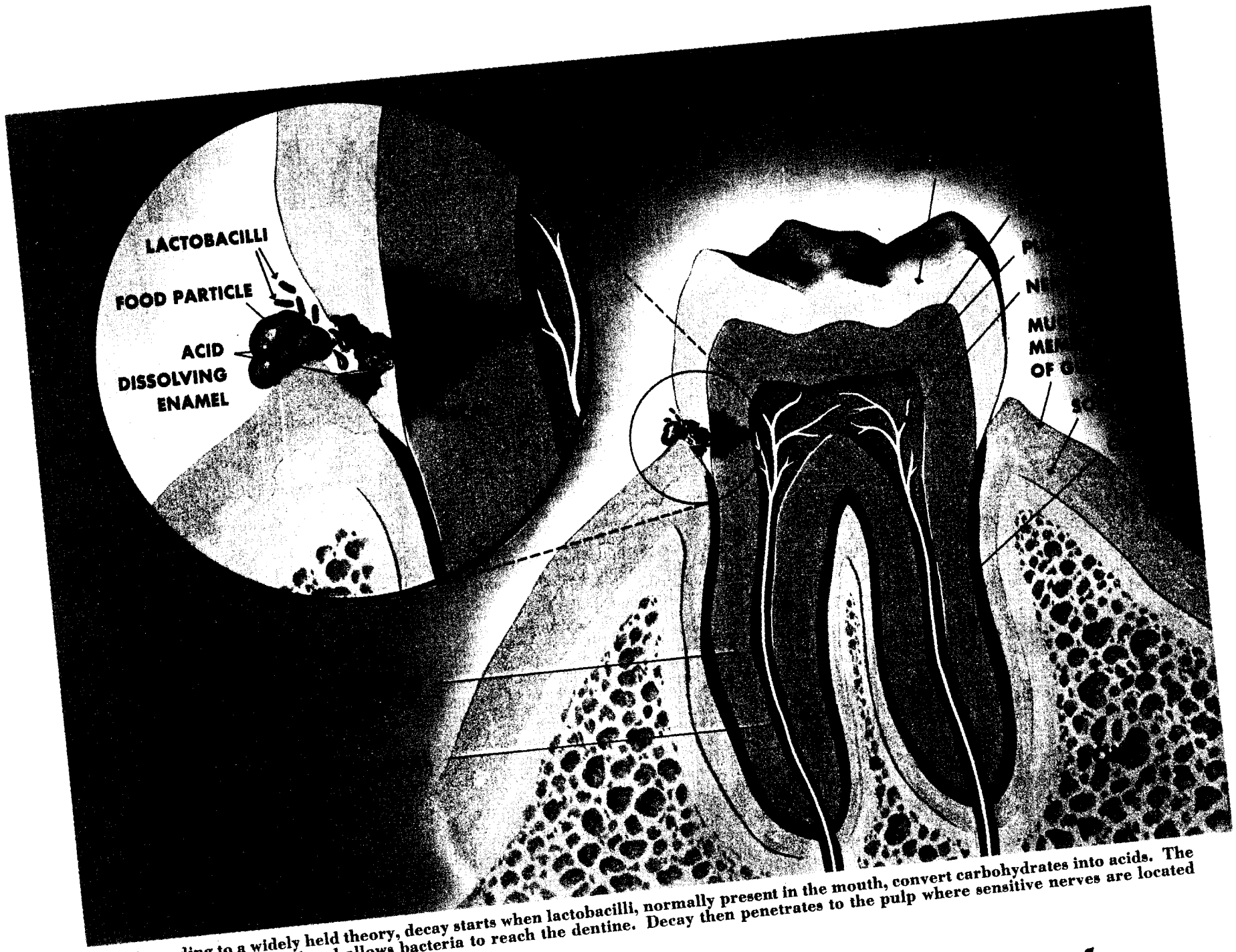
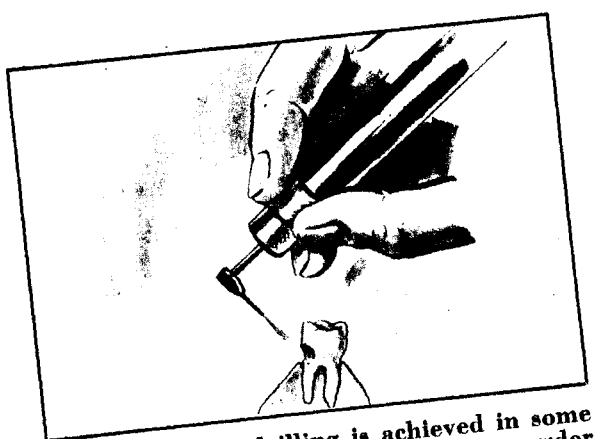


According to a widely held theory, decay starts when lactobacilli, normally present in the mouth, convert carbohydrates into acids. The acid dissolves enamel and allows bacteria to reach the dentine. Decay then penetrates to the pulp where sensitive nerves are located

What You Should Know about YOUR TEETH

They are in bad shape if you are an average American. But you can help keep them from getting worse by careful mouth hygiene. And dentistry is learning how to prevent decay

By CARLE HODGE



Almost painless drilling is achieved in some cases by blasting teeth with abrasive powder

AMERICAN teeth are among the earth's worst, and they are getting worse by the mouthful. It isn't that we don't know enough to take care of them. From the time we're old enough to hoist a toothbrush, we're told that unless our incisors are pearly white, and our breath as dewy as heather, we are doomed to social Siberia. And then, not even our dogs (blessed by nature with cleaner mouths than man's) will tell us.

We spend, to avoid such a horrid fate, well over $100,000,000 yearly on pastes and powders to assure gleaming Hollywoodian smiles. A good billion more pours into visits to the dentists. Still, many tribes of bathless heathens have healthier teeth than ours.

The Great American Toothache is a tragedy with many plots. One is that we are a mix-up of racial and national strains; a lot of us are born with the upper jaw of one people, the lower of another. Thus, the United States suffers more malocclusion, meaning "bad bite," than any other country. But the meanest villain, ironically, is our prosperity. A fat purse means buying food too soft and too sugary for the good of our grinders.

Long ago, science forsook any hope of extracting this outsized sweet tooth. Instead, it is tracking down ways to head off the little monsters who live in the dark swamplands of the mouth, or to toughen up teeth against their assaults. No cure-alls are in sight. But dentistry has solved more riddles in the past 10 years than perhaps the whole century before that, and is answering more each day.

Its biggest battle is against the untamed ailment which dentists call caries—and which their patients know merely and painfully as decay. It is peculiarly a by-product of (*Continued on page* 32)

DRAWINGS BY DR. FRANK H. NETTER

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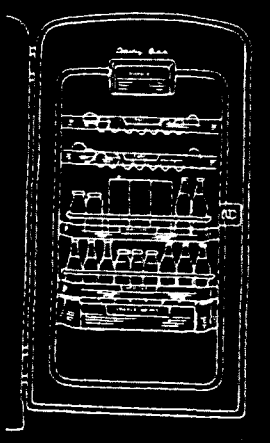
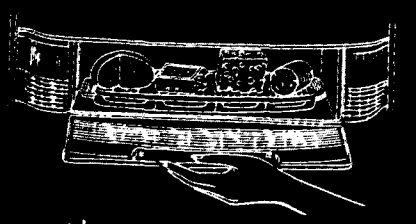
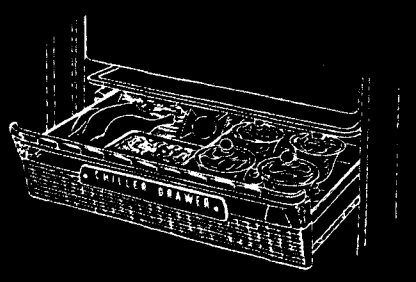


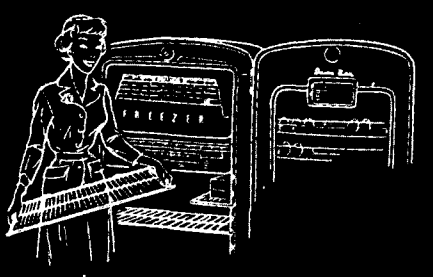
New Dairy Bar



Cheese Keeper—
Only Philco has it!



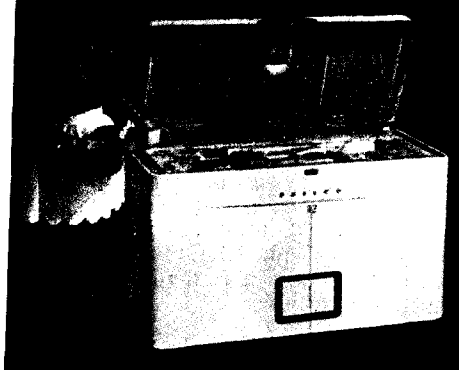
Full-Width Chiller Drawer



Adjustable Shelves

PHILCO

Sensational new Dairy Bar...
Exclusive Philco Cheese Keeper...
"Key Largo" color styling...



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ROBERT BUGG

The runner on first had taken off for second and never stopped, and ran smack into Haversham

McGrannity's Play

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

I SEE by the papers every now and again where McGrannity, who is driving the Eagles toward the pennant, is what they call a "book" manager. A book manager in baseball is a guy who plays percentages—you know, left-handed batter against right-handed pitching, and so forth.

But the papers mean a little more than that when they talk about McGrannity. They mean he is, specifically, the most horns-in, cautious manager in the big leagues. Never tries anything spectacular. Never takes a chance. Never tries anything new. Uses the most basic signals—hand on the letters, steal; tug at the cap, take. So forth.

I can tell them why, if they're interested. McGrannity'll kill me if he finds out it was me who told, because this dates back to before the war, when I was catching and McGrannity was third baseman and manager of a little Class-D club in the Dakotas, and one night he figured out this play.

It was a pick-off play at second base. You saw Feller and Boudreau pull it when Boudreau was still with Cleveland. You have a base runner on second. The shortstop—that's Boudreau—signals the catcher, putting the pick-off on. The catcher signals the pitcher, and at that signal both the pitcher and the shortstop start counting to themselves: one—two—three—four—five.

At "five," the pitcher—that's Feller—wheels and rifles the ball smack at second base. The shortstop, who started digging for the bag at about "two," depending on his speed and how far away he was and so on, gets there at the same time the ball does. The runner, lured into taking a long lead, is trapped.

Trouble is, an alert coach can spot that shortstop when he breaks and shout the runner back in time. That's what McGrannity had in mind with this new play.

McGrannity's play worked this way: you not only have to have a runner on second, but you need a hitter at the plate who doesn't normally hit too long a ball. In Class D, that's easy. That way, the center fielder doesn't have to play too deep.

Well, the shortstop puts on the pick-off, just like the regular way; and the catcher flashes it to the pitcher; and the pitcher, without looking around, starts his count. Meanwhile, who comes tearing in like a gazelle but the center fielder.

The shortstop never moves. Instead, at the count of "five," the pitcher wheels and whips the ball back at second base. The way McGrannity had it figured, the center fielder would catch the ball, racing forward all the while, about twenty or twenty-five feet back of second.

Then he'd have the runner either way. If the runner tried to get back, the center fielder's momentum would get him to the bag first. If the runner made the only logical surmise and figured the pitcher threw to second without anybody there to take the throw, then he'd light out for third and the center fielder could nail him there by yards.

Maybe you wonder why they don't do that in the majors. The only reason I can think of is that somehow baseball men got wind of what happened to McGrannity the one time our club tried it back in Class D.

Class-D clubs generally only have two or three pitchers that mean anything; on our team we only had one, whose name was Gooch. He pitched more or less every other night. Then we had a center fielder named Haversham. It was a Mexican standoff which of the two was dumber.

We pulled McGrannity's play ninety-five times in practice, just the four of us—McGrannity, who'd go out to shortstop and flash the signal, and me behind the plate to relay it, and Gooch to count and whirl and fire, and Haversham to come tearing in from center.

AFTER a while, it got so it worked pretty fine, but I still had my doubts about trying it in a game. I had a mental image of two things happening: either Gooch would undercount and throw the ball while Haversham was still halfway into the next county, or Gooch would count too long, then turn and brain Haversham with the ball at a range of five feet.

One other thing haunted me, but I tried not to think of it. That was that in that lousy lighting we had in those bush-league parks, Haversham, out in center field, would miss the signal completely and never move. I finally mentioned this to McGrannity, the manager, so he decided my signal for the pick-off would be to stand up straight and wave my mitt.

"That's a little obvious," I said.

"Yeah," McGrannity agreed. "They'll know something's going to happen, but they won't know what."

So it came to pass we were playing Bismarck one night, and the score was tied in the ninth with Bismarck at bat and nobody out and runners already on first and second. I knew McGrannity was going to call his play. It was too good a spot. There was a right-handed hitter up, so the shortstop was way over toward third, and the runner on second had a lead halfway to Pierre when I got the sign.

I stood straight up and waved my mitt in the air for about ten seconds. Everybody in the ball park, it seemed, was watching. Then I squatted down and started to count mentally, wondering how Gooch was doing with his counting and wondering when Haversham was going to start to run.

Then Haversham started coming in like a bat out of hell. He was about forty feet back of second, tearing like a madman, when Gooch started his whirl. But he never finished it. He came around and threw the ball to me. A regular pitch. The one person in the whole city of Bismarck who missed the sign was Gooch.

And that Haversham! The slob never stopped running. By the time the ball reached the plate, we had five infielders and two outfielders. All the batter had to do was put a dinky fly ball into center field and good-by ball game.

You don't think that batter caught on? Wham! He rams one toward center—one of those low liners right over the pitcher's head, a base hit every time.

Except this time. Who is standing smack on second base but Haversham, the center fielder? The ball nearly killed him, but he held onto it. That was one out. He was standing on second base, doubling the runner off second and making it two out. And wouldn't you know it, the runner on first had taken off for second, never stopped, and ran smack into Haversham, who tagged him for out number three.

"You see," McGrannity said after the game, which we won the next inning, "brains. Unassisted triple play by an outfielder."

"That's nothing," I said to him. I felt unaccountably bad. "A second baseman did it in a World Series once."

"Yes," McGrannity said, "but *he* was *lucky*."

In a way, you couldn't fault McGrannity for that. As I say—you can check it in the papers—he hasn't taken a chance since. ▲▲▲

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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The Other One

By HAMLEN HUNT

Bonny brought the world indoors, brought hope for the future. She offered love and faith and energy; she worked and saved—and she did it all alone

SHE had been known as "the other one" for so long that the small community had forgotten why. Her sister, Lesley, in her wheel chair, was often remembered, but nobody noticed Bonny as she hurled rolled-up newspapers at the town's front doors or persistently tried to sell improbable objects and boxes of greeting cards. Nobody noticed her at the fire in the hardware store, or riding along behind the parade. Her big red-and-chrome bicycle was well known—the parents had bought it for Lesley when she was still dangerously ill, in an attempt to bribe fate—but Bonny herself seemed invisible. She was just the Johnsons' other child, the fortunate one who hadn't got sick five years before in the big epidemic. Nobody was aware that she felt she had been discarded as worthless, even by polio, which had taken her sister and left her out.

When Lesley first came home from the hospitals where she had spent more than a year, cut flowers and greeting cards and all kinds of games and books and things to eat and things an invalid could wear were strewn about her room like giant confetti at a strange party where the guest of honor was misfortune. These had now been cleared away. Now there were bars and rings over the hospital bed, by which Lesley could help herself move, awkwardly, with abrupt, flinging movements of her arms. She could barely move her legs and could only stand in braces, on crutches. A wheel chair stood in one corner of the room, near a door cut through to the porch. Ralph, her father, grinding his teeth in miserable anger, had done all the carpentry work that had such sad implications. Ramps replaced doorsills throughout the house, which was fortunately built on one level. There were schoolbooks and boxes of Kleenex on shelves where Lesley could reach them. The flowers on the window sills were now plants in pots and bulbs growing in durable pebbles. At first there had been visitors, and then, as Lesley said to her mother, she was no longer a curiosity.

"Curiosity!" said Frances, stunned, gathering her forces of denial. All her tired forces were constantly being gathered together to the service of her stricken child, who had become her only child.

"Of course," said Lesley, homesick for busy hospitals with their full, routinized days; but when there was no hope for her further improvement, she had had to make way so someone else could have care and conferences, water therapy, encouragement and lessons. "The kids around here had never seen such a bad polio case before. They used to ask me very, very personal questions, like how I go to the bathroom, and if the braces hurt, and if I can ever have a baby. Can I?" she suddenly asked her mother. The child who had got polio at nine was now fourteen and there was reason to ask. For a moment her mother, overcome by the terrible implications, wanted not to answer. But she had trained herself to calm replies, and she said, "I don't really know."

"I mean, is that part of me working or not?" Lesley asked patiently.

"I don't know," Frances said. "Probably."

It seemed inconsequential, but Lesley went on, "Did you know Bonny says she's never going to get married? Or have a baby?"

"Or!" said Frances, again stunned into repeating the critical word.

"We've talked about it quite a lot," Lesley said.

"I see," said Frances. She drew a breath. "Would you like to play Chinese checkers now?"

She hardly knew how much she resented Lesley's eagerness to see Bonny, day after day. Lesley asked, "Where was the fire?" or "Was there a parade downtown?" and Bonny always knew. It never occurred to Frances that many of Bonny's wild and lonely sorties on the red bicycle, which didn't even belong to her, were to bring home fresh news, like early berries, for Lesley.

She did know she discouraged too great intimacy between the sisters, who were devoted. It seemed to her that Lesley was excited and big-eyed and disturbed after she and Bonny had been together. She was sure they talked too much of outside things.

"Don't you realize Lesley can't do those things any more?" she asked Bonny.

It was Frances' concern—it was, indeed, her life—to make Lesley as contented as possible. She tried to make her world complete with green plants and new curtains and the television set and her own complete devotion. She didn't want Lesley's interest turning so fiercely outward and away, as it still did, for if her handicapped child wanted what others wanted, then, inevitably, she must suffer and fail.

FRANCES had accepted everything else about Lesley's illness heroically, but the one thing she could not accept was that the child's interests had not changed, that she would want and want and suffer all her life. She hated Lesley's frank wording of things—Bonny talked the same way—hated the understanding that had come to her in long days and longer nights; hated, really, her constant attempts to rejoin her fellows, to know, to feel.

For Frances herself, there was nothing left outside the illness: it was the only world she had. She had left her husband in the first nights of illness, when they were both up or were at the hospital, and perpetual anxiety had cut away all other emotions. Months had fallen away to years, and still they were separated. Ralph slept on a narrow bed in what had once been his den; and sometimes he and Bonny, meeting in the kitchen as they ate something left for them on the stove or in the icebox, exchanged conversation there, beyond the pale.

"Guess we're just a couple of hired hands around here, aren't we?" Ralph said. The eleven-year-old child had just come in, though it was late and dark and cold outdoors. Her bare legs looked rough as chicken legs, and she had cut her own hair with nail scissors.

Bonny helped herself to stew and answered, unsmilingly, "I got three bags of groceries to deliver when the Super-Shop closed."

Puzzled, her father thought this a *non sequitur*, until he realized she had taken his remark about hired hands literally. He was more like a boarder, he considered, but he came in late, anyway: he worked long, grim hours, day after day, for one of the facts of illness is that suffering is not enough. Poverty comes along, too, like a dreary, snuffle-nosed cousin.

"I made forty cents," Bonny said. "That's pretty good, isn't it? I get a lot of use out of that bicycle." Her voice was hoarse.

"Oh, sure," Ralph said, smiling faintly.

SHE and that big red bike were inseparable. One of the sights of the town at any odd, deserted hour was this one pedaling up one street and down another, always alone, with that same preoccupied, searching look on her face. She took in great gulps of wind, as though she were hungry for it. She consumed space for two and, when she went home, took Lesley some of the memory of quick, free movement and hurrying landscape.

Continuing the conversation, Ralph said, "Why, one of these days you'll be rich. Forty cents! You'll have a nice dowry when you get married, or maybe you'll go to college first."

"I'm going to work, and I'm never going to get married, ever," Bonny said, in such a bitter, forceful way that he was struck by another remorse. Kids didn't miss much. Frances and he could protect Lesley, who nearly always stayed in her room or on her own porch, from knowledge of bill collectors and estrangement, but Bonny was never noticed. She knew the bitterness between husband and wife.

"Lesley said you didn't come in to see her this morning," Frances said to Ralph once, with cold scorn. "You hate to look at your own child, don't you? Even when you carry her out to the car or take her to the doctor's, you turn your face away."

Ralph winced. He was still tortured by memories of Lesley in an iron lung, Lesley with flies crawling over her face, unable to blink her eyelids. He had wished her dead then, and now he avoided her because it was a strain for him to be as cheerful as he thought she expected. If Frances expressed shock by being so absorbed in Lesley that any slight deviation of attention filled her with nervous dread, Ralph expressed shock by a convulsive, guilty turning-away, and by working himself numb.

"It's—she's got beautiful," he said. "She never used to be before she was sick. She was just a nice-looking kid, but lately—"

Frances drew herself up with pride. "The physiotherapist said she hadn't seen any other home-care child in such good condition as Lesley," she said. "The nurses taught me what to do for her, and I do it every day, without fail. *(Continued on page 54)*

For the first time in a long time, Lesley wheeled her chair into the living room. "We sold the bicycle," Bonny said defiantly

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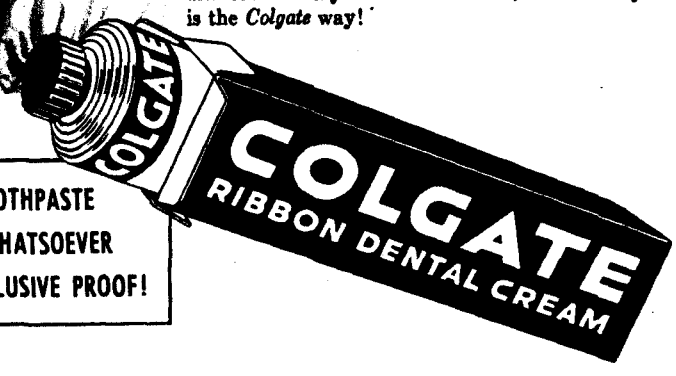

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What You Should Know about Your Teeth

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

civilization. Some isolated tribes of Eskimos, for instance, get no caries, while half of all our two-year-olds have one or more DMF (Decayed, Missing or Filled) teeth. *By sixteen, they average seven.*

What we know about the most common human disease is as full of cavities as our molars. Certain facts, though, are established. Nearly everybody is a victim of tooth decay. It reaps a higher toll each year. Negroes suffer less than whites for some unknown reason, and Southwesterners, probably because of the water they drink, less than New Englanders. Whether heredity affects teeth, apart from malocclusion, is a moot point. The American Dental Association, official umpire in matters of the mouth, brushes off as old-hat the idea that pregnancy has anything at all to do with decay; usually, a mother's teeth are too well formed to be affected by changes in her system.

A chipped bone or broken skin often heals itself, but never a rotting tooth. Decay cannot be cured, nor even be seen until damage already is done. All a dentist can hope to do, at best, is drill away the infection and fill the gap.

To understand how science fights back, one first must know how teeth decay. The most commonly held theory is this: when fermentable carbohydrates, mainly sugars, enter the mouth, they are waylaid there by swarms of bacteria. The likeliest troublemaker among the hordes of microscopic life is the lactobacillus, the same rod-shaped bacterium which sours milk.

In the melee, the carbohydrates are turned into powerful acids which then claw at the enamel jackets of the teeth. This enamel is the most rugged part of the body, harder than a five-cent piece, but the acids bore through and into the heart of the tooth. Other microbes sweep through the opening, staining the enamel yellowish brown, and an ache is not far beyond.

All this—the turning of foods into destructive acid, and the beginning of decay—is a chemical chain reaction made up of perhaps 15 separate steps. Recent experiments show that this process starts within a matter of seconds. Within a half hour to 90 minutes, it is all over. Saliva has washed away the last of the acid, and decay stops until the next food or drink.

If this lightninglike reel could somehow be snipped off by killing the microbes, or smothering the carbohydrates before they do their damage, most decay might be stopped for good. It is on this problem that some of the country's best dental minds are focused. They are getting warm.

Two of the warmest may be experiments going on at the big Gothic citadel which is the Northwestern University Dental School on Chicago's lake front. Both began with chance discoveries. While conducting clinics in Alabama, Dr. Samuel Dreizen and Tom Spies, both doing a special study for Northwestern's nutrition department, noticed that people with bad cases of pellagra showed almost no caries.

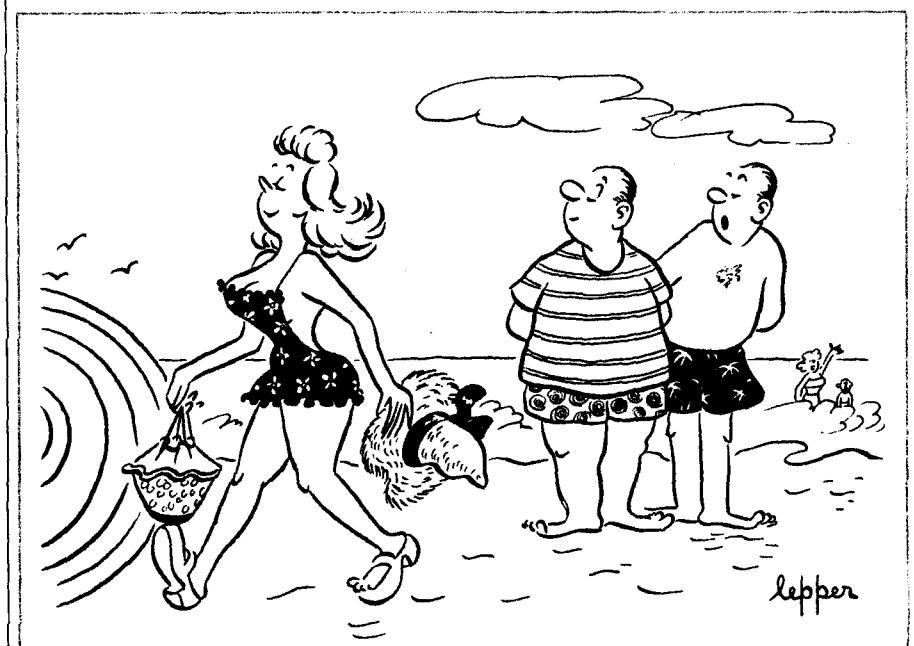
What causes pellagra is a lack in the body of natural nicotinic acids. The same acids are necessary fodder to some of the mouth's microbes. So Spies and Dreizen concluded that if they could restrain the nicotinic acids they might well cut down on decay. One substance, they knew, would inhibit the acids: a yellow powder called nitrofuran, made from oat hulls and long used in dressings for wounds to prevent infection.

They made a chewing gum containing nitrofuran, and began to experiment with three groups. One chewed the gum for at least 10 minutes after each meal for a year. The second "control group" chewed a similarly prepared gum which did not contain nitrofuran. The third group did not chew any gum. Dreizen and Spies hope to put their gum in still more test-group mouths before handing down a verdict, but the results so far look bright. The nitrofuran chewers in the South developed three times fewer cavities than did the control groups.

The second experiment sprang from a Northwestern University classroom. For a dozen years, its dental students had performed a routine object lesson in class—mixing sugar in test tubes with blobs of their saliva—to show how quickly sugar ferments.

One day a student who had followed the little ritual to a tee found that the sugar in his test tube wouldn't ferment. Dr. Leonard Samuel Fosdick, a chemistry professor and a leading dental researcher, was flabbergasted. His amazement changed to hope when he questioned the young man. The day before, he found, the student had used a penicillin lozenge for a cold.

Fosdick, a bald, quiet man of forty-eight, tried again and again. More students sucked on more penicillin lozenges. Each time, the penicillin kept the sugar from backsliding. Most important was that the effect lasted a full 24 hours. Fosdick knew that other substances, chlorophyll and ammonia



COLLIER'S "That's a nicely shaped suit" EDWIN LEPPER

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among them, were capable in theory of preventing acid from forming. The hitch was that none seemed to remain in the mouth long enough really to help—saliva flooded them out. Even if penicillin would remain long enough, no patient could use it permanently.

So Dr. Fosdick set out to produce a synthetic peptide, a compound which would have the same inhibiting effect as penicillin but which would remain in the mouth and not, as penicillin might, build up a self-resistance. After several months, he created one which looked promising. He has tried it now for two years—on hundreds of patients—as a mouthwash and as a tooth paste. Each patient brushed or rinsed with it each morning. So far, in every case, Fosdick's solution has broken the food-to-microbe-to-acid chain, which, according to one widely held theory, is the cause of decay.

Like most scientists, he is short on long promises. Before he makes any claims, he wants to establish through still further testing that his acid-inhibiting peptide actually will head off decay. "We're not *saying* we can cure caries until we *know* we can cure it," he declares.

The Toothbrushing Timetable

Fosdick did much to upset the old timetable for toothbrushing—the first-thing-mornings, last-thing-evenings system which was drilled into generations of children. This will jolt many a faithful brusher, but before the war there was little gilt-edged scientific proof that this sanitarily commendable habit helped stop decay at all. Fosdick showed that it did help if pursued at the proper time—immediately after meals. Or as another dental researcher puts it: "Until Fosdick, we didn't know *why* we brushed our teeth."

As long ago as 1939, the Northwestern professor argued that decay takes place only after eating, the only time, therefore, when brushing could help. Most dentists were skeptical. Fosdick went on to prove his hunch, though. He had more than 500 college students brush their teeth following meals, thrice daily. They had less than half as much decay as students who did not brush after meals.

Of course, he realizes that circumstances sometimes preclude such frequent brushing. The next best thing, he says, is to swish your mouth out with water after eating. He regards plain tap water as a good mouthwash for this after-mealtime chore. The increase in dental erosion (the wearing down of enamel into ridges) he blames partly on the acid effects of citrus fruits at breakfast after teeth have been brushed. This is another reason why people should brush their teeth after breakfast, instead of before, he says.

Now, dentists generally prescribe the Fosdick system. They say: "Brush with any good standard paste or powder—or even baking soda or salt. And brush correctly—away from the gums—and energetically: 10 strokes over each area, with a clean, firm brush immediately after eating."

It's wise to own two brushes, alternating them. One survey reported that four fifths of the toothbrushes in our bathrooms are unfit—too worn or too dirty—for their job. Dental floss handily cleans nooks no brush can sweep, but a dentist should show you how to use it.

I asked dozens of dental men for their own secrets. One topflight dental researcher admitted a little sheepishly: "Brush my teeth? I don't suppose I've brushed my teeth three times in the last 10 years. I'm just lazy, I guess."

He was more than lazy; he was lucky. Like 3 per cent of all Americans (and perhaps all people), the brushless researcher is what dentists enviously call an "immune." No matter when or what they eat or how badly they neglect their teeth, the "immunes" escape decay.

In other cases, scientists have found why some people avoid decay. Decay can be starved out. Microbes, like people, must eat—and if the microbes' supply of carbohydrates stops, so does caries. Many dentists now are putting some patients on special diets. They know, too, that once teeth are formed and the enamel hardened, the teeth are unlikely to change. Good teeth in a child usually mean good teeth in an adult.

If harmful microbes are not present, there is no decay. The University of Chicago's Dr. J. Roy Blayney has bred rats in germ-free labs, then fed them gobs of sugar. Because there were no germs to turn the diet into acid, the rodents suffered no decay. In the case of humans, of course, it is impossible to do this.

But what it is that causes a handful of people to be decay-free, science does not know. It is a question which, once answered, might well unwrap all the secrets of decay. For the first time, researchers are studying a hand-picked group of "immunes." This survey is going on in the dental school at Ohio State University. Scientists there are studying 40 "immunes"—their heredity, habits, saliva, diet and whatever else might prove a point.

Two other pieces which scientists are trying to fit into the anagram which may someday spell better dental health are saliva and the dental plaque. The plaque—the "clinging film" of tooth-paste ads—is the thin scummy coating of residue which attaches itself to the teeth. Like saliva, it is both friend and foe, a carrier of both tooth-eating microbes and protective fluids.

Without the saliva's ceaseless cleansing showers, the teeth would be an easy target for trouble. A few rare tots, scarcely past the strained-baby-food stage, must wear false teeth because their salivary glands don't function. One middle-aged man's saliva machinery was paralyzed by a stroke; within four weeks he had not a tooth left.

But these are clues for the future. What has science uncovered that can help the dentist today?

For adults, the sad fact is that teeth, once formed, seldom change. Troublesome teeth at twenty-five mean even more trouble at thirty-five. Not that there are no consolation prizes. First, dentists, abetted by the "wonder drugs," are seeking to prolong the lives of aging teeth rather than remove them. Penicillin and other antibiotics are nipping infection in the root canal, the pulpy sensitive center of the tooth which extends beneath the gum line.

The Psychological Approach

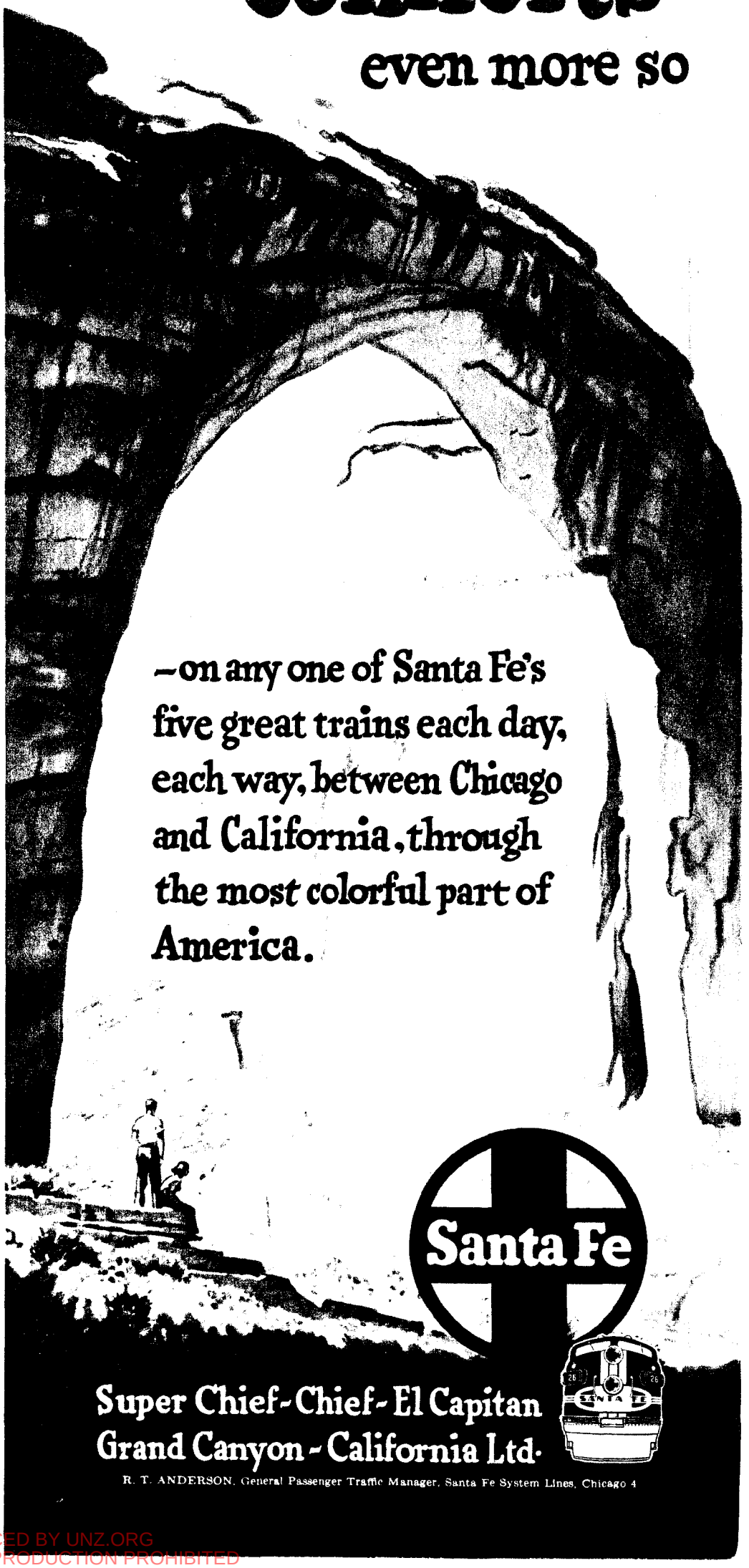
Too, there are new ways of easing pain. Procaine, the dentist's pain-deadening stand-by, has been constantly improved. And the modern dentist often employs a psychological approach. Some play music or show movies to divert their patients. Being tested is a pill which would render the patient completely unconscious for the short time needed for the dentist's work, without leaving an unpleasant aftereffect.

Perhaps the best news of all for those who still cringe at the thought of a date with the dentist is a new machine called the Airdent. Its inventor is a gadgeteering Texas practitioner, Dr. R. B. Black, of Corpus Christi. His dental "sand blaster" replaces, for some work, the dreaded drill. Instead of actually drilling, it carves teeth by blasting against them a stream of abrasive powder, as thin as a thread, at supersonic speed.

It is less painful than the mechanical drill. Missing are the heat, vibration and much of the noise. Because it will cut only hard surfaces, the Airdent cannot harm gums. It is expensive and its use requires special training, but more than 1,000 dentists and two dozen dental schools already are using it.

Dentistry never stops hunting for ways to ease pain, and regularly it finds them. One problem solved not long ago was the enigma of why teeth often hurt after amalgam fillings had been packed in them. Until Dr. Irl Schoonover and others at the National Bureau of Standards in Washington found the answer, it had never occurred to dentists that the trouble was that they

The sights are all you dreamed they'd be... the Comforts even more so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How GM engineers explore new horizons

HERE you see the XP-300 and Le Sabre. The press likes to call them "cars of the future."

Thousands of people have flocked to see them, and the question most often asked is, "When will you build cars like these for the public?"

Well, the answer is—these aren't intended to show exactly what future cars will be like. They were built and rebuilt over a period of several years, to give our engineers and designers the chance to test out fresh and forward ideas, and get these ideas beyond the blueprint and laboratory stage.

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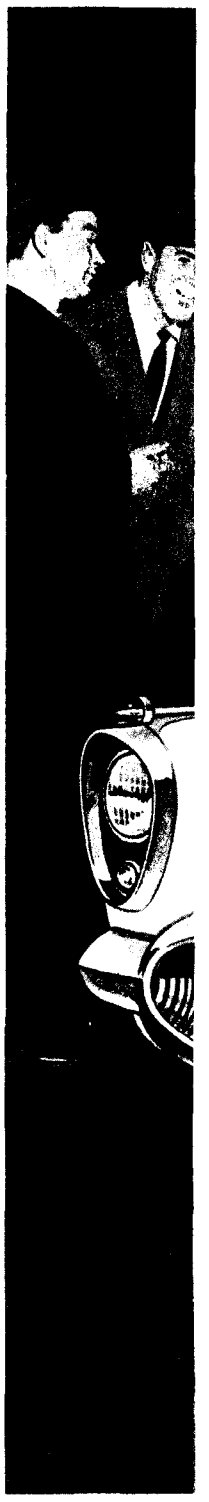
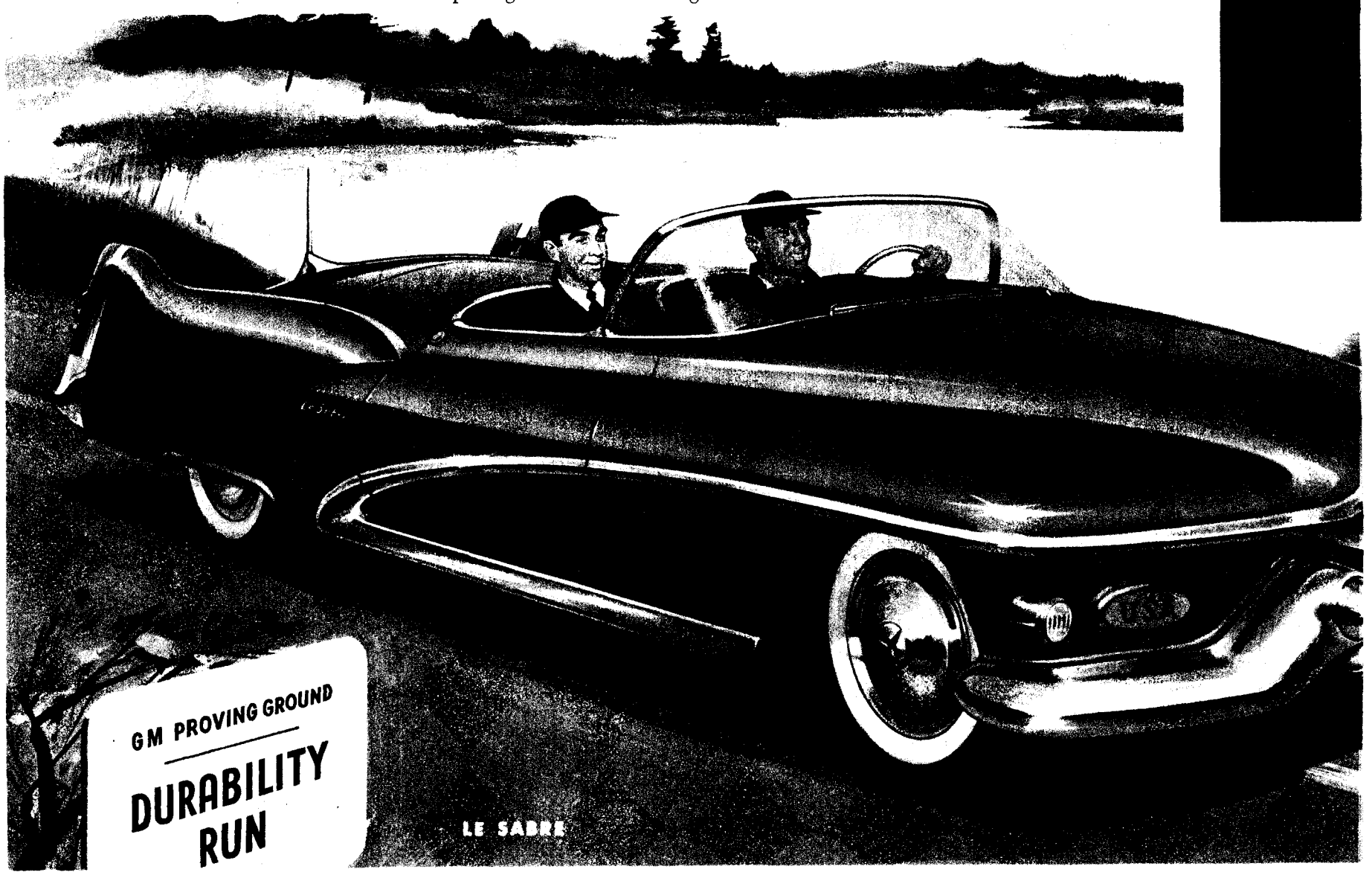
We say that because it has happened before. Many of today's commonplace features on General Motors cars came right out of "tries" like these in early years.

So Le Sabre and XP-300 are the latest examples of how far we go to make the key to a GM car your key to greater value.



The Top that's Worked by a Raindrop—First drop of rain falling on a sensitized spot between Le Sabre seats starts mechanism which raises and locks top, rolls up side windows. XP-300 has steering post adjustable to driver's height—and seats which are adjustable up and down, forward and backward, and whose contour backs can be moved forward at belt line to ease back strain during long drive. Both have built-in jacks for easy tire changing. Typical of the many GM engineering experiments in these cars—to advance even further passenger comfort and driving ease.



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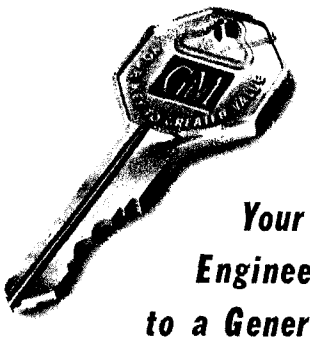
335-Horsepower Performance from a 550-Pound Motor—GM engineers solved the problem of putting a very high-powered engine in small space by developing an entirely new light alloy engine for both of these cars. The engine is a supercharged V-8 having 10 to 1 compression ratio and operating on premium-grade fuel for all normal driving—premium fuel plus special fuel suitable for supercharged engines at higher speeds. Engines are supercharged by a blower GM engineers developed for Diesel engines.



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"palmed" the soft amalgam, mulling it in the palm of their hands, before applying it. Dentists always had palmed the amalgam. But the bureau found that tiny beads of perspiration in the hands wet the zinc in the amalgam, releasing hydrogen. The hydrogen made the filling expand, and the patient groan. Now dentists use a piece of cloth when they mull fillings.

There is a new kind of filling—plastic restoratives which first were developed by the Germans to side-step their wartime shortage of metals. They are called self-curing (self-hardening at room or mouth temperature) resins and are made of a glasslike material. Though they still are not as good as silver for back teeth, the plastics appear to be much better than the silicate cements formerly used for the front teeth. They last longer, don't tarnish, look more like real teeth.

Perhaps the greatest strides have been taken in safeguarding the deciduous, or so-called baby, teeth. A few months ago, Dr. Harold R. Klein, assistant professor of pedodontics (children's dentistry) at New York University, told his local dental society that if baby teeth are extracted too early, a badly formed jaw may follow.

"We used to let a child's teeth go until they hurt," Dr. Klein says, "and then we were behind the eight ball. The big change in children's dentistry from 10, or even five, years ago is that we no longer watch and wait—until the child suffers from a bad tooth. Now, we work on them and fill them as soon as necessary. We used to strap a child in the chair. Now, that's unthinkable. Any force is bad. We try to inspire confidence in the dentist."

A Special Kind of Bridge

One big help is the "space maintainer" a special kind of bridge which, when a baby tooth must come out, holds the space open so that the permanent tooth may grow properly in the same spot. With them, dentists have reduced by half the chances of faulty jaws.

The most promising, and dramatic, of all the advances in dental know-how, however, is the fluoridation of public water supplies. Fluorine is a greenish gas, a first cousin of the water-purifying substance chlorine, and a natural part of some water. Dentists have long known that people who drank water containing natural fluorine suffered less decay than other people, but it wasn't until after the war that a handful of cities tried adding fluoride (a compound) to their fluorine-free water supplies. They found that it cut down on decay in children's teeth by as much as 60 per cent.

There still are civic mavericks who quibble that fluoride is a medicine not to be forced on an unsuspecting populace. The scientists retort that fluoride is a natural material and that, moreover, it strengthens teeth and is not intended to correct trouble. In the past year, some cities have begun using an improved, more available compound, sodium fluosilicate. In added taxes, the yearly cost per person of fluoridation is less than that of two candy bars. More than 200 towns already are drinking fluoridated water; more are beginning each month. By the end of 1952, some 40,000,000 Americans will be drinking fluoridated water.

Where there is none, dentists are swabbing fluoride onto the teeth of children. Each child usually needs a series of four applications. Fluorides, like most decay stoppers, bolster the growing teeth of youngsters. They do little good for already hardened adult teeth.

Anyway, decay is only half the dental problem. Even if caries is defeated, there will remain the periodontal ailments—diseases of the gums—which cause almost as many lost teeth as decay.

The most common, gingivitis, begins quite simply. Food bits and tartar pile up around the necks of the teeth, below the gum line and out of reach of brushing. Under the pressure, the soft gums retreat. If the gingivitis is not treated, pyorrhea may develop. Then the gums recede more and more until the teeth—which are not locked in the jaw, but rest in a springy hammock of tissue—finally fall out.

As far back as the eleventh century, mouth doctors knew that the only way to heal gingivitis, in its early stages, was by curettage, a fairly easy treatment in which the dentist scales off the tartar and scum from around the necks of the teeth.

Until the past few years, though, the treatment of gums has been a sort of no man's land from which both dentists and physicians shied away. For one thing, a complete curettage is a time-gulping, costly procedure. Few patients ever ask for curettage, because gingivitis, despite the wreckage it leaves behind in missing molars, almost never hurts. Now, more and more dentists are making curettage their business.

As recently as last March, the Journal of the American Dental Association was showing its subscribers how easy curettage is.

KENNESAW

"Bessie's gettin' way behind in her dish washin' since she started plowin' the south forty"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

It was not until after World War II that the profession knew for sure the extent of periodontal woes. Then, the U.S. Public Health Service put a team of University of Illinois researchers, strapping Dr. Maury Massler and short Dr. Isaac Schour, to work on a census of gum trouble.

What the pair turned up was not pleasant: more than half of all lost teeth—and almost every single one after a person reaches thirty-five—can be blamed on periodontal troubles. By thirty-five, nearly everybody is afflicted by some gingivitis, and half have troublesome cases.

There is no great mystery about gingivitis. Probably 90 per cent of the cases can be cured if caught in time.

For a long time, some dentists have told patients that tobacco smoking may endanger their gums. But a study which Dr. Massler and Commander William Ludwick recently completed of 2,577 sailors at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station showed that heavy smokers suffered no more from periodontal trouble than did light- or non-smokers, although they had more decayed teeth.

The interest of your dentist in your gums is merely a part of his profession's newfound interest in your *whole* mouth. For one thing, he is being taught to spot the first grim warning signals of oral (mouth and lip) cancer.

Scientists, like Harvard's Dr. David Weisberger, are preaching the doctrine that "both sides, dentists and patients, need to be educated" to be on the alert. If they are, he insists most cancer of the mouth can be avoided. His advice to patients is threefold: "Beware of chronic irritations in your mouth. Instruct your dentist during regular visits to look over your entire mouth. If you wear a denture, have it adjusted every few years."

Quietly behind the Fosdicks and Masslers there are researchers who are not so concerned with curing ailing teeth as they are in exploring the teeth themselves. As one of them, Norwegian-born Dr. Reidar Sognnaes of Harvard, puts it: "What we are trying to do is learn more about the structure of teeth. It's like remodeling a building. You wouldn't try to remodel a building without seeing how it was built in the first place, would you?"

Within recent months, Sognnaes and Drs. David Scott and Ralph Wyckoff of the National Institute of Dental Research in Washington, aided by microscopes 20 times more powerful than any used before, have taken a new and surprising look at enamel. "Enamel used to be thought of as a shell as hard as rock," they say. "Now we know it contains a framework of organic matter."

Through the microscope, the enamel framework looks like a sponge or a telescopic close-up of the moon, pocked by ridges and valleys. Actually these are infinitesimal prisms. "The enamel of a molar," Sognnaes says, "is made up of some 10,000,000 of them, each being formed in the first place by cells which had to work in rhythm to form the enamel. The pathway of decay lies between these prisms, a space one one-thousandth of a millimeter wide. In that space, the secret of caries may be buried."

Another mystery which Sognnaes and George Wislocki, Harvard anatomist, are studying is that of acid mucopolysaccharide—a protein and sugarlike jelly—which cements tissue in cartilage and in dental enamel. It fills the tiny area between the prisms of enamel the way honey fills a honeycomb. But sometimes it dissolves—no one is quite sure how it happens—and this, say Sognnaes and Wislocki, opens the space to decay.

Besides superpower microscopes, another fresh look at teeth has been made possible by the use of atomic tracers. By watching with X-ray the path of radioactive chemicals, researchers can stalk them as they soak into the teeth. At the University of Illinois, radiologist William Ward Wainwright studied the teeth of cancer patients who had been treated with "atomic cocktails," drinks of radioactive iodine. Later, he will use radioactive sugar, water and buffer salts. What all this has shown so far—and it is showing more than most dental men ever imagined—is that the teeth are much more permeable than previously believed. Various substances pour into the teeth in more places, faster, than had been supposed.

Not even the common but complex engineering feat which is chewing has escaped analysis. With money furnished by the Navy, which wants a way of gauging dental needs in its recruits, Tufts College is studying the efficiency of teeth as food grinders. Dr. R. S. Manly there has measured the pressure people use in chewing (a single tooth can exert 250 pounds of pressure but usually needs only about five), the difference in the chewing surface of teeth (some people have three times as much as others), and the effect of missing teeth.

By having his laboratory subjects chew such foods as peanuts, raw carrots and shredded coconuts, and then sifting the chewed-up food through a screen, Dr. Manly found that a subject lacking two molars might be able to chew only a little more than half his food. A wearer of false teeth needed four times as many chews as a person with normal teeth.

The Problem of Emotion

But no matter how far forward the scientists push, there remains one problem no fancy filling can plug—the patient's emotions. Only lately have dentists recognized the roles joy or woe can play in teeth.

To say that your "mouth waters" is more than a cliché. A happy person's saliva flows smoothly. The salivary glands link with the sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous system, the intricate network of nerves which triggers such involuntary acts as blushing or crying. An unhappy person's saliva may flow thick and ropy, or even dry up. Then, unprotected by its natural protective juices, rapid decay may beset the teeth.

Or if one is plagued by anxiety, his gums may bleed for no apparent reason. Sometimes he grinds his teeth, crushing the enamel. This grinding, according to Dr. Robert S. Gilbert, a New York M.D. and dentist who has done extensive research in psychosomatic dentistry, is frequently "a form of aggression directed at one's self." He says that "more and more, dentists are learning that you've got to treat the patient as a whole, not just a mouth."

Not long ago, a small-town Iowa dentist was startled when he peered into the mouth of a long-time patient, a pretty young woman. A year earlier her teeth had been almost perfect. Now they were riddled with decay. The dentist questioned her. Yes, she had brushed her teeth regularly. Diet? Good, no excessive sweets. Then he asked about her private life—and hit upon the cause. During the year, she had had an unhappy love affair.

Despite the exhortations of their dentists and the toil of researchers, the sad truth seems to be that Americans—happy or not—care little about their teeth.

Correct brushing and good diet are fine. Nonetheless, there is no substitute, nor will there be one any time soon, for regular checkups by dentists. Twice a year is best. Yet, about 30,000,000 American adults have not sat in a dentist's chair in four years. If they need as many fillings as those who do—about four apiece—their mouths are loaded with 120,000,000 cavities.

And about 4,000,000 grownups have *never* been to a dentist.

Asked about this, one dentist shook his head grimly. "The trouble is," he said, "people don't worry whether their teeth are healthy so long as they *look* all right. They wait until they get a toothache—and that's too late." THE END

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It's a Woman's World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

me. Then, very gently, he said, "I've already signed for you, Mr. Bancroft. It's against the rules, but under the circumstances."

"I'll take the letter," said Ginny. She grabbed it and shut the door.

"What was that all about?" I said.

"It's nothing, Daddy," she said. "I just told him you were blind."

"What!"

"Uh-huh."

"You had your reasons, I take it?"

"Patty and I went to the show and saw Bright Victory. I was trying it out."

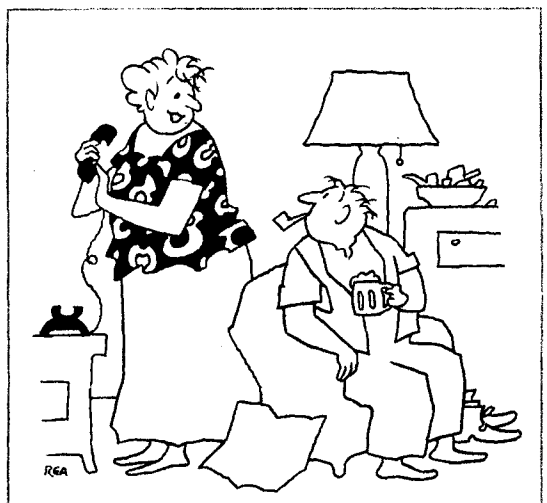
"Open the letter for your poor blind father. Read it to me."

Eagerly, she ripped it open. "You old son of a—" she began.

I grabbed it. "That's all," I said.

It was from Ames. It was short, obscene and exciting. He was coming home. He wanted to see me.

"Hey, come on down, Ruthie," I called up the stairs. "Come up. I've got to talk to you."



"Mrs. Koppik's daughter is engaged to a blue convertible!"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

"Come on up. I'm disinfecting this child."

I found them in the bathroom. It smelled of rubbing alcohol.

"I'm getting sterilized," Patty said.

"What's the fuss? Somebody leave us a cool million?"

"Better than that."

"I smell like a hospital," said Patty, inhaling herself.

"What could be better than that?"

"Ames is coming. Here. To this house."

"Oh, no!" She stopped rubbing Patty and looked at me, dismayed.

"Direct from Vienna—still warm from Paris." I knotted up a fist and punched at the air enthusiastically. "Old Ames," I said. "Man-talk!"

"Is it that bad?" When Ruthie gets hurt, she looks like one of the kids—small and defenseless.

"Aw, honey, I didn't mean that."

"I know. The masculine touch is lacking."

"I hate boys," said Patty.

"You'll grow into it," I said. "It's your mother I'm worried about."

Ruthie's eyebrows went up. "All right, Sy, invite him, but you've got to pull his teeth first."

"I don't get it."

"M-a-r-t-i-n-i-s," she spelled.

"Martinis," trumpeted Patty.

"Hurrah for progressive education," sighed Ruthie. "I mean it, though. He's famous for it."

"He'll be okay."

"We'll have to put him up in the den."

"Where else?"

"I'll clean it out. Listen, dunk the girls, will you? When will he arrive?"

"Any time. He said to look for a flash on the horizon. Where's Ginny? Hey, Gin, bubble-bath time. Draw the water, Pats."

Ginny appeared in the doorway, shucking off her clothes like corn husks.

"I'm still clean from yesterday." She stood reluctantly in the middle of the floor.

"Get in. I'll tell you a movie."

Both of them beamed and took to the water. I soaped a washrag for each one of them. "You get started," I said, "I'm working out the details." Obediently, they soaped themselves.

"Start, Daddy," Patty said impatiently. "A young beautiful girl—"

"Hey, this is *my* movie," I protested. "Okay," I said, watching them rub their small, round stomachs with dreamy concentration. "This girl—"

"What's her name?"

"Amanda Fluorescent Lamarr."

"And," said Ginny, "when does the rich millionaire who wants her to go to Florida and eat in night clubs with him show up?"

"He's coming around the mountain," I said. "Wash your knees."

"Daddy, you're too slow," protested Patty. "Tell it faster."

I took a deep breath. "Okay. So Amanda comes to Hollywood to get put in the movies, and this rich millionaire thinks she's a society girl; but she really isn't. She really comes from Highland Park, New Jersey; but she's lied because she doesn't want him to know that her father is a feed and grain merchant in Highland Park. There is also a nice young man—"

"Gregory Peck," said Patty.

"No. It's Van Johnson," said Ginny.

"Gregory Johnson," I told them firmly, "who falls in love with her."

"But she doesn't want him," Ginny said urgently, "because he's poor like she is."

"Roger," I said.

"So," said Patty, "she just keeps on getting jewels and eating ice cream with the millionaire, but she doesn't like it. All except the ice cream."

"You ought to be a producer," I said.

"Let me tell the rest," said Ginny. "It's my turn."

"Go ahead."

"Well, pretty soon she gets sick with the flute."

"The what?"

"Flute."

"Flu."

"That's it. Well, the rich millionaire doesn't want to catch it; so he leaves her, but the poor man takes care of her."

"Yes," said Patty, "he gives her penicillin."

"And she marries *him,*" said Ginny, "and is poor forever."

"The End," I said.

"Tell us another."

"Single feature," I said. "Pull the plug."

"Daddy," said Ginny, "when Mr. Ames gets here will he be *the other man?*"

"Where did you get that pretty little notion?"

"Well, when you tell us movies, that's the way it is."

"We go back to bedtime stories from now on. Look, Uncle Will is a nice, strong, silent man. He doesn't like girls."

"I don't want him to come," said Patty, puckering up.

"Little girls are different," I said. "What do you gals want to put on?"

"You pick."

They led me into the bedroom. "We have this pinafore by Gilbert and Sullivan," I said, holding up a ruffled job, "or this Adrian creation." I held up a dress against my chin.

They giggled. "Adrian," they chorused, scrambling into their dresses. "Now spray

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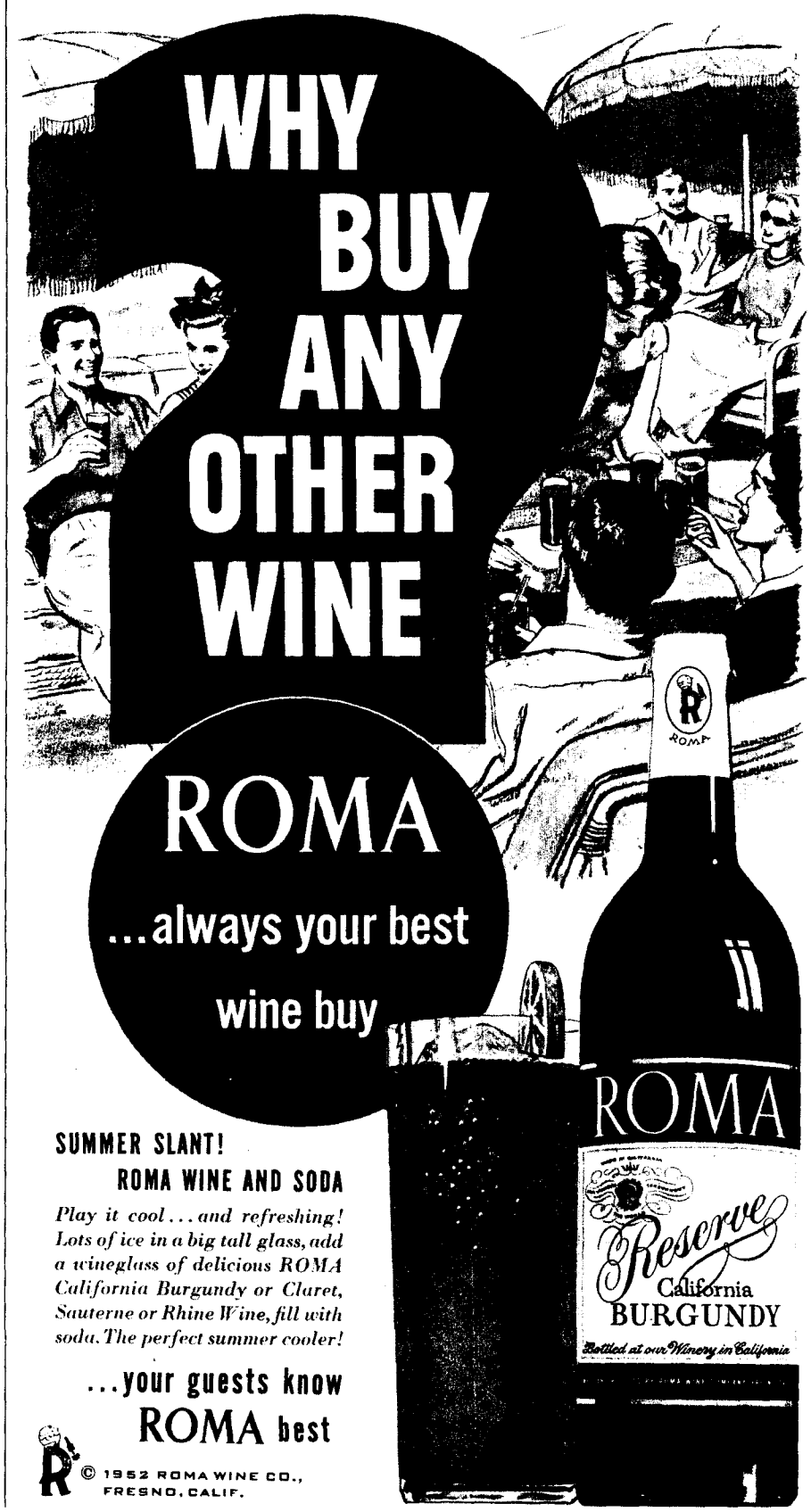
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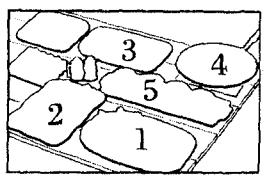

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us." They held out a bottle of cologne.

"Mmm," I said, showering them, "essence of DDT. Thrilling."

They giggled.

"That's enough of the Children's Hour," I said. "Go play outside."

I went down to find Ruthie. As I came in, she sniffed the air.

"You smell like a rose," she said.

"Listen, Ruthie; when Will comes, let the girls take care of their own toilette, huh?"

She stiffened. "You're afraid he'll think it's sissy if you give your very own children a bath?"

"Honey, listen," I said, "the last time Will saw me, I had an apartment alone in New York. I was a kind of a heller. I just want to ease him in on the new me."

"I suppose that means if I ask you to open a jar for me or help with the beds he'll think you're a broken man."

"It wouldn't hurt to soft-pedal it," I said stiffly.

"All right. Take the ring out of your nose. You're lord and master here from now on. Stand aside."

SHE threw a flowered bedspread over the day bed. It had garlands of violets and primroses trailing across a field of blue. "Haven't you got an old Indian blanket?" I said.

She folded her arms. "What difference does it make?" she said. "He'll probably have his own sleeping bag. He can put it out by the incinerator."

"How about the rest of this stuff?" I held up the Teddy bear.

"Tell him you shot it."

"Come off it, will you?" I said, blushing.

"Well, honestly, Sy, you act as though you had betrayed a sacred trust by getting married and having a family. Maybe I ought to take the girls and stay at a hotel. Then you two can build fires in the middle of the living room and just be boys together."

"He'll love you," I said stoutly, "and the kids too."

"I can hardly wait."

She didn't have to. There was the sound of brakes squealing on the front drive and then a horn being blown and then the door was pounded.

"We have a caller," said Ruthie.

I took one last hasty look around the den, threw Patty's rag doll into the wastebasket and followed Ruth.

Will Ames filled up our doorway and then some. His hair had gone gray and black, but it was thick and cropped off short. He had kept his fighting weight, and he had a Sahara Desert tan. He was wearing a stained field jacket, shiny pants and high-top boots. A pipe stuck out of his mouth, and other pipes stuck out of both pockets. He had a rucksack.

"Sy, boy," he said, and gripped my hand. His eyes shifted from my face to Ruthie.

"This is the concubine," I said, a trifle loudly. "Ruthie, Will Ames."

"How do you do," she said, very Radcliffe.

"Not as well as Sy," he said, staring at her. "He's got a beautiful wife."

"Come in," said Ruthie, in a softer tone.

He started toward the white living room. I changed his course for the den. We opened the door. Patty and Ginny were standing in the middle of the floor. Both their faces were brightly made up. Ginny held an unlighted cigarette in her mouth. Patty was drinking a Coke out of a highball glass. She wore long earrings that kept getting into her drink. The kids stared at Will.

"These are not midgets," I said, "they are my children. Patty is the one getting tanked; the other is my daughter Ginny."

"Hello," said Ginny.

"Are you Gary Cooper's brother?" asked Patty.

"Not that I know of."

"Oh. Well, you look like him."

"Is that good?" Will knelt down so that he was on their level.

"Not so very. He's in Westerns. I like love movies."

"All right, girls," said Ruthie, hurriedly, "run along. Mr. Ames wants to unpack his things. I'm afraid you'll have to share the girls' bathroom, Mr. Ames."

"Is he going to use our bubble bath?" demanded Patty.

"No, dear," I said, "he takes his straight. Speaking of which?" I lifted a convivial eyebrow.

"I'm off the stuff," he said.

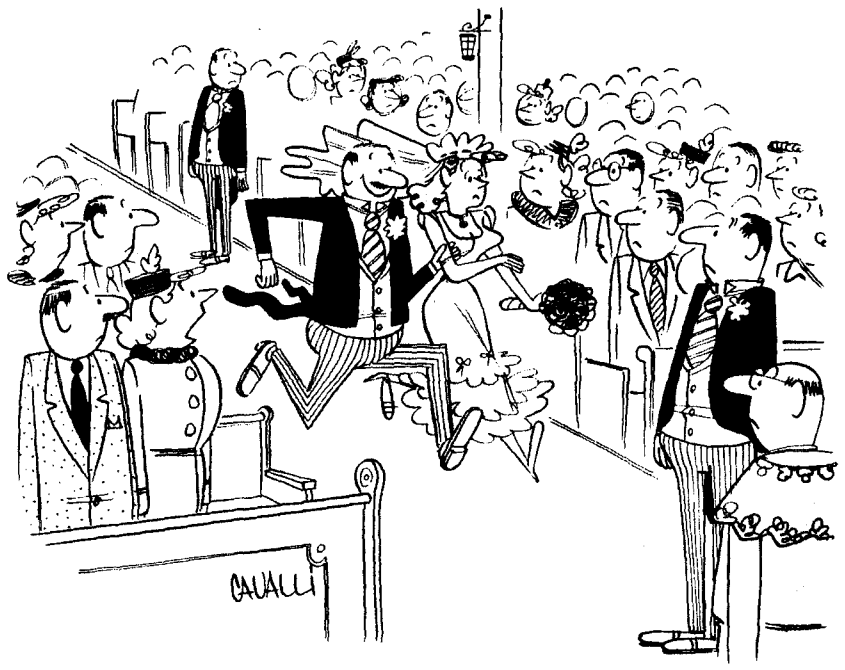
Something resembling approval crossed Ruthie's face.

"Sy will help you unpack," she said. "I've got to see about dinner. Oh, if you come across any of the kids' things, just throw them into the closet."

"It's good to have kids and kids' things around again," he said.

Ruthie began to beam. "Give him plenty of coat hangers," she said to me, and left us together.

We didn't say anything for a minute. I began to feel like an autograph hunter, hanging around. Then I said: "I've got a lot of things to ask you."



COLLIER'S **"Her father seems to have reconciled himself to the marriage nicely, doesn't he?"** DICK CAVALLI

He sank down on the violets and primroses. "Shoot."

"What have you been doing for laughs?" I began lamely.

Will shifted out of his jacket. "You're talking to the wrong guy. I'm playing it straight these days." He sighed and plumped the cushions behind him into a comfortable pile.

"Listen, son," I said, smiling, "this is old Sy you're talking to."

"And this is *old* Will," he said. "Hell, man, I'm going to be forty-two years old. I'm more than halfway across the river. I'm already into the trees."

"Sure, sure," I said, grinning widely.

"I've got news for you," Will said slowly. "This is a boys' world. If you're old enough to shave, you've had it."

RUTHIE came in. She was carrying a large glass of tomato juice. There was a paper doily under the glass. Ruthie only puts paper doilies under the glass when the floral society comes to the house, or Aunt Serena. "It's two hours until dinner," she said. She was acting shy, like when I first dated her.

"Where's mine?" I demanded.

She gave me one of those "I'd kick you if I could reach you" looks. "There was only one *small* can," she snapped. Then she turned to Will. "I hope you'll be comfortable. Sy complains that the girls have taken over his study. I'm afraid they have." She snatched up the black silk panties Ginny had been wearing and stuffed them into her apron.

"This is great," he said, looking around the room, "just great." He lifted his glass in a silent toast to her and drank.

She didn't seem to want to go. "There's just leg of lamb for dinner," she said.

"What's wrong with leg of lamb?" I asked.

Ruthie kept looking at Will. "It's sort of Midwestern and Babbitt."

"It *happens* to be *my* favorite dish," I said insistently.

"I've been eating yak steak," said Will. "Lamb will be fine."

"Well," she said reluctantly, "you two must have lots to talk about." She picked up the glass and doily and moved self-consciously past Will to the door. "Oh, Sy," she said, as an afterthought, "why don't we open that cognac Serena sent us for Christmas?"

"Cognac?" I snorted. "That stuff's fermented grape juice." I looked at Will with a knowing smile. "Her aunt presses the grapes herself. Barefoot. It's murder."

"I'll see you later," Ruthie said ominously, and walked out.

Will leaned back and closed his eyes. I paced nervously up and down.

"I hope you brought the old shooting irons," I said. "We've got some pretty fair hunting upstate here—"

"That's not for me," said Will.

"I know it isn't anything like what you got over there," I apologized, "but—"

He interrupted me. "It isn't that, Sy. I can't hit the broad side of a barn. They've got me in bifocals." He drew a pair of glasses out of his pocket and stuck them on. "I haven't bagged anything but a bedbug in the last two years."

"I'm not such a hot shot myself," I said. "But the fishing? We've got trout—"

He shook his head. "Bursitis," he said. "Both shoulders."

"Well," I said, "you haven't even slowed me down. One of the men at my factory has a little Piper Cub. It's no jet, but I've taken it up and brought it down in one piece. We could do a little joy riding."

"I can't even fly a kite," he said. "Air-sick."

"A fast round of croquet?"

He smiled ruefully. "Old rockin' chair's got me," he said.

I made one last try. "I think I've still got my little black book. Want to call a few numbers?"

He yawned and shook his head. Suddenly there was a sound of scuffling in the closet, followed by excited whispering.

"Trolls," I said. "All right, girls, fall out." I yanked open the door. Patty and Ginny were sitting cross-legged on the floor.

"We were eavesdripping," said Patty, "but we didn't hear anything."

"Try listening to this," I said. "If I catch you kids in there again—"

"Ease off," said Will, "I'd like to talk to the young ladies."

He patted the couch beside him. The girls kept looking behind them.

"He means you," I said grudgingly.

"I don't want to sit near him," said Patty. "He'll smell salty."

"What are you talking about?"

"Mama said that he was a blood-and-sweat man. Sweat smells salty."

Will shook with laughter. "Blood and sweat, huh? That's very good."

"She read that interview in the World-Telegram," I mumbled.

"Yeah. I remember. They sent some little cupcake who was just out of journalism school. She expected the full treatment. I didn't want to let her down. Blood and sweat." He chuckled appreciatively.

Ginny edged toward him, sniffing the air. "He's all right," she said, seating herself next to him. "He smells just like Daddy." Patty joined her.

"Are you married?" Ginny asked firmly.

"No."

"Got any children?" asked Patty.

"He has to be a husband first, silly."

"Why?"

"Uncle Will has shot a tiger," I said hurriedly.

"Do you have a finance?" asked Ginny.

"Fiancée," I said.

"Do you?" Ginny persisted.

"Two," said Will. "Ginny and Patty."

They beamed at one another. They were on the hook for Will from then on.

"You can give us our bath as soon as we get dirty again," they said graciously.

He looked at me, puzzled.

I PROCEEDED to explain. "I'm usually tagged for the handmaiden department, but it looks as if I was just retired. They do it all themselves. You just kibitz."

"I'm looking forward to it," he told them.

"See you tonight," the girls chorused, and they went outside to play King Solomon's Mines.

"You've got a wonderful family here," Will said. He closed his eyes and sighed.

"They're fine," I admitted, "but—" I stopped.

He opened his eyes and stared at me.

"But what?" he said. His tone wasn't friendly any more.

"Hey," I said, "don't get me wrong. I'm signed, sealed and delivered. I was only going to say that your life is pretty damn' exciting. Mine's mostly girls and girdles."

"Exciting!" Will snorted. He got to his feet. "You egghead. You lousy romantic egghead. Sy, my friend, I have been in the hellholes of the universe. I have slept in the same pair of socks for six weeks. I have developed ulcers from bad food and rotgut liquor. I don't say hello to the same woman twice, and nobody remembers my birthdays. If I died tomorrow, two drunks in Cairo would say, 'Did you hear? Old Will Ames knocked off.' And maybe they'd drink to me, and maybe they wouldn't."

"Okay, maybe nobody loves you, but you're part of the big show. You see history made."

"History? Yeah, I saw a woman killed in an Egyptian street riot and I saw a kid die of starvation in India. I've been in a DP camp." He began to move restlessly up and down the room. "Brother," he said fiercely, "you can have it. Me, I want to build porch furniture and take out life insurance. I want to go to a dentist every six months and make payments on a car. I want a wife to tell me I'm getting too fat, and I want some kids like yours."

There was a discreet knock on the door. "It's me, Ruthie."

"It's *I*," I said, "but come in anyway."

The door swung back, and there she stood. I've been married to Ruthie for ten years. I've seen her in the morning without her war paint, and I've seen her dog-tired after a day with the kids. I've watched her eyes when the bills are running too high or when the girls don't feel well. You see a lot of living in a face when ten years have

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passed over it; and it's not like the movies, where all that happens is a gray hair or two. It takes it out of you, but Ruthie had put it all back. She looked beautiful. She was wearing some kind of draped dress and she had her hair pulled back like that of a Greek statue. She looked about eighteen.

"I thought we'd have some tea in the living room and get to know each other," she said to Will. "This is the one quiet moment of the day."

WE WENT into the living room. To coin a phrase, you could have knocked me over with a feather. Usually the whole house looks like it's been hit by a high wind. The kids leave old peanut-butter sandwiches on the coffee table and nail-polish bottles on the piano, along with their raincoats, their books, their tennis shoes and their fingerprints. There wasn't a sign of that. There were flowers in all the vases; and the magazines were in a neat stack; and there was a tea service standing out on a table with those little midget sandwiches on a plate, and little cakes. Ruthie poured tea and sat back in her chair like she didn't know which side of a washing machine was up. "Tell me about your travels," she said, all sparkly and keyed-up.

I settled down, waiting to hear the "just give me a home and a dentist" routine from Will, but he pulled a switch. Before you could say Vermouth, he was off and running; and if I say so myself, I've never heard anything like it since the Arabian Nights. Man, it had *everything*. Intrigue in the Far East, love affairs in the South, sinister figures moving in his shadow, quick peeks behind the Iron Curtain. You name it, he had had it. Ruthie bought it like it was bargain day at Macy's. She looked just like the kids when they hear a movie.

"And what brought you home?" she asked breathlessly. "I suppose after the countess died you couldn't bear it in Paris."

"He wanted to get some clean socks," I said.

Ruthie looked at me coldly. "You might respect his grief," she said.

"If he's got grief, I've got two heads."

Will smiled gently at Ruthie. "There are some things you can only tell to a woman."

"And get away with it," I snapped.

"Really, Sy, what *is* the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all." I got up. "I think I'll go make some porch furniture," I said, and walked out.

The girls were out on the lawn, shouting at each other. "*I* want to be Stewart Granger. *You* be Deborah Kerr."

"What's the trouble, ladies?" I inquired, sitting down on the grass.

"Oh, it's you," they said unenthusiastically.

"Dear old Dad," I smiled.

"Where's Uncle Will?"

"Inside. Conning your mother."

"What's conning?"

"Never mind. How's the safari?"

"All right. You've never been on one, have you, Daddy?"

"I've been duck shooting on Long Island."

"I bet Uncle Will has."

"I doubt it."

"I wish he'd come out here right now." Patty looked over my head as if I weren't there.

"What am *I*?" I asked bitterly. "The second-string team?"

"He's been around," said Ginny dismissing me.

"So have I, and a heck of a lot longer."

"I mean he's seen the world."

"I applied to the Navy. They wouldn't have me."

"We need a bath," they said. "We're good and dirty."

"Listen, girls," I said eagerly, "I've got a great movie to tell you."

"Some other time, Daddy."

"It's got seven millionaires in it. One for each day of the week."

"Uncle Will will bathe us." They marched away. From inside the house came the sound of Ruthie's laughter, young and excited. I kicked the tree viciously. I must have hung around outside until almost dark, because Ruthie came out on the porch and called me. She had changed her dress again.

"I want you to chill the wine," she said. "Will is upstairs with the girls. Honestly, they just love him. Patty let him pull that loose tooth. She wouldn't let you touch it."

"I hope she bit his hand," I said.

"Sy Bancroft, have you been drinking?"

I leaned over and breathed in her face. "The breath of a baby," I said.

"Well then, what on earth has gotten into you? You were crazy to have him here, and now that he is here you snap his head off. I think he's charming."

I walked silently by her and went off into the kitchen. She followed me. "Did he borrow money?" she asked, lowering her voice.

"I wouldn't give him Confederate money," I said, "if I printed it myself."

"Oh," she said gently, "you don't like the way the kids are fussing over him. That's it, isn't it?"

"They are over five," I said. "If they wish to take up with him, I have nothing to say."

"That *is* it."

"Not altogether."

"Well, what then?"

"I'd rather not discuss it," I said.

"All right. If you're going to be pigheaded—" She slammed out of the kitchen.

I took a brandy glass full of Aunt Serena's cognac and tossed it off. Then I went upstairs. The bathroom door was open. Clouds of fragrant steam poured out. Will's voice carried into the hall. ". . . then this beautiful young girl came into my cell and said, 'I will get you out of this.' You see, she was the daughter of the maharani. And that's how it ended."

"Golly," said Patty.

"Gee, that was keen," said Ginny. "And every bit of it's true."

"That's right," said Will.

HE CAME out of the bathroom then. He was beaming. I closed in on him. "When are you leaving?" I said, full of the fire of Aunt Serena's cognac.

"I just got here."

"Listen, Richard Halliburton," I said fiercely," I put ten years of my life into making this family, and it's mine—all mine. Pack up your rucksack and mush."

"But, Sy, old boy—"

"Egghead," I corrected him, "romantic egghead, but I'm on to you now." I thrust my face close to his. "Find yourself a home on the range," I said.

"You know how women and kids are," he said. "They like things frosted up. I didn't mean any harm."

"You've got my wife changing her dress three times in one day. My kids have sent me to the showers. On your way, and don't forget your cloak and dagger."

"What'll I tell Ruthie?"

"I'll tell *Mrs.* Bancroft that you received a Black Spot through the mail and that you are now fleeing for your life. You can use the back door."

The girls blew their tops and wouldn't eat their dinner, but I think Ruthie understood. After I had tucked the kids in bed, I went down to my study. Ruthie was in there. She was wearing her old slacks and a funny kind of smile. She patted the couch beside her.

"He was called away pretty suddenly, wasn't he?"

"Secret mission," I mumbled.

"Sy?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

I looked at her, wide-eyed.

"I do. I think you're the cutest thing that ever lived. *You* sent him away, didn't you? You sent him away because you thought he was dazzling me. You were fighting for me—for me and the girls."

I allowed myself a little smile. "A man's home is his castle," I said pontifically.

"Yes, darling," she said soothingly. "And he ought to be a lion in his own den."

THE END

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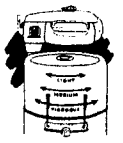

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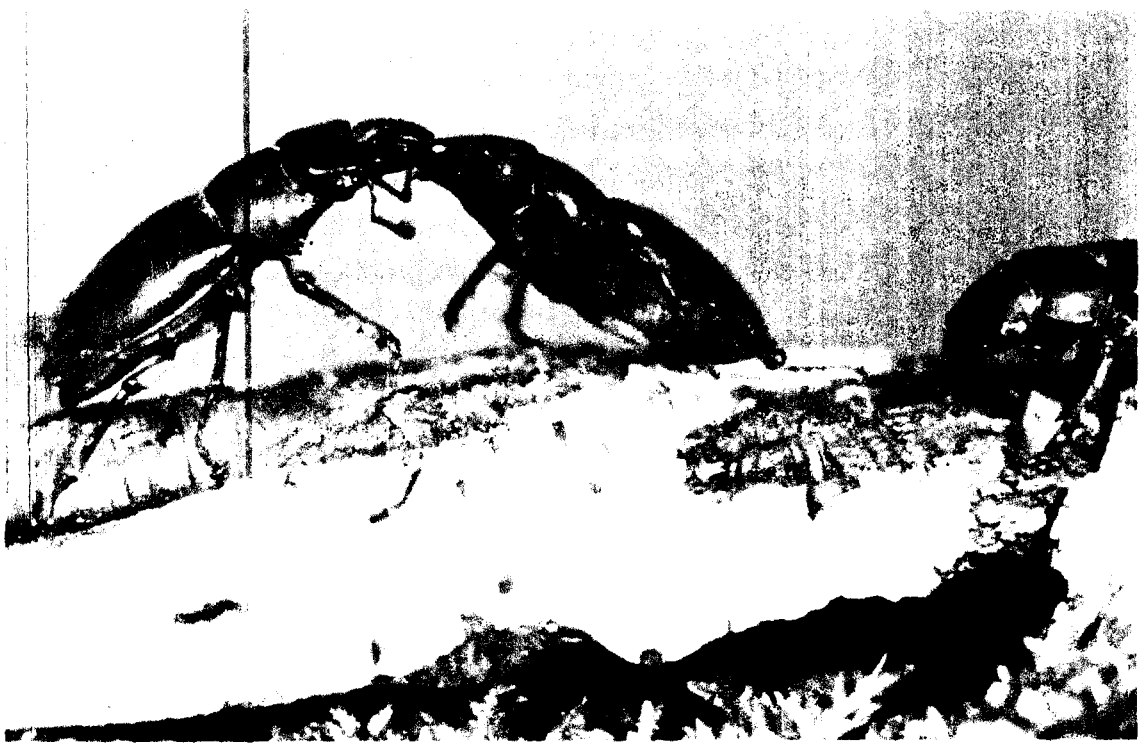

The rivals. To gain female's favor, male stag beetles fight. Object is not to kill but to overturn foe. While loser tries to right himself, victor claims female (r.)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LILO HESS

INSECTS

INSECTS are the most numerous creatures on earth. More than 900,000 separate species have been recorded and described, and yet entomologists believe that there are at least that many more still to be discovered.

Scientifically, an insect is an invertebrate (boneless) animal with three pairs of legs and a body divided into three distinct parts —head, thorax and abdomen. To this group popular practice has added the spiders, which are not properly insects but arachnids, having four pairs of legs and bodies divided into only two parts. Together the two groups represent some of creation's most intriguing designs for living.

Insects inhabit the polar regions, the tropics, fresh and salt water, wood and soil, flesh and fabric. They range from an almost microscopic one-hundredth-of-an-inch in size to more than a foot in length. Their almost infinitely varied life patterns include fantastically long periods of infancy, like that of the 17-year cicada, which remains an immature "infant" for almost all of its years;

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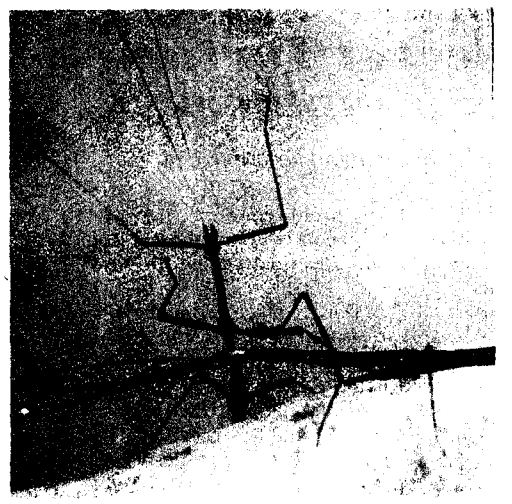
All for love. Immediately after mating, female praying mantis decapitates mate. Apparently content to relinquish role as head of family, he submits, is devoured completely. Female leaves only the wings

Gift bearer. Having given fly to female (l.), male spider hopes to be accepted



Show-off. Twiglike walking stick lures female (foreground) with rhythmic dance

Charmer. Strung to branch, female moth attracts males with perfumed radiations

Lord and master. Male dragonfly (left) hooks mate to him, flies about with her

Crooner. Male katydid virtually stands on his head, rubs forewings to produce song. Female listens silently, before yielding to familiar "katydid-katydidn't"

APPEAL

as well as complete life cycles which, like the bluebottle fly's, are completed in little more than a week. There are insects, such as ants and bees, which build great, complicated, busy communities; while others, like butterflies and mosquitoes, are virtual nomads whose lives draw to a close after the production of eggs. Yet however strange their ways may seem, they share with all living things the elemental urge to reproduce, each after its kind.

On these pages, in a remarkable series of photographs, six living insects and a spider demonstrate their approaches to the universal mating instinct. Close inspection and a bit of subjective philosophy will reveal that their actions are remarkably reminiscent of human behavior.

Even among bugs there are "show-offs" and crooners, bearers of gifts, and grasping, possessive males. Here, too, there are cruelty and beauty and inexplicable, compelling attractions—seeming to prove that anything can happen when two creatures are bugs about each other.

D. D. WALKER

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Inside Perón's Secret Torture Chambers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

how long they could continue the application of the needle without the subject of their evil ministrations dying on the table.

To reach Lombilla's office from the file room, we had to cross the second-floor patio. In the middle of its tile surface was a neat earthen oval. I thought this must be a flower bed, but Lombilla corrected me.

"That's where we hold barbecues," he said. "And you should see how desperate the prisoners in these cells get when we hold them without feeding them and they can smell the roasting meat."

In the patio, we turned away from Lombilla's office once again, going this time to a large, tastefully arranged dining room and through it to a small storeroom where I was shown some cartons in which medicines were jumbled. I chose some Coramine (a heart stimulant), and a simple nutrient serum for intravenous feeding. Then I asked for a bed with mattress and pillows and an ice bag to cool the prisoner's fevered head.

"Amoresano will see to all that," Lombilla declared. "Put the medicines on the table there along with your prescriptions. And let's go get a cup of coffee."

Links Self with Perón

Apparently the Special Section Commissioner felt it necessary to impress me with his personal power. For he kept me there in his office, sipping coffee, while he described his associations with Perón. The dictator regarded him so warmly, my host boasted, that Perón had sponsored Lombilla's son as a student in the Military College. When his recital was finished, he grandiosely ordered another unmarked police car to take me home.

It was 4:00 A.M. when I crawled back into bed. My wife was awake, and asked me what kind of a case it had been. I told her where I had been called. Her reaction was typically wifelike:

"Why must you get yourself mixed up in such things?"

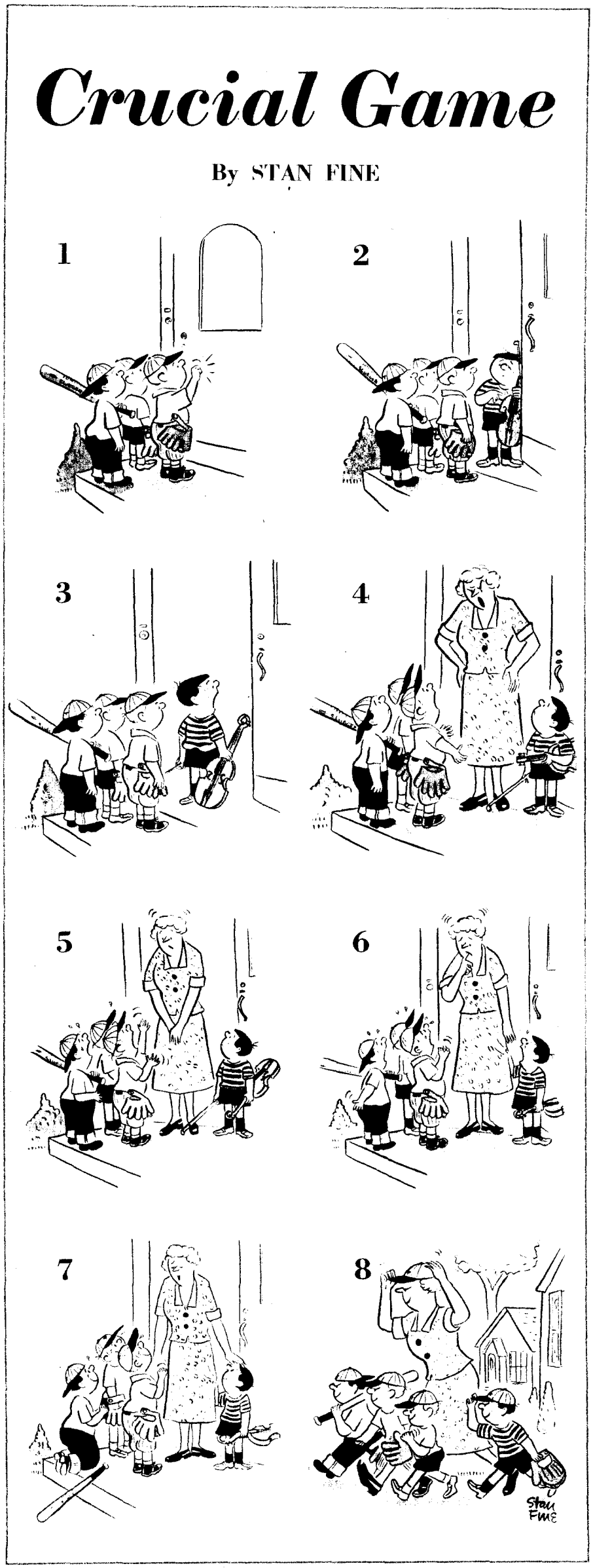
Why, indeed? Tired as I was, I couldn't sleep. I couldn't forget the torture victim I had abandoned, lying in pain, all alone, locked in that dreadful cell.

At ten o'clock the same morning, the telephone rang again. The caller did not identify himself, but merely advised me a car was at my door, waiting to carry me to the Special Section. This time I stuffed my stethoscope into a pocket while I dressed. And, at my wife's tearful insistence, I telephoned a lawyer friend that if he did not hear from me by one o'clock that afternoon, he was to do what he could to assure my freedom.

Not only was the Special Section car waiting when I reached the street, but its driver was standing in my doorway. "This way, Doctor," he said gruffly, as I appeared. "How's the prisoner?" I asked. He grunted: "I don't know anything."

At Station No. 8, Amoresano was waiting at the top of the marble staircase. Lombilla joined us at once, and the three of us made the now familiar promenade through the long empty hall and up to the third-floor dungeons. No jailers were about when we arrived. "Open up! Open up!" Lombilla shouted impatiently, clapping his hands loudly.

The fear I had felt earlier returned while the keeper fumbled with the padlock. But it dissolved in a flash of indignation with my first step into the tiny cell. Although the heat of the midmorning sun was beating down on the roof directly over his head, converting the cave into a virtual furnace, there was no ice in the ice bag on the young man's forehead. He was stretched out on a wiry jute door mat, and his head was propped on his shoes.



After checking his heart and lungs with my stethoscope, incidentally confirming Lombilla's belief that T.B. was not the cause of the blood in the prisoner's sputum, I forgot my previous night's experience enough to express my annoyance aloud. "We'll talk away from here!" Lombilla snapped, leading me to his office again, this time in a threatening silence.

"You can't expect any improvement in this case if you continue such treatment," I protested when we got there. "If you want me to care for the patient, you must carry out my instructions."

"Now, now. Don't be upset," Lombilla soothed. "I thought your prescriptions were being followed. And they will be. The boys are peeved with the fellow because they have not been able to make him talk, and I guess they resent having to take care of him."

Once again I scribbled an order for coramine, serum, a bed, a pillow, and an ice bag filled with ice. To this list I added a coagulant to stop the bleeding, which I now believed due—as Lombilla had ventured earlier—to the electric needle. As I rose to go, the commissioner invited me to join him again for a cup of coffee. I pleaded pressure of my regular practice.

"I'm sorry to bother you with this extra work," he said, with elaborate courtesy. "But you are now an accomplice of ours. Any attempt you make to incriminate us will only serve to incriminate yourself. You have no choice but to continue with us. For your own protection, it is better that you understand the importance of silence. We have no warrants for any of our prisoners. The public lists of persons arrested by the Federal Police never mention those of the Special Section.

"The regular police doctors have to keep records and make reports about the prisoners they examine. I prefer my own doctors, on the basis of strict silence. From a narrow legal point of view, I could be condemned in a thousand cases. That pile of papers you see there (it was half a foot high) are denunciations prisoners have made against the Special Section in the courts. The judges send them over here, and I file them."

He ended this brief recital in a boastful tone. I gathered his intention was to warn me that anyone able to execute such a highly organized travesty of justice would destroy my lone opposition with one snap of the fingers.

A Devoted Shadow

Amoresano drove the car that took me away from the police station. He explained that he had been assigned as my chauffeur and companion. His devotion to his task was overwhelming. I visited a patient who lived in Barrio Parque (a residential district of Buenos Aires); Amoresano waited for me in the vestibule of the house. I went to the patent office to apply for rights on an invention I had developed to correct flat feet; Amoresano never left my side during all the proceedings. This was tiresome to me, and I decided to shake him off by calling on a friend who had an office in the business section, where parking is not allowed.

Waiting until we reached the busy corner of Sarmiento and San Martin Streets, I pretended to remember suddenly an important question I had to ask this friend. I said I would be right back. But I stayed for more than an hour, taking time for a long phone call to the lawyer I had earlier warned of my predicament. When I returned to Sarmiento Street, I could not see Amoresano. So I went home alone, feeling somewhat more like a human for being temporarily free of such company.

That night, at eleven o'clock, I was called again to the telephone. And again it was the Special Section. I was told my presence there was not necessary. But could I please advise, on the phone, whether the prisoner could safely be moved? For some

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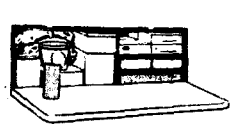

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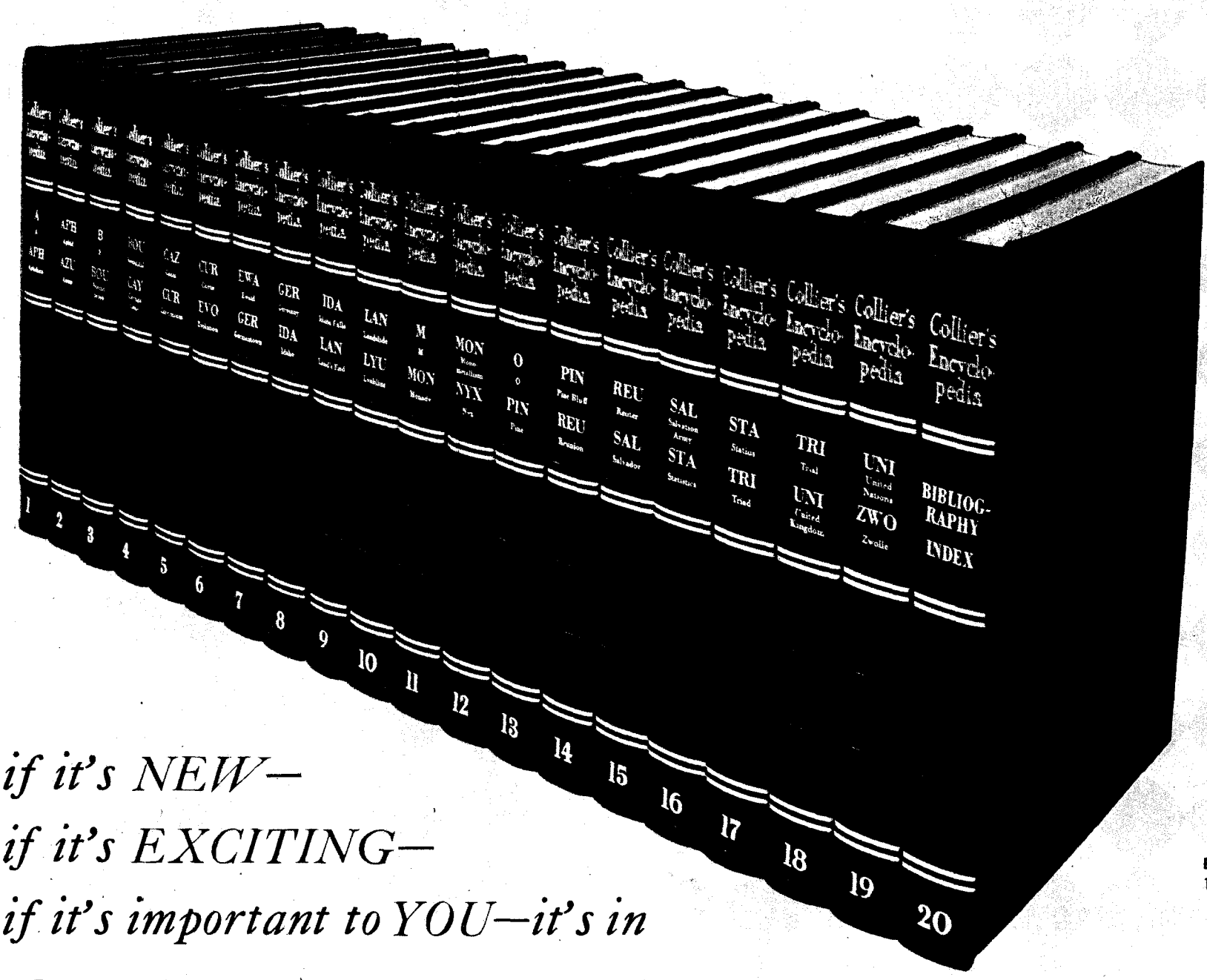

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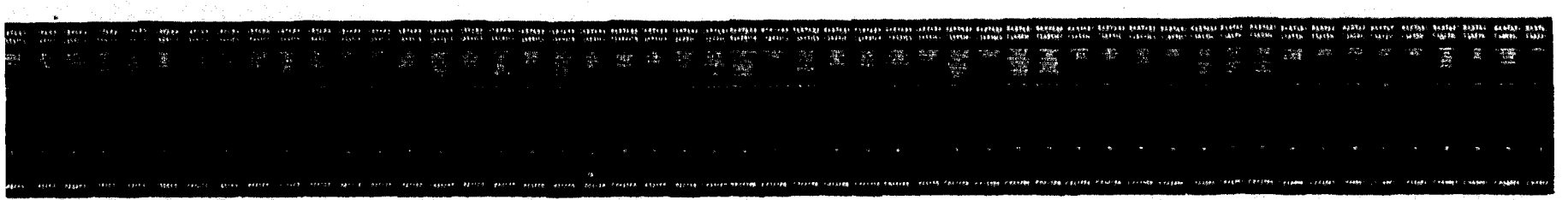

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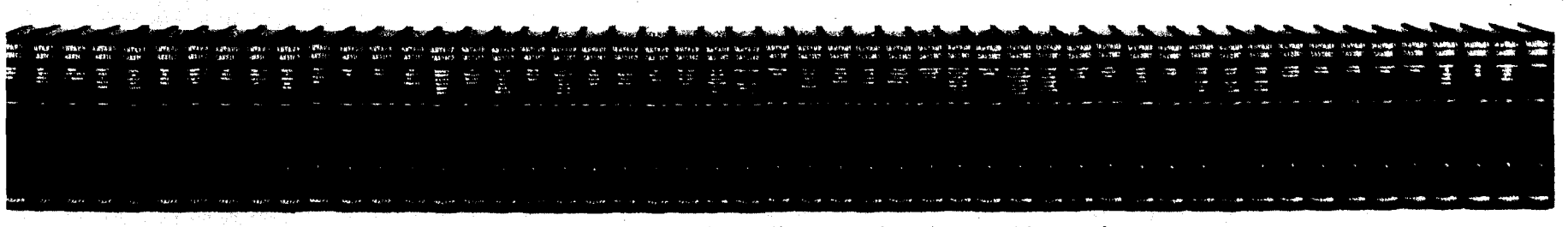

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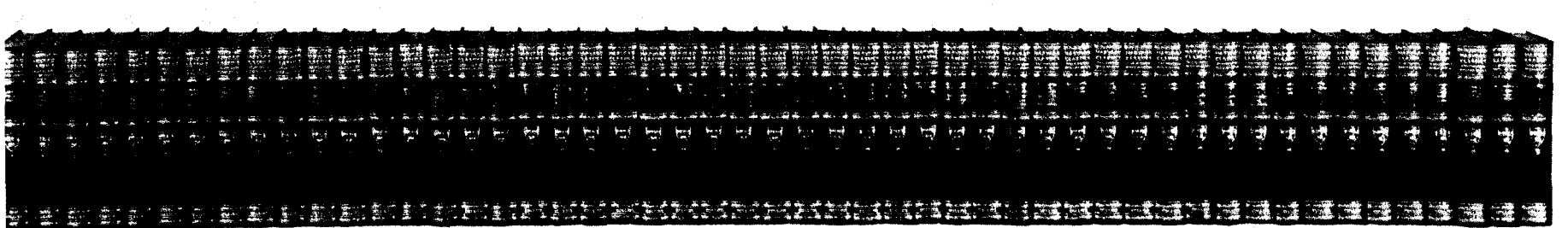

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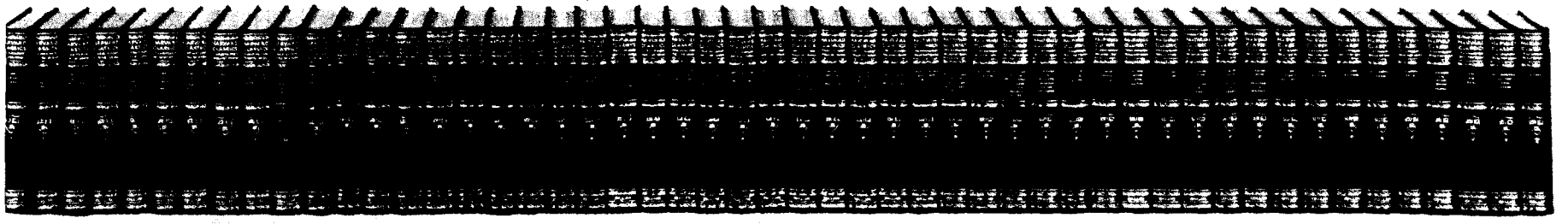

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unexplained reason, the station house had filled with prisoners in the few hours since I left. Six or seven were being crowded into each available cell, and my patient was occupying one whole cell all by himself. I was happy to tell them to move him. At least he would get some air.

On the following morning, the Special Section called me a fourth time. The message was the usual one. The same car was waiting at the door. Lombilla was waiting for me at the station house, as before.

Boasts of Autonomy

Perhaps because I had given Amoresano the slip on the previous night, Lombilla greeted me with another stern lecture on the futility of trying to expose the workings of the Special Section. He took pains to point out that although it ostensibly operated as a branch of the detective division of the police department under the jurisdiction of police chief (General) Arturo Bertollo, subchief Miguel Gamboa and detective division chief Luis C. Serrao, the Special Section actually was autonomous for all practical purposes, had no direct connection with any other branch of the detective divisions, and in fact reported directly to Perón.

"My assistant here in the Special Section, José Gonzalez, is also assistant to the chief of the Political Information Division of the Presidency of the Republic, Guillermo Solveyra Casares," Lombilla said, in that boasting tone which I had by this time come to accept as a form of intimidation. "Solveyra Casares' office is next to Perón's own in the Casa Rosada (Argentina's equivalent to the White House). Gonzalez has a desk there, which he visits daily. My orders come straight through him, without passing through the chief of police."

Solveyra Casares? I remembered a man by that name. Back in 1932, when I was an intern at Ramos Mejía, he had come to the hospital and asked permission for him to lunch there. He had explained that he was in straitened circumstances because he had married against his parents' wishes and so had been cut off. His mother-in-law had taken him, his wife and two small daughters into her home in Cuidadela, a Buenos Aires suburb. If he traveled that distance for lunch every day, the cost of commuting would eat quite a hole in his small income. Whereas, if he could eat with us, he need only walk across the street from the police station, where he worked as a rookie cop in the then new Special Section.

I asked Lombilla if this was the same Solveyra Casares who now sat in Perón's Cabinet.

"The same," Lombilla replied. "And he is still very fond of the Special Section. So much so that even now he frequently comes back here to witness questionings. Sometimes he takes off his coat and strikes blows when necessary."

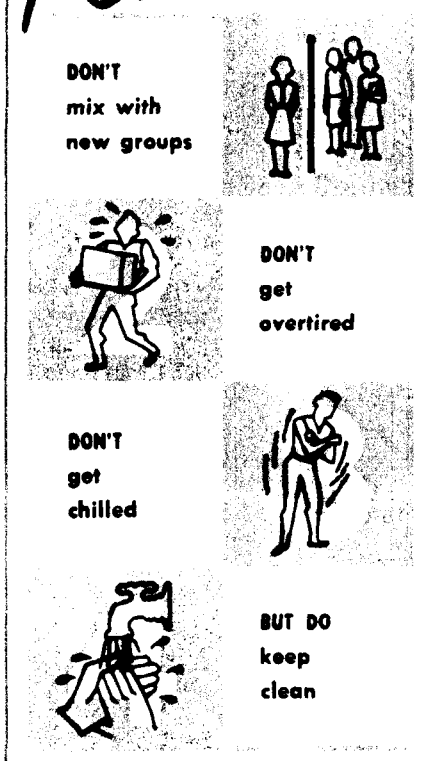
I asked Lombilla if he thought Solveyra Casares was qualified to sit in the Cabinet.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "When Perón organized the *gendarmería* (a new roughneck "police force" created under the guise of a border guard), preference was given to former students of the Military College. Solveyra Casares was appointed chief of the *gendarmería* in the Tigre (a region near Buenos Aires). From there he was transferred to the Chaco (a northern Argentine territory). Is he qualified to sit in the Cabinet? Why, in the Chaco, he personally killed six men in one month."

Apparently satisfied that I was effectively browbeaten, the commissioner led me once again to the tortured prisoner who was my charge. My instructions still had not been strictly complied with. But the patient had been placed in a large, airy room, and a blanket had been folded beneath him on the floor. I found his condition improved. He was conscious enough to turn his head when spoken to, but he still could not answer questions. I decided to try to feed him.

When I looked up from my examination, Lombilla was gone. I asked the plug-uglies he left behind him to prepare some tea with

1952 POLIO POINTERS



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milk. They refused. So I asked for a cup of tea and milk myself. A while later, they brought it. I told them then that I was going to see whether the man could swallow, and on that pretext I began to feed him the milk. He drank avidly.

Seeing this, the jailers commented that the man seemed to be doing well, and asked how long I thought it would take for him to recover sufficiently to be questioned anew. I answered that he was only half conscious, and could not yet speak.

We were on our way out of the room when Amoresano came. His subordinates told him, with evident pleasure, that the prisoner was not going to die, for he had taken food.

"In three or four days I will question him," Amoresano announced. "And he will have no wish to remain with his mouth shut. I shall have him run through all the Special Section, whipping him all the way, before taking him to the electric needle. I am sure that when he sees it, he will be impressed."

I took the opportunity to ask Amoresano whether the electric needle was frightening to see. He said not, but that it was frightening to suffer.

"Come," he said enthusiastically, "I'll show it to you."

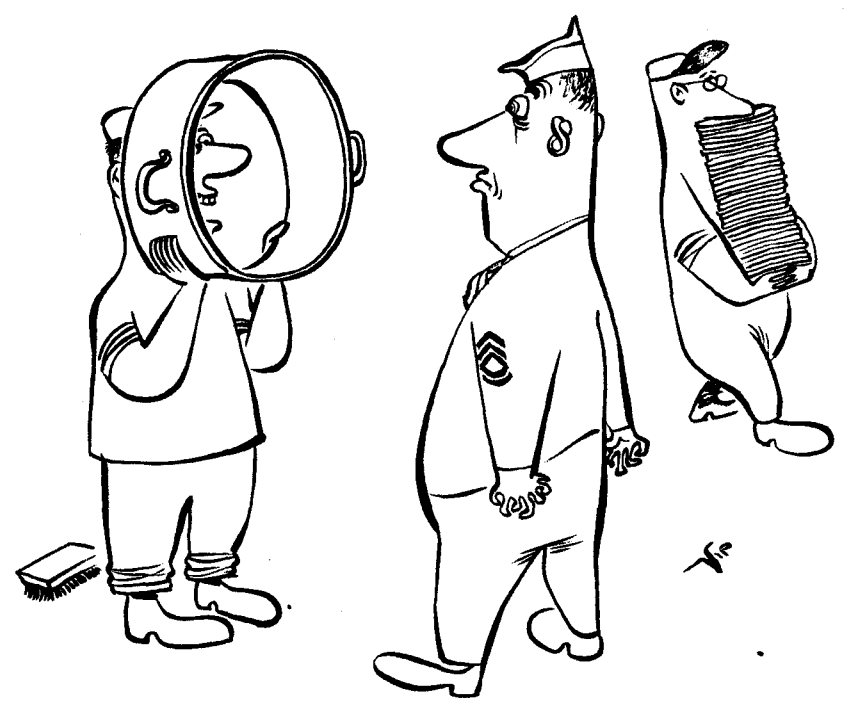
He took me down the hall and into a room whose walls were painted a pale shade of green. A wooden table stood in the middle of the floor. Along what seemed to be a false wall was a smaller table, with an electric motor mounted on it. Beside the motor were some rolls of wire. Amoresano said the torture needle was attached to this wire and applied to the naked bodies of prisoners who refused to confess what was expected of them. Wet cloths were placed on the table first; and each prisoner was stretched on top of them, his wrists and ankles firmly fastened to the table legs with leather straps. The prostrate body was also wetted with water to insure effective conduction of the electric current.

Trial by Ice Water

Hanging from the ceiling overhead, I noticed a large pulley. I asked about it. Amoresano explained that it was a more primitive method of persuasion he had learned in Paraguay, when Perón had loaned him to Paraguayan dictator Higinio Morinigo. Prisoners were strung up on it, by ropes attached to their ankles, and plunged headfirst into deep buckets of water. It worked best, he observed, when there was plenty of ice in the water. For the sudden cold caused involuntary gasping, consequent swallowing, and the same terrifying effect as slow strangulation.

The torture chamber was curiously cheerful in contrast to the cavelike dungeon I had seen on the top floor. It was about 18 feet long, 15 feet wide and 10 feet high. A window opened onto the

VIP'S WAR



"And look how *this* one gleams! See my face in it?"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

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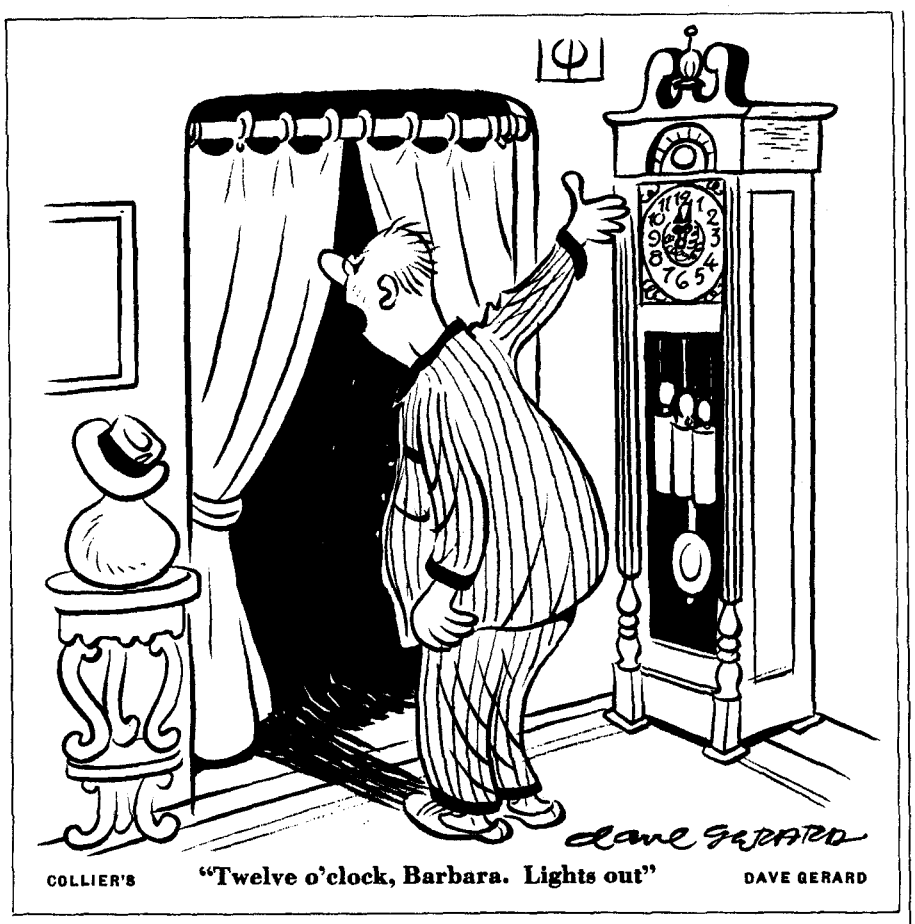


COLLIER'S "Twelve o'clock, Barbara. Lights out" DAVE GERARD

patio, and there were two doors: one connecting with another room (where, I was told, prisoners were held in the dark before being questioned in bright light), and the second with the hall. We went out this second door to Lombilla's office.

Lombilla was not there. The assistant he had told me about, José Gonzalez, urged me to wait. He and Amoresano then began swapping jokes about their experiences in the Special Section. The most ghoulish story they told was Amoresano's account of a prisoner who suffered from heart disease.

When this unfortunate man had been arrested, the Special Section was warned that he probably would not survive much punishment. So Amoresano sat him on a chair and started to twist his wrists. But the man did not talk. "I had other work to do," Amoresano said, "and I lost my patience and hit him over the heart. He died right then and there." He laughed. Being a very fat man, Amoresano shook all over as he enjoyed the recollection.

More Callous Admissions

Lombilla returned and immediately got down to business. How long did I think it would take the tortured prisoner to recover? I said it was difficult to foretell, especially if they denied him food. In any event, I could give no assurance that the man would ever be entirely normal, because brain concussions often leave unpredictable aftermaths.

"We'll set him free then," Lombilla said. "We'll sit him in a beer parlor on the Avenida de Mayo. Even if he seems half-witted, it won't matter. His family will think he got lost."

Gonzalez objected to this as too risky. He pointed out that the man might be examined and marks of the electric needle found.

"In that case," Lombilla countered, "we'll make him cross the street."

I asked what it meant to "cross the street."

The phrase was literal, Lombilla said. And while the prisoner was crossing the street, he would be run over by a police car. The body would then be left for the Public Health Department to pick up.

What would happen, I inquired, if a passer-by noted the license number of the car?

"The passer-by's report would go to the Department of Transit," Lombilla explained. "There all complaints concerning cars belonging to the Special Section are filed without being investigated."

My astonishment at the candor with which Lombilla admitted the callous details of the torture assembly line must have shown in my face. For again he tried to frighten me. "You are an accomplice in all this," he admonished sharply. "Don't forget it."

When I left the Special Section that day, I was determined to avoid becoming any more deeply enmeshed in this web of official crime. I could not expose the case in court because I had not been able to learn my tortured patient's name. Every precaution had been taken to hold me in ignorance of any telltale fact. The best I could do was escape myself. So I arranged to motor with a friend to the town of Carmen de Patagones in the southernmost part of the province of Buenos Aires and to sail leisurely back home from there on the Atlantic. During the weeks of my absence, I hoped to be forgotten by my "accomplices."

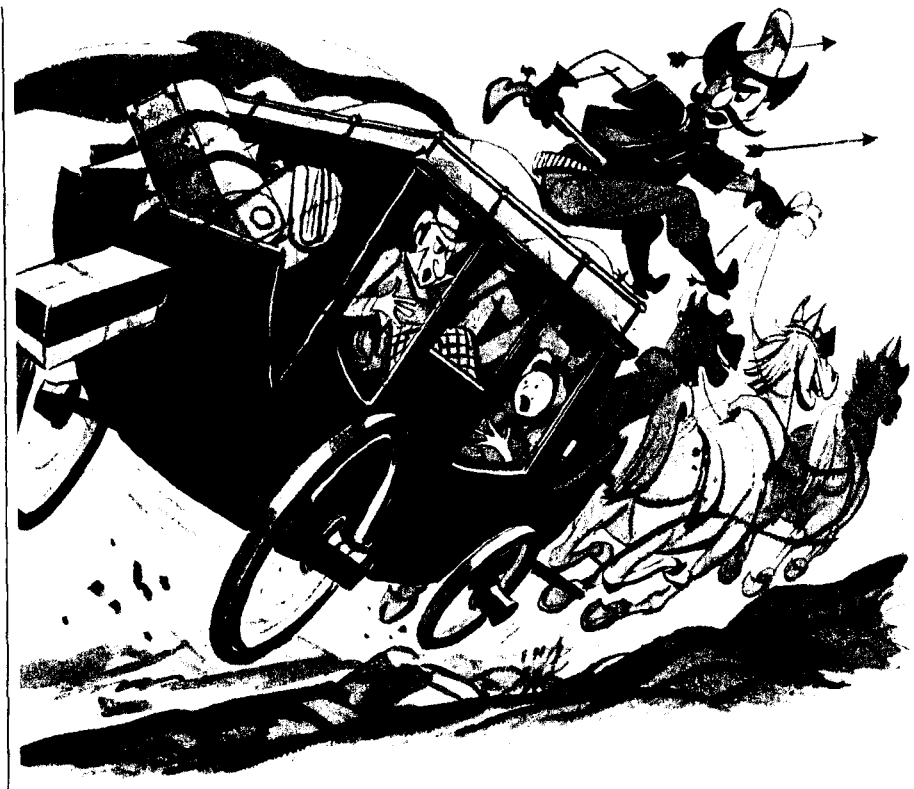
Until my getaway plans were complete, I hid myself in another friend's house in Buenos Aires for two days. During that time, the Special Section telephoned my home repeatedly and even sent men there to fetch me. But all they could learn from my family was that I was away on a motor trip. They might have forgotten about me if, on the way to Carmen de Patagones, I had not been caught in a smashup near the town of Juárez. I fractured four ribs, was hospitalized in Juárez, and had to return home to recuperate. There Amoresano ferreted me out, invading my bedroom to quiz me.

I told him about the accident and showed him the bandages on my chest. Since the injured ribs were near the heart, I would have to take care of myself and avoid climbing stairs for a long time. For that reason, I asked him not to call me for any further duty with the Special Section. He indicated he would comply. I took his word.

But three years later my wife shook me awake in the middle of the night and whispered in terror:

"The Special Section of the police is on the phone again!"

Next week Dr. Caride continues his eyewitness story of the brutalities which are committed in Perón's name inside the secret chambers of No. 8 Station House. Order your copy now



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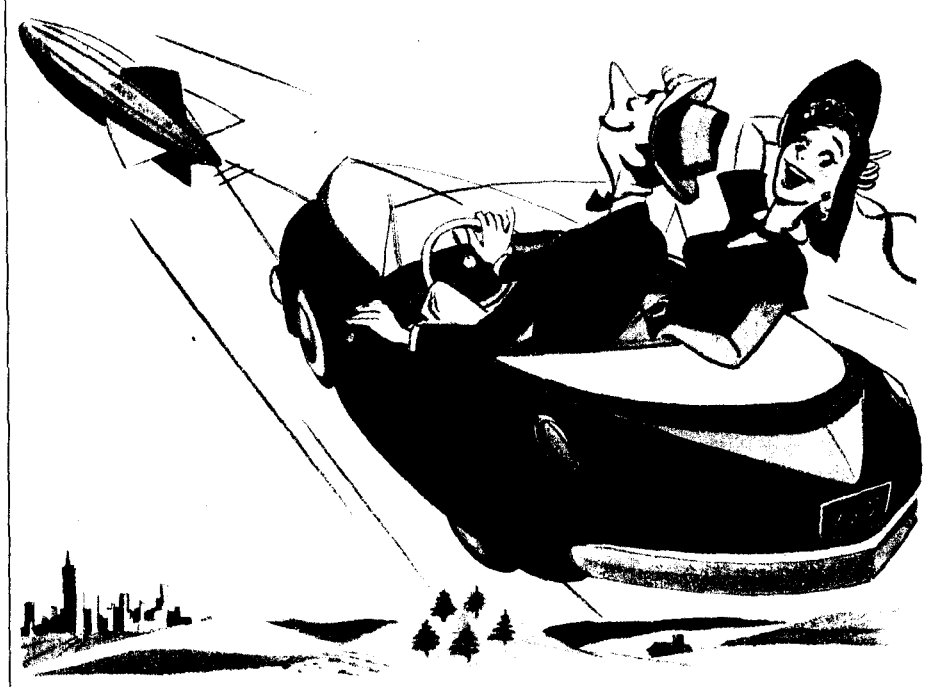

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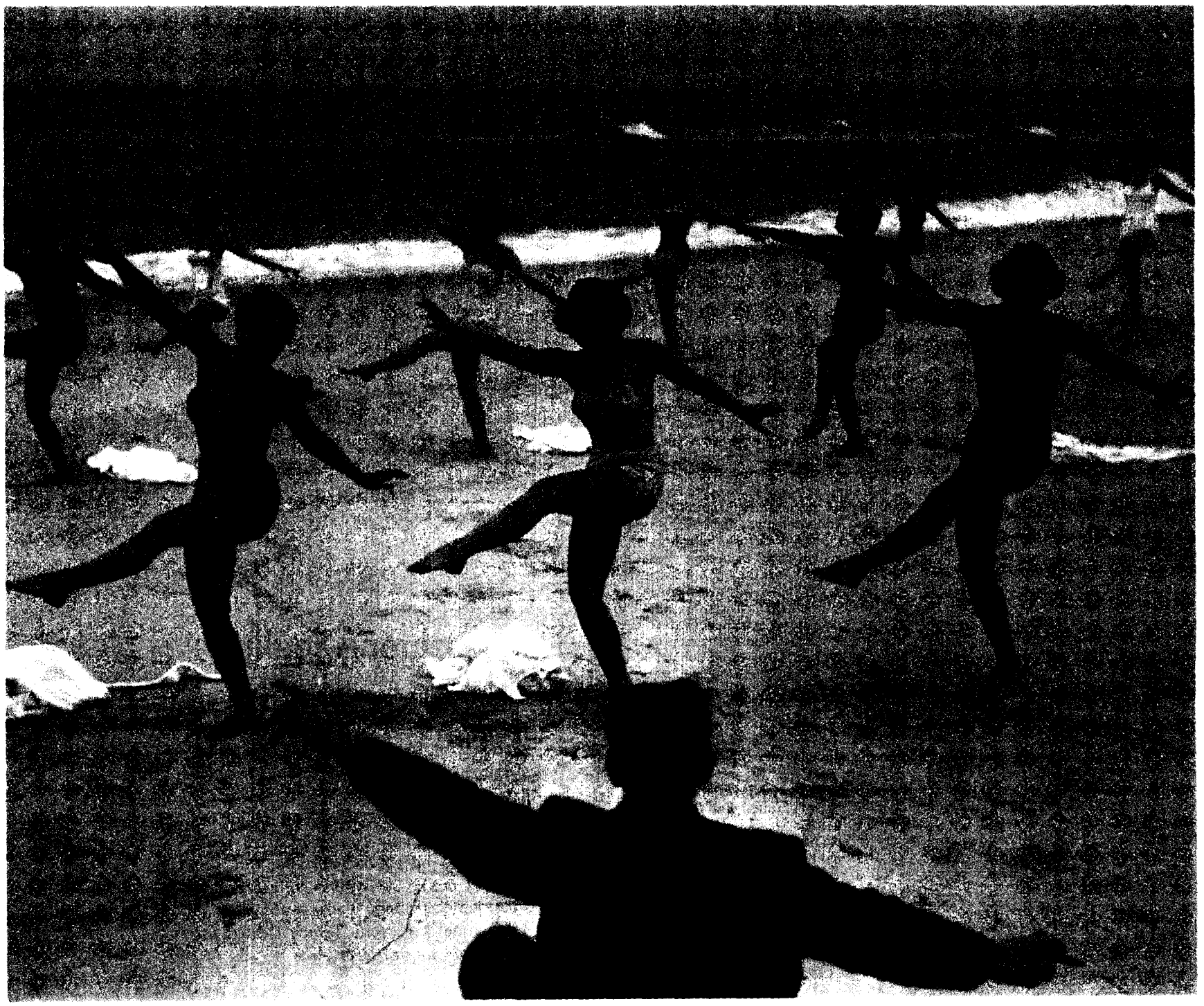
SPLASH RASH CASH SMASH?

Faced with the prospect of a hot-weather slump at box offices, top showmen try the water cure

WHEN hot weather hangs heavy over Broadway, it has been the custom for theatrical producers to start cutting expenses, or close up and stay in the shade entirely. This year, however, a handful of showmen are out to buck tradition. They aim to prove that, with the right twist, elaborate entertainment will attract both customers and cash, in any season.

Casting about for a suitable "gimmick," the ace theatrical team of Leland Hayward and Joshua Logan (South Pacific, Mr. Roberts and The Wisteria Trees), whirlwind impresario Michael (Peep Show) Todd, and TV's omnipresent Arthur Godfrey all arrived at the same conclusion: the summertime sag in show business could use the water cure. And so there will soon be wet bathing suits in the dressing rooms of Broadway's Imperial Theatre, water ballets and logrolling at Long Island's famed Jones Beach, and the CBS network will resound with the carefree splashings of a telecast water show.

When the footlights go up this week for Wish You Were Here, the new musical version of Arthur Kober's 1937 comedy classic, Having Wonder-



Cast of Mike Todd's Water Circus, with stage manager Biff Liff, limber up at Long Island's popular Jones Beach for show at Marine Stadium. In front row are featured water skiers Willa McGuire, Jean Nathey and Janette Burr

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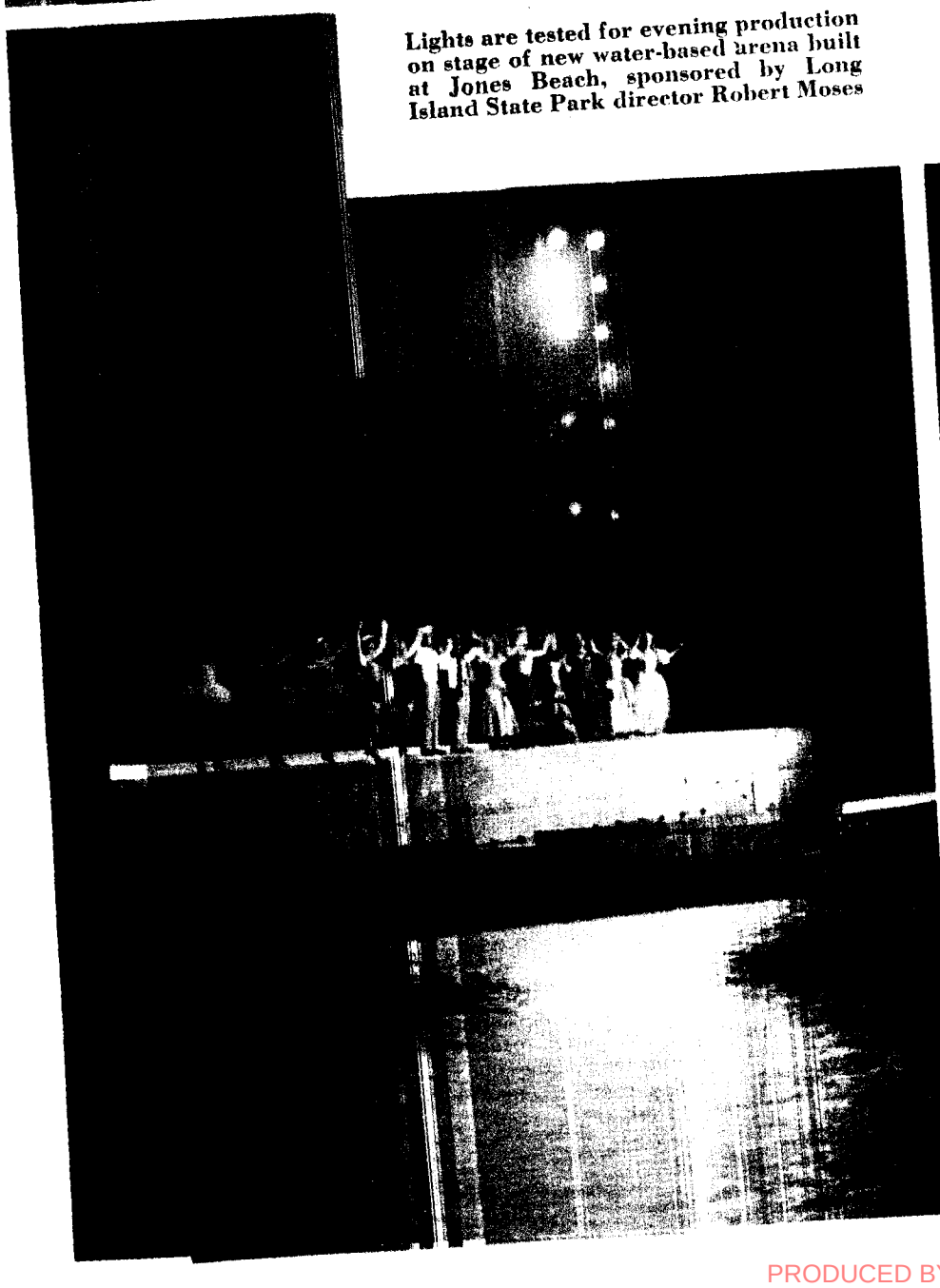
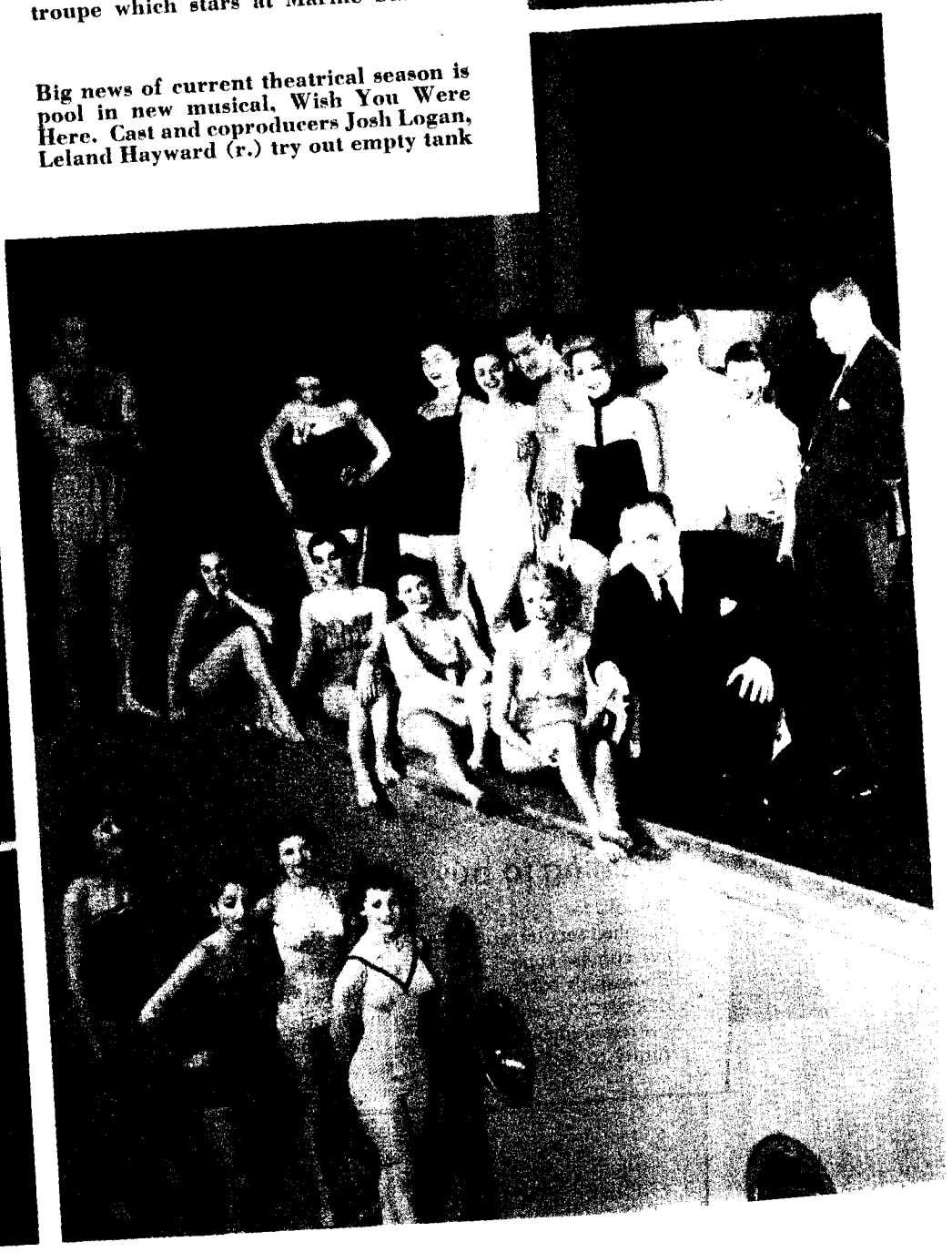
Arthur Godfrey and friend, Frank Parker, train for swimming show at New York pool. Godfrey treads water while strumming out melody on waterproof uke

World's champion, Willa McGuire, shows how "swan" is done on water skis. Miss McGuire has lead in Cypress Garden troupe which stars at Marine Stadium



Lights are tested for evening production on stage of new water-based arena built at Jones Beach, sponsored by Long Island State Park director Robert Moses



Big news of current theatrical season is pool in new musical, Wish You Were Here. Cast and coproducers Josh Logan, Leland Hayward (r.) try out empty tank

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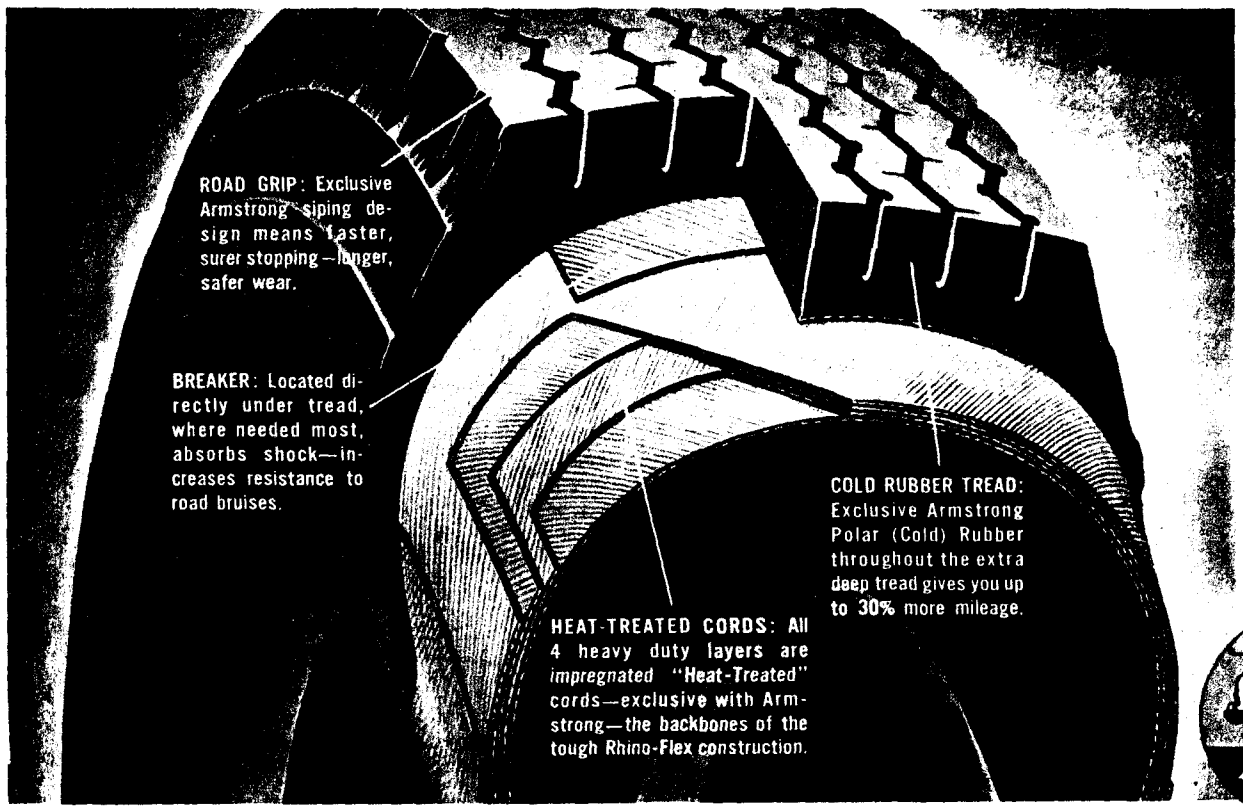
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ful Time, audiences will get a look at Broadway's first on-stage swimming pool. The sea-green tank in which members of the Hayward-Logan cast will duck and dive this summer is no mere theatrical device. It fits smoothly into the now-familiar story of young vacationers taking their two-weeks-with-pay at a Catskill Mountain resort. Installing the tank turned out to be a fairly complicated task, for it involved not only digging a large hole in center-stage, but providing special reinforcing to support the 70,000 pounds of steel and the 8,000 gallons of water.

A couple of hours away at the new 8,200-seat, $4,000,000 Marine Stadium at Jones Beach, a section of ocean has been staked off for Mike Todd's triple-threat adventure in entertainment. The island arena, bristling with diving boards and multi-colored lights, has a revolving stage, underwater passages and dressing rooms. In this setting Todd will launch, on June 26th, a 10-week season, to include an hour-long Water Circus every afternoon, a Johann Strauss operetta (A Night in Venice), complete with walkie-talkie-directed gondolas and swimming chorus six nights a week, and a Composers' Night every Monday. Water antics will be emphasized in the Circus, which features Dick Pope's much-publicized troupe from Florida's Cypress Gardens. Young experts, cavorting on motorboat-drawn water skis and "jitter-boards," will do ballets, "pyramids," jumps and other impressive stunts.

It was probably inevitable that TV's supershowman, Arthur Godfrey, should also be dreaming up a swimming show. Set for July 30th, it will wind up a season which has already brought to viewers the spectacle of Godfrey and company on ice skates, and Godfrey riding an elephant and walking the tight rope. "We're in pretty good shape after all that skating practice," says Arthur. "We'd like to stay that way." For some weeks now, Godfrey and His Friends—Frank Parker, Janette Davis, Marion Marlowe, Haleloke, Archie Bleyer, Julius La Rosa, The Mariners and the Cordettes—have been training for the final show, to be televised at the Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy on Long Island. And although the program is not yet fully outlined, there's a good chance that underwater cameras will give TV fans a frog's-eye view of the Godfrey group in action.

Showmen everywhere will be watching these aquatic doings. The tradition that business falls off as the thermometer rises is an old one in the entertainment world—but then, no one before has ever tried to dilute the effects of the summer dol-drums with water. The question is, will the aquatic fad bring in money? Or, as Variety, the bible of show business, might put it: Splash Rash—Cash Smash?

EVELYN HARVEY

Young water ski experts Jean Nathey and Kathy Darlyn dress up in colorful hoop skirt costumes before taking off behind motorboats in routine for Todd production

Arthur Godfrey underwater is possible feature shot of show to be telecast on July 30th from Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy

Sheila Bond, Christine Mathews and Jack Cassidy are three principals of Wish You Were Here, latest version of Having Wonderful Time, set to music by Harold Rome

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE, ZINN ARTHUR AND VICTOR JORGENSEN

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The Other One

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

The muscles have hardly atrophied at all."

"It's not that," Ralph said carefully. "It's her face. The things she thinks. She understands so damned much." . . .

This particular afternoon at the Johnson house had been long and dull. When Frances tried to amuse Lesley, Lesley had answered with silence that was more like absence, or distance: it was the only means she had of moving away. Finally, her face took on the look that meant she felt restless, though she had not the means of small, waste motions to express it.

"I wish Bonny'd come home," she said, a little fretfully. "She's late."

Frances said, "Oh, Bonny. I suppose she's giving out handbills or running errands. The child's money-mad. Sometimes I wonder if anything matters to her but money and that bicycle." Lesley didn't answer, and her mother said, "Besides, I wanted her to do an errand. She's never here when you want her."

IT WAS nearly five when Bonny appeared, paler than usual, very tired and without the bicycle. Frances, impatiently watching for her, felt indignant when she saw the shabby child, wearing scuffed shoes and a boy's leather jacket far too big for her.

"You're very late," she said. "Lesley's been anxious. And where is her bicycle?" She still resented the fact that the beautiful machine bought for Lesley was used by Bonny.

Bonny raised her eyes. She seemed dazed at this direct attention and blinked like a sleepy owl. Then she looked away. "I had to let somebody—take it," she said.

She walked past her mother and into Lesley's room, but Frances followed her.

"Where did you get that awful jacket?" she asked.

"Mrs. Miller gave it to me. Mine was too small," Bonny said. Frances found nothing odd in the fact that a neighbor had given the other something to wear. Her only acknowledged child was warm and had a cashmere sweater over her shrunken shoulders.

"Hi, Lesley," Bonny said. "Saw Margery. She's got a new dress. Plaid. Terrible. She said tell you hello and she'll come see you sometime. She's taking piano lessons."

"Sometime," said Lesley. "She can stay away."

There was a tone of hardness in her voice. She did not look out of her room at the piano she could no longer practice on.

"I want to know about that bicycle," Frances said, and noticed that Bonny stiffened at the word. Lesley looked at her lap.

"I told you," Bonny said.

"You can give me the explanation later," Frances said. "Right now, it's so late I'll have to go and get Lesley's new brace myself, in the car. Don't bother about Lesley's supper. I'll be back in time to fix her tray."

Dread of leaving the house was so audible in her voice that the sisters stayed motionless, lest she change her mind. But she went, at last.

The front of the house was still dark and cold when Ralph came home about six, earlier than usual. He had worked until he couldn't work any more. Then, too, he could never quite get over the hope that someday he would be welcome in his own house. Perhaps, if he came in unexpectedly, he might strike the spark, the look of pleasure, the glance of expectation he had not seen in so long.

There was nobody in the living room or dining room. He walked on and saw that Lesley's door was closed. He could hear the two girls talking away, and before he knocked he put on the cheerful expression he always attached before visiting Lesley.

"Just a minute!" Bonny called. He heard sounds of things being put away hastily. It occurred to him it must be hard for Lesley to have secrets: she was growing and changing, but her concerns were all open to those who took care of her.

"Hi, Daddy," Bonny said nervously, when she opened the door. "I'm glad you got home early. I've got a baby-sitting job, and I didn't want to leave Lesley alone."

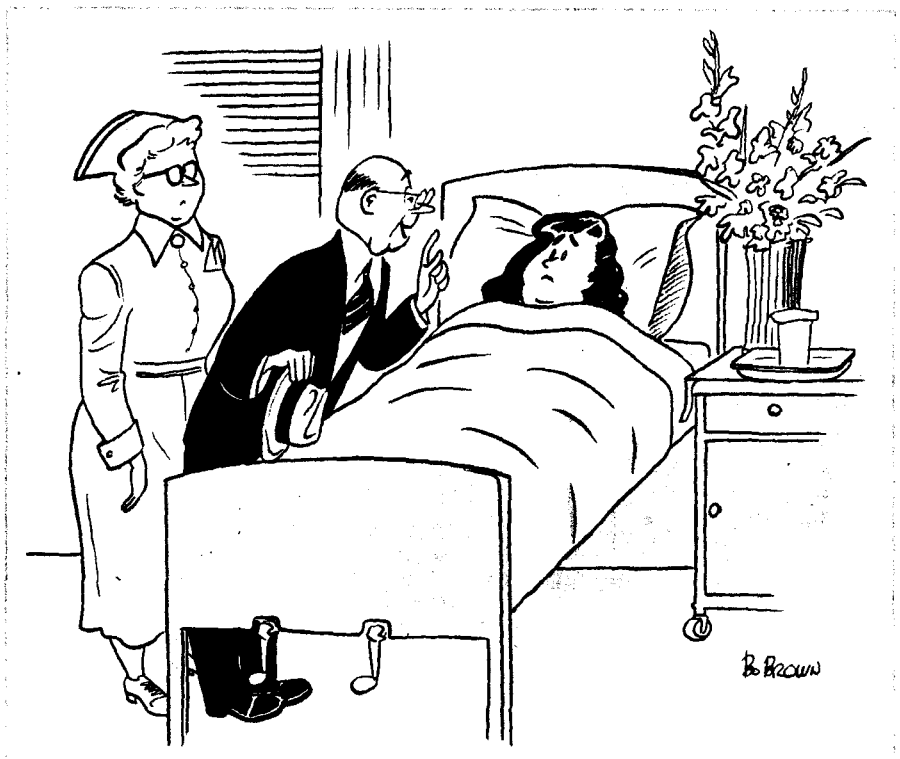
"I should say not!" he said heartily. But he wondered if Frances always let Bonny go out at night this way. "Aren't you starting in nightwork a little young?" he asked.

"I can't be too young these days," Bonny said, and it was not until much later that it struck him the words were a little odd.

"I'd be all right alone, except Mother will never let me try," Lesley said irritably. "I can move my chair a little, and if you put me near the telephone— When I get that other thing—"

She broke off, and Ralph, intercepting a glance between his daughters, said, "What thing?"

Bonny came to a decision. "A walking machine," she said. "Frances says it's too soon for her to try it, but I say it's now or never. Muscles don't grow on trees."



"Now don't you worry about *me*, dear! I've got some of the girls from the office helping me with the housework"

COLLIER'S — BO BROWN

Again, there was a weird sensibleness about her conversation that made Ralph want to laugh, except that he saw this was something serious.

Lesley said, "In the hospital, they make you try and try until you cry, you're so tired, and you even hurt. But those walkers are expensive, like a hospital bed. And Mother's afraid I'll hurt myself."

FOR a minute, Ralph wanted to close his eyes and blot out the past five years: he wanted not to believe it was his child who sat here, nearly motionless, and that everything had been tried and done. Until doctors knew more about the disease, her future was just what her present promised: a bed, a chair, a room. Yet she was smiling and excited.

He tried to change the subject. He felt his conversation had gone rusty with disuse. "What you been up to?" he said. "I heard papers rustling."

"Painting cards and things," Lesley said, with another look at Bonny, who scooped up some small packages and paper bags and said, "I've got to go now."

Ralph said apologetically, "I'll go read my paper. Don't want to tire you all out."

"That's all right, Daddy," Lesley said.

But before he left the room, Frances appeared, weary and white, carrying the new brace done up in striped paper. She undid the package, barely noticing Ralph, her whole attention focused on making Lesley welcome the new cage that would make it easier for her to sit in her chair.

"Will it help her walk, too?" Ralph asked, trying to join in. "Isn't it about time we asked the doctor about a walking machine? They have things at the rehabilitation hospital. Or I could build some railings around the room."

"There's no hurry," Frances said. "We have time."

She bustled around, closing Ralph out, lighting lamps, turning the room cozy and self-contained, getting rid of the world outside. Lesley looked restless.

"Now I'll get supper," Frances said.

"Couldn't we all eat in the dining room?" Ralph asked.

The table was never set for four, or for company, any more. Frances fixed a tray for Lesley that was a composition in appeal—single flower vase, silver napkin ring, everything—and a plainer tray for herself; and she and Lesley ate together while Bonny and Ralph, if they were in, ate in the kitchen or off a bare corner of the dining-room table.

"Not tonight," Frances said. "I'm too tired for changes in routine."

As he not infrequently did, he looked at her and found her still lovely, though her dark hair had a white streak and she was thin. The thing was, she might have been someone else, and he some stranger.

"You can have something to eat with Bonny," she said. "I suppose she'll be in sometime."

Ralph said, "She just went out. She had a job. Don't think she ate."

"She didn't have time to eat, we talked so long, until you came," Lesley told her father.

"What about?" Frances asked. Nobody answered, and more slowly she said, "I saw Miss McLennon. She asked after you. She's coming in soon."

"We talked about earning a living," Lesley said, and silence closed down like dread. Ralph, as he left the room, caught a glimpse of animal fear, bright and sudden, in Lesley's eyes, as though she were in a dark forest. It occurred to him that, though they always closed her door and shielded her from worry, she must guess that times were hard. But he could not know how sharp her hearing had grown, how closely she watched, how elaborate her reasoning had become, nor how far-flung her fears.

When they were out of the room, Frances said irrelevantly, "I think Bonny's lost Lesley's bicycle." Their conversation was always hit-or-miss these days: when they had any, each was off on his own bleak tangent. "She's so careless."

Ralph said suddenly, "Don't you ever buy her a dress to wear?"

"I can't do everything," Frances said indifferently, and Ralph, with the paper in his hands, sat in the living room and remembered, or tried to, what Bonny had been doing all these five years since polio had altered the family beyond recognition. At first, she had been left with any neighbor or cleaning woman, while they spent all their time with Lesley, at one hospital or another. Since Lesley had been at home, where had Bonny been?

He was still sitting there when Bonny came in, just after ten o'clock, and she looked so fierce and pale and orphanish, so neglected, that she startled Ralph at last.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"Out," she said.

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing," she said. "I told you."

"You must have been doing something, somewhere," he said angrily. "Don't be evasive. And have you had any supper?"

She shrugged. "Lots of times I don't. Why worry? I'll get some now, and then I have to do homework. There's a test tomorrow."

"You'll get straight to bed," Frances said. She came on them suddenly, out of Lesley's room; and they jumped at the same time. Frances went back and closed the door to Lesley's room. "But first I want to know the truth about Lesley's bicycle."

RALPH saw Bonny stiffen. She glanced from Frances to him, and then went and opened Lesley's door.

"Hi," she said. "I was going to come and see you in a minute. But they want to know about the bicycle."

"Tell them," Lesley said.

"All right," said Bonny. "I sold the bicycle. Lesley said I could. Nobody ever tells her anything but me. How much, or anything. We had to sell it."

"Finances aren't children's responsibility," Ralph said heavily. Even here, it seemed, he had failed.

"They *are!*" Bonny said. "I think about money all the time. Lesley does, too. We have to."

"You came home on a bicycle just now. I heard you on the gravel," Ralph said, suddenly. "What's the idea? You'd better tell the whole story."

He thought she looked about ready to collapse, but he couldn't let her off now.

"I bought a beat-up old one, instead," she said. "It was lots cheaper, and I made fifteen dollars on the deal. The old bike's good enough for me to do my paper route, and carry bundles, and see things to tell Lesley about. Nobody in this family tells her anything but me."

"Why are you so anxious about money, anyway?" Ralph said. "I earn enough to get along on."

"Because there's Lesley," Bonny said. "She's helpless."

Frances said, "Leave Lesley to me!"

"You won't always be alive," Bonny said. "Didn't you ever think of that? What about when you die? I'll have to take care of Lesley then."

Her voice was shrill, and her father thought she looked about at the end of her tether. And no one had noticed, before.

"Lesley and I talk about everything, when we get a chance," Bonny said wildly. "I get up at night and go in there, when you're both asleep and far away. We talk

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about if Lesley can have a baby, and if a man would ever make love to her. We talk about why I can't get married—because I'll have Lesley on my hands, and how could you ask a man to take on your sister, too? Unless there's some way she can earn a living by then. She's been painting birthday cards, and I've sold a few of them. It's a beginning. Maybe we can have a business together someday."

"Someday!" Ralph said heavily. There seemed a mountain of grief behind his forehead, a glacier of it slowing his heartbeats.

Frances said, in icy tones, "I suggest we stop worrying Lesley and finish this conversation somewhere else."

"No!" Lesley shouted, desperately, from the other side of the threshold of her room. "I have to know things!"

For the first time in a long time, she wheeled her chair out into the living room, where they were all standing, caught like statues in an unchildlike version of the game. Lesley was panting with the effort, but Ralph wondered if perhaps all the built-in comforts of her room were not as heavy as weights and kept her from making the painful effort more often.

Bonny said defiantly, "We sold the bicycle so we could buy a walking machine."

Lesley said, wearily, "We have a pact. Bonny's going to take care of me after you're dead, or maybe when we just grow up. She's never going to desert me, so I'll never have to live in a charity home."

Ralph did not know he had groaned. This sense of reality was too much for him. The children were too far ahead of both Frances and himself.

"And I'm going to learn everything I possibly can," Lesley said. "So I can earn money, too. Maybe I could answer telephones."

Frances said in a queer, grating whisper, "Stop it! Stop it!"

Nobody heard her, and she wandered into Lesley's room, her refuge.

Bonny said, "I've saved more than a hundred dollars, and I found out today about a hospital-supply place where we can buy a secondhand walker. It's coming tomorrow."

Suddenly she sat down; and, folded up, she looked like a very small, thin package indeed.

"I'm hungry," she said. Tears began to sweep down her face in pathetic, muddy streams; and her father, staring out at the battered black bicycle leaning against the front steps, realized that even on the big, beautiful red one, her life had not been halcyon. Instead, she had been driven by furies to sell papers, walk dogs, mind children, carry heavy bundles on the handle bars. Her avid curiosity had been Lesley's. She knew more of what was going on than any of them. She knew more about Lesley's needs. Frances had sacrificed herself for her stricken child, but had never considered if the sacrifice of her own life's necessities was good for Lesley.

"Frances!" he called out, quite loudly and clearly. She had come to the door of Lesley's room, and he saw her surprise as she seemed to see him for the first time in years. "Go and fix some hot soup for this workingman," he said. "Please. She's had a long, hard day."

THEN he looked at Bonny, and when he spoke, there was no false cheeriness in his voice. He spoke to an equal.

"We'll talk about money right now. The bills are being paid off. The house is all right. And I've seen somebody at the bank about a way to save money so there'll always be a little for Lesley, as long as she lives. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Bonny. She swayed a little in the chair, then leaned against the back, as though now she dared relax. He went into the kitchen, where Frances was arranging a tray for Bonny on which were soup and a sandwich and a rose in a narrow glass vase. Her hands were slow and unsteady, and when she looked up, husband and wife exchanged a curiously open look, like travelers meeting again after great voyages of experience and long absence.

"I guess we forgot Lesley isn't the only one who lives here," he said. "Maybe we'd better talk about that."

Frances nodded and looked down at the tray. "Later," she said. "When they're both asleep."

They walked together back into the dining room. Lesley had wheeled herself back into her room and was patiently reading, waiting until someone had time to put her to bed. And Bonny had folded even smaller in her chair, as a collapsed parachute is no more than a handful of silk.

"She needs sleep more than food," Frances said, putting down the tray. "I'll turn down her bed."

"I'll carry her," Ralph said. "It's time somebody did."

He picked up the other one in his arms. She did not wake up. She sighed and slept, as though she were a child at last. THE END

"Heavens, no! I have enough trouble getting my husband to do anything as it is"

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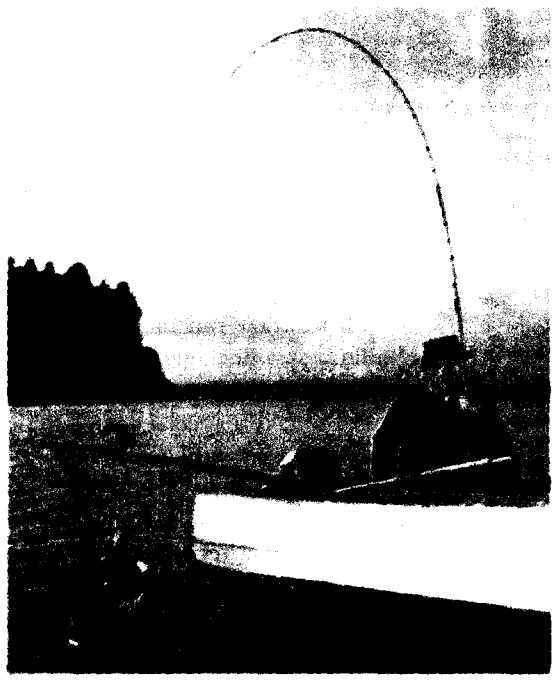
DON HORTER

Enos Bradner, of Seattle, one of the foremost experts on Pacific salmon, interrupts one beauty's journey upstream in the Brooks River, Alaska



BOB AND IRA SPRING

N. F. Johnson nets a Chinook in Puget Sound. These fish sometimes weigh up to 125 pounds

The Challenge of CHINOOKS

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

Every year the Pacific salmon come charging out of the sea to their spawning grounds in West Coast rivers, and anglers turn out in force to match wits and brawn against a big, tough fish

AS THE last of the snow water ebbs from the slopes of the Western coastal ranges and the rivers slowly recover from their spring rage, the vanguard of a gleaming horde streams riverward from the depths of the Pacific—to be met in the bays and rivers by a legion of eager anglers. For news has wings when the salmon begin to run.

The Pacific salmon fisherman is more fortunate than his Atlantic counterpart, and in more ways than one. Hundreds of fine rivers, bays and estuaries, all open to all anglers, scallop the coast from Oregon to Alaska, and no less than five species of salmon annually arrive to test the skill of the fisherman. Surrounded by such piscatorial abundance, this angler must feel compassion (however faint) for the plight of the salmon enthusiast on the other side of the continent—limited in variety to one species, the Atlantic salmon, and limited in the quality of his fishing by the size of his bank balance; for he must be willing to travel far and spend freely if he wants to enjoy good fishing.

Salmon fishing is not a luxury sport on the Pacific. Any part-time clerk can gather up his tackle, lurch off in his jalopy, and in an hour, or even less, he can be in proximity to salmon. Whether he is successful depends upon his skill and persistence, but he shares equality of opportunity with the bank president who is fishing alongside him.

"We don't have much money, but we get a lot of salmon," an Oregon angler once informed me, having discovered I was one of those unfortunate Easterners. "I've heard about the salmon fishing you birds have, where a man has to spend a thousand bucks for a couple of weeks on the Restigouche or another one of those fancy, private rivers. Of course, I've heard those Atlantic salmon are tough scrappers and hard to take. But listen, chum, you snag one of our 30- or 40-pound Chinooks and see if it makes you drowsy. If your salmon are any tougher than a Chinook, I'd want a gun and not a fishing rod."

I might have stirred up some trouble by pointing out that none of their fish were truly salmon, in the strict sense of that term; but this particular fisherman was about six inches taller than I, and broader in proportion, and I did not want to hurt his feelings.

The assorted Pacific "salmon" are only distantly related to the Salmo salar of the Atlantic, which is considered by the ichthyologists to be the true salmon. The Pacific fish were named back in 1730 by two wandering citizens of Petrograd named Steller and Krascheninnikov, who tagged them with names that even the most literate and enthusiastic Pacific angler pronounces like an extended sneeze—Oncorhynchus.

Having conspired to make the name of the fish as troublesome as possible, these fugitives from The Steppes proceeded to work out tongue twisters for the five species. Needless to say, the average angler would not recognize one of these salmon by its scientific name if it emerged from the water and chased him all the way to the nearest library. Fortunately, an assortment of common names has been conferred upon each of the assorted species—all of which tends to cause even

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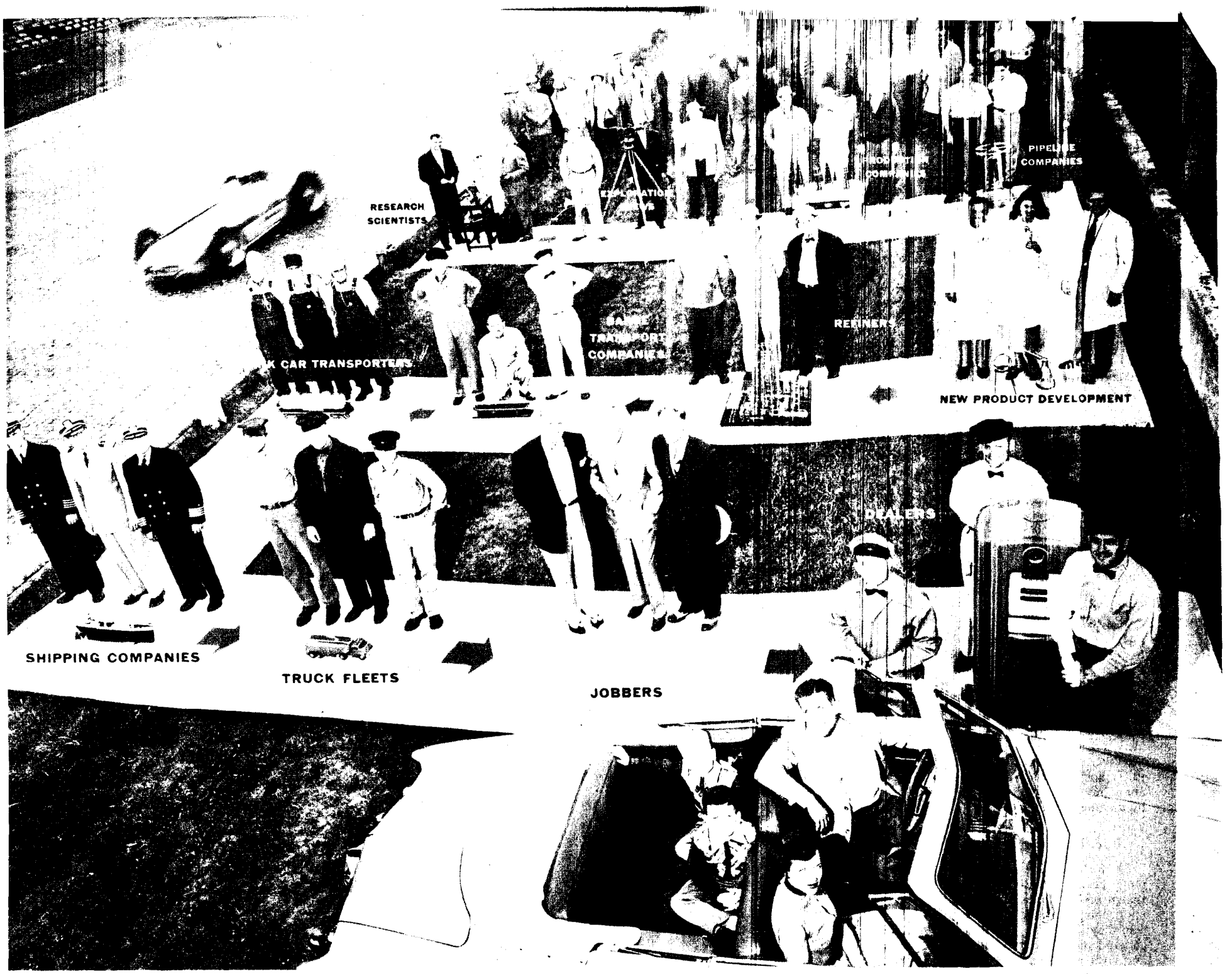

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greater confusion among visiting anglers.

The big fish of the tribe, O. tschawytscha, known variously and familiarly as the king, Chinook, spring, tule or (if it happens to weigh more than 30 pounds) tyee, is the favorite of the Western salmon fisherman. As this fish may range in weight from 10 to 125 pounds (although more often the former than the latter), the reason for its popularity is not hard to understand. The O. kisutch, dubbed coho or silver by laymen ranks next in the affections of the sports fisherman; and although it ranges in weight only between four and 20 pounds, it responds more readily to the fly than the other varieties, and thus rates high in the regard of the light-tackle brotherhood.

The three remaining species, although taken occasionally on rod and reel, account for only about 30 per cent of the sports catch. Of these, O. nerka, known as the sockeye, red or blueback, often responds quite readily to a fly when it first enters the river. This salmon, abundant in Alaskan waters, ranges from 5 to 10 pounds in weight, and has one rather odd characteristic. It is rarely found in rivers that do not terminate in a lake, and the young of this salmon normally spend much more time in fresh water than those of the other species. The others, O. gorbuscha, known as humpback or pink, and O. keta, known as dog or chum, are of minor importance to the sportsman.

Just to add a further touch of confusion, Pacific Coast anglers are inclined to refer to any one or all of these species as "jacks," provided they happen to return to the river in the immature stage. These jacks, all of them males, have something in common with the grilse, the immature Atlantic salmon which return to their natal rivers after a brief period in salt water. While in the river, however, the jacks are inclined to smack a fly or spoon with reckless abandon; and so are held in high esteem by the angling brotherhood.

Pacific Salmon "Gives Its All"

Unlike the Atlantic salmon, which commute between fresh and salt water, and spawn several times, all Pacific salmon die upon completion of the spawning process. The majority of the fishing, both commercial and sport, is done in the bays, estuaries and river mouths; for at this stage in their natural pilgrimage the salmon are strong and firm. The Pacific salmon quite literally "gives its all" in fulfilling the reproductive process. The strong, bright fish that enters the river loses much of its strength and beauty as it fights its way through rapids and cascades en route to the spawning ground, and in preparing the beds, or "redds," for eggs.

The spawning completed, the exhausted salmon are barely able to hold their place in the current of the stream. A patch of dark fungus, usually first noticeable on the head of the fish, gradually spreads over its body until death finally comes. According to biologists, even the dead body of the salmon constitutes a step in the life cycle of these fish; for it serves to fertilize the stream, insuring an abundance of the minute organisms upon which the alevins (newly hatched salmon) feed.

The Pacific salmon, like their distant relatives on the Atlantic, are inclined to cease feeding after entering the river; and the origin of the stimulus which causes them to take a bait, fly or lure is bathed in deep mystery. Most anglers on the Pacific Coast seem convinced that this reaction is the result of anger or annoyance.

Many fishermen who have taken salmon in both oceans insist that the Pacific varieties are less selective. As all anglers love debate, this contention is bitterly opposed by great numbers of Western fishermen.

The great majority of the Pacific salmon are taken by varied forms of trolling, with an assortment of lures and baits, almost any one of which would cause the Atlantic salmon enthusiast to shake his head in mingled sorrow, disgust and disappointment.

A friend, who had devoted much of his free time, and a large portion of his annual income, to a pursuit which involved the casting of assorted flies on the surface of such famous Eastern salmon rivers as the Upsalquitch, Codroy, Jupiter and Miramichi, returned from a recent business and fishing trip to Washington State in a nervous and morose condition. The business phase of his travels had been highly satisfactory, but as a sporting pilgrimage, I gathered, his journey had been a revelation and a disappointment. "Have you ever, in your angling wanderings," he asked, "chanced to fish for salmon in the Juan de Fuca Strait?"

I had not.

He tore his glance from the mounted Atlantic salmon that hung over the fireplace of the famous angling club at which we were lunching. The fish, a 46-pounder, still had the Jock Scott fly and a wisp of leader protruding from its lower jaw.

"In the event you contemplate a trip there," he stated, "I strongly advise against it. My business associate in Seattle assured me that he would provide me with one of the greatest thrills of my angling career. The Chinooks, he explained, were plentiful near a place called Neah Bay, and he said I would be able to return home with a fish weighing from 30 to 50 pounds. As my largest Atlantic salmon weighed only 31 pounds 3¼ ounces, you can imagine my eagerness to grasp this opportunity. I even planned having this potential giant mounted, for presentation to the club.

"When the awaited day arrived, we stepped aboard a very comfortable fishing cruiser, and I was presented with a stout trolling rod equipped with a 4/0 reel and heavy, woven-wire line. This outfit was somewhat similar to the rig we use for large-school tuna, and as it terminated in a half-pound sinker and a gleaming plug, I supposed we were going to troll for albacore or some other such fish en route to our salmon fishing area.

"After we had cruised around for an hour or two, I received a solid strike. I set the hook automatically, and for the next 10 or 12 minutes I was occupied in playing what seemed to be a fairly sporting fish. The fish made several runs, and while I might have tightened up on him and ended the fight sooner, I had no idea what sort of fish I had hooked and was afraid of tearing the hook out by too much pressure.

"The fish finally surfaced only a few feet from the stern of the boat, and my host shouted with delight. He was almost incoherent, as a matter of fact. But I did catch the phrases '45-pounder at least' and finally 'real old socker of a Chinook!' The fish was gaffed and heaved into the boat. You can imagine my surprise to learn I had been fishing for salmon the entire time! With a deep-sea outfit, mind you! For salmon! With such tackle! That fine, gallant fish! The salmon weighed 41½ pounds."

He paused to drink deeply, then shook his head sadly. "I didn't have the heart to eat the poor thing, and having it mounted was out of the question. I presented it to the steward on the airplane, who was most attentive all the way to New York."

Not all Pacific salmon, however, are taken on such tackle. As in other forms of fishing, light-tackle enthusiasts have increased in numbers during recent years, even for the fishing done in the wide bays and estuaries. Although trolling or casting from boats provides the bulk of the sport catches, the ranks of the fly fishermen have shown a large increase in the past few years, especially for taking cohoes and sockeyes.

Among the angling techniques that are becoming increasingly popular are "spinning" or "mooching." While showing some slight variation in practice, these methods normally call for the use of similar tackle and lures. The devotees of this method consider it to be one of the higher forms of angling, and tend to glance down their noses at the sight of a common "troller" or "handliner"—especially the latter, who is considered by this brotherhood to have all the sporting instinct of a Neanderthal man.

Actually, the word "spinning" covers both spinning and mooching. But the term is not to be confused with the British method of spinning, or with the Eastern technique, which calls for the use of a fixed-spool reel. The Pacific method had its origin on the wide bays and estuaries, where salmon normally can be found throughout the year.

Small silvers and kings, while undergoing their transformation from fresh-water to salt-water fish, often pause for several months in the comparatively shallow coastal waters, where they feed heavily on herring and candlefish. Upon their return to these waters after from two to four years in the sea, these fish normally cease feeding and grab at a lure only through instinct, anger or annoyance. But during the intermediate phase they are hungry most of the time, and the anglers try to provide them with a "natural" lure, which the Eastern angler would call a "strip" bait.

The tackle employed in this fishing, while it may vary slightly, comes under the "light" classification. The spinning rod often resembles a stout fly rod, ranging in length from 8½ to 10 feet, often having a 10- to 14-inch butt, and equipped with a standard level-wind reel capable of carrying about 300 yards of 8- or 10-pound test monofilament. This line terminates in a swivel, a sinker weighing from 1 to 3 ounces, and a hook threaded with a thin strip cut from the side of a herring.

The Angler Makes His Cast

Standing in his skiff, the angler strips out 50 or 60 yards of line and coils it neatly at his feet. Then, drawing the sinker near the rod tip, he casts in a smooth, easy sweep. The line, unimpeded by a reel spool, flows easily through the guides. The lure is allowed to settle, and is retrieved by stripping in the line and recoiling it on the bottom of the skiff. The reel is used only when a salmon has been hooked.

This form of angling has proved more interesting and sporting than routine trolling, and in many instances has been more productive than any other form, except during the heavy runs of spawning fish. Despite the frailty of the tackle, kings up to 40 and 50 pounds have been taken by this method, but only by anglers with considerable skill and experience. Mooching, which calls for the same tackle, is merely a moving form of the same method. Instead of casting from an anchored or drifting skiff, the "moocher" trolls his lure from a moving boat, varying his speed and length of line to arrive at the depth at which the salmon are feeding.

Once a salmon has been hooked, these anglers must exert every effort to get as much line back on the reel as possible, for even a 10- or 12-pound fish provides plenty of excitement on this tackle. Let a salmon strip a lot of line from the reel, and the problem is multiplied. A running fish and a singing reel provide fine music, but it is not the kind of music enjoyed by anglers who like salmon steaks.

Enos Bradner, whose book Northwest Angling is the bible of the Pacific salmon and steelhead angler, compiled a list of the results attained through various fishing methods employed during the course of several derbies or contests in the Puget Sound area. He found that the mooching technique accounted for almost as many salmon as the other methods combined, which speaks well for the popularity, as well as the effectiveness, of this method.

Trolling with plugs and spoons is still the most widely followed practice, especially when it comes to taking the big kings or Chinooks during the runs. At this time a "hot" or successful plug or spoon will bring a fabulous price. To the human eye, one plug or spoon looks exactly like another, and a careful check of a dozen of them with a micrometer might reveal that they were exactly similar in dimension. Yet one of that dozen will have a certain action in the water that appears irresistible to salmon, and the other 11 will not. The proven lure, one that has taken several fish, usually brings a high price—always provided the angler who owns it is willing to sell.

One enterprising angler did a profitable business in "hot" lures until exposed. He would buy a couple of dozen standard plugs, then mark up the body of each with a unique tool he had evolved in his workshop. This tool resembled a large pair of pliers, with the jaws of a salmon mounted at the "pincher" end. After he had snapped these jaws on a plug several times it bore an interesting collection of tooth marks. Visiting anglers parted with their money in a manner which would have delighted the heart of Phineas T. Barnum.

SISTER

"Well, you won the bet, Herb, and I'll pay you off double if you let me go with you when you show it to your mother"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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Some of the lures turned out by the faker, ɔ his surprise, took a lot of salmon, but ıe majority were authentically "hot" only ı appearance. Eventually he was discov- red operating his infernal machine, and a ıcrative business was brought to an end.

The fly fisherman is in the minority when comes to Pacific salmon, and often when fly is employed it is trolled rather than ast. A few who fish the "salt chuck," as ıe waters just outside the river mouth are alled, manage to gather in an occasional ilver, a few kings, and an even smaller umber of the other species by the use of ies. Even these lures, while varying slightly ı form and color arrangement, are de- igned to imitate the natural food of the almon—the candlefish. The most impor- ant fly-tying material for this angling is olar-bear hair, arranged in layers of white, lue, green or brown, and intended to simu- ıte the underwater appearance of the can- lefish. In some areas they account for uite a number of silvers when these fish

"While we were wrestling he ate all the buttons off my shirt. Is that fair?"

COLLIER'S — BORIS DRUCKER

ıre passing through the intermediate phase.

The sockeye, which provides little excite- nent for the Washington, Oregon or Brit- sh Columbia angler, often brings a real gleam to the eye of the Alaskan sportsman. mmediately after entering the river, and while he is still firmly fleshed and strong, his salmon will take a fly with gusto, and hen put on a real display of acrobatics vhen he feels the restraint of the hook.

On Alaska's Brooks River

No Atlantic grilse can offer a more sport- ng contest. Those who insist that Pacific almon have never provided the thrill and urious battle of Salmo salar have never aken a big sockeye, or even a five-pound ilver, from an Alaskan river. The angler ın the Jupiter or Kedgwick (two Eastern ivers of renown and exclusion) pays a ıigh price for the right to fish for salmon in ɔolitude and without competition. The ame privileges are available on Alaska's Brooks River (for example) at a fraction ɔf the cost. The angler gets magnificent cenery, a broad, wadable river, a multitude ɔf salmon—and no competition except, per- haps, that of a hungry brown bear.

I met one of these furry competing an- glers there last year, and despite repeated ıssurances from a local inhabitant that the brown bear will not bother you unless he considers you have him cornered," I de- ıided to move on downstream to avoid any possibility of providing the other angler vith the illusion of being crowded. I re- called one instance in which a bear had considered himself "cornered" despite the fact that he was sharing some 200 acres of tundra with a lone hunter. Besides, I told myself, there was every chance that there might be more salmon downstream.

The Alaskan salmon fishing is almost en- tirely confined to the rivers, except in the southeastern waters, and although the sock- eye is the important fish, silvers are plenti- ful in many streams.

These fish are more inclined to accept standard wet-fly patterns, as well as spin- ners; but there are occasions when they can be as irritating as the Atlantic salmon.

When Salmon Play Hard-to-Get

An angler may approach a stream, look into its clear waters, and find them literally crowded with fish. Feverishly he will tie on a fly and drop it directly under the noses of a dozen fish during one retrieve, without one of them exhibiting the slightest interest in the offering. He will fish it fast, slow, or alternate between the two, with the same dis- heartening result.

Then, just as he is about to break the rod over his knee and throw the rest of his fishing equipment into the river after it, the salmon will grab up every- thing he offers with an abandon that tests not only the angler's credulity but his endurance.

Although the West Coast has countless salmon rivers, the great majority are productive for the commercial rather than the sports fisherman. The ex- ception is the Campbell, in Brit- ish Columbia, and the salmon fishing at the mouth of this river has attracted anglers from thou- sands of miles around. This is the happy fishing ground of the famous Tyee Club, and the salmon found here is the king. Despite the popularity of this river, the annual catch record (only fish over 30 pounds are recorded) is far from impres- sive, at least when compared to some Eastern salmon rivers.

The banner year on the Campbell was 1945, when 319 salmon were entered on the club records, and the annual total has been known to drop as low as 60 fish. Man-made obstructions up- river are charged with threatening the fu- ture of the Campbell, but the experts insist that the true effect of these projects will not be known for several years.

The Tyee Club offers buttons for big fish taken on sporting tackle, and these tiny trophies are highly prized by both local and visiting anglers. The club offers a bronze button for 30-pounders, a silver button for 40-pounders, gold for 50-pounders, and diamond buttons for 60-pounders. Needless to say, the club funds are not drained too heavily by the purchase of diamond buttons.

Tournament fishing is as popular in West Coast salmon waters as it is at Miami and Palm Beach, where the sailfish is king, and many Pacific coastal communities have an- nual contests which, while they do not result in the creation of new anglers, certainly at- tract large groups. Many anglers feel that so long as they are going to fish anyway, they might as well do it in an area where a big salmon may provide them with an auto- mobile or a motorboat in addition to sport and food for the table.

Although its status as a "true" salmon may be open to some argument among the purists, Oncorhynchus is a great sporting fish, whose pursuit by a legion of anglers has reached the philosophical status of a "way of life" as well as a mere means of recreation. The romantic cycle of its life, the mystery of its migration, and the chal- lenge it offers the angler all play a part in its elevation to first place on the list of the West Coast sportsman. May its numbers increase.

THE END

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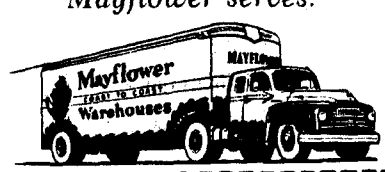

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A Sound of Thunder

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

on the Path. Don't go off it. I repeat: *Don't go off.* For *any* reason! If you fall off, there's a penalty. And don't shoot any animal we don't okay."

"Why?" asked Eckels.

They sat in the ancient wilderness. Far birds' cries blew on a wind, and the smell of tar and an old salt sea, moist grasses and flowers the color of blood.

"We don't want to change the future. We don't belong here in the past. The government doesn't *like* us here. We have to pay big graft to keep our franchise. A time machine is damn' finicky business. Not knowing it, we might kill an important animal, a small bird, a roach, a flower, thus destroying an important link in a growing species."

"That's not clear," said Eckels.

"All right," Travis continued, "say we accidentally kill one mouse here. That means all the future families of this one particular mouse are destroyed, right?"

"Right."

TRAVIS said, "And all the families of the families of the families of that one mouse! With a stamp of your foot, you annihilate first one, then a dozen, then a thousand, a million, a *billion* possible mice!"

"So they're dead," said Eckels. "So what?"

"So what?" Travis snorted quietly. "Well, what about the foxes that'll need those mice to survive? For want of ten mice, a fox dies. For want of a fox, all manner of insects, vultures, infinite billions of life forms are thrown into chaos and destruction. Sixty million years later, a cave man, one of a dozen in the *entire world,* goes hunting wild boars or saber-toothed tigers, for food. But you, friend, have *stepped* on all the tigers in that region. By stepping on *one* single mouse.

"So the cave man starves. And the cave man, please note, is not just *any* expendable man, no! He is an *entire future nation.* From his loins would have sprung ten sons. From *their* loins one hundred sons, and thus onward to a civilization. Destroy this one man, and you destroy a race, a people, an entire history. It is comparable to slaying some of Adam's grandchildren. The stomp of your foot on one mouse could start an earthquake, the effects of which could shake our destinies down through Time, to their very foundations.

"With the death of that one cave man, a billion unborn are throttled in the womb. Perhaps Rome never rises on its seven hills. Perhaps Europe is forever a dark forest. Step on a mouse and leave your print, a Grand Canyon across eternity. Washington might not cross the Delaware. There might never be a United States at all. So be careful. Stay on the Path!"

"Then," said Eckels, "it would be dangerous for us even to touch the *grass?*"

"Correct. Crushing certain plants could add up, infinitesimally. A little error here would multiply in sixty million years, all out of proportion. Of course, maybe our theory is wrong. Maybe Time *can't be* changed by us. Or maybe it can be changed only in little, subtle ways. A dead mouse here makes an insect imbalance there, a population disproportion later, a bad harvest further on, a depression, mass starvation and, finally, a change in *social* temperament in far-flung countries. Something more subtle, like that. But until we know for certain whether our messing around in Time *can* make a big or little change in history, we're being careful. This machine, the Path, your clothing and bodies, were made sterile, as you know, before the journey. We wear these oxygen helmets so we can't introduce *our* bacteria into an ancient era."

"How do we know which animals to shoot?"

"They're marked with red paint," said Travis. "Today, before our trip, we sent Lesperance here with the Machine. He came to this particular era and followed certain animals."

"Studying them?"

"Right," said Lesperance. "I track them through their entire existence, noting which of them live long. Very few. How many times they mate. Not often. Life's short. When I find one that's going to die when a tree falls on him, or one that drowns in a tar pit, I note the exact hour, minute and second. I shoot a paint bomb. It leaves a red patch on his hide. We can't miss it. Then I correlate our arrival in the past so that we meet the monster not more than two minutes before he would have died anyway. This way, we kill animals with no future, that are never going to mate again. You see how *careful* we are?"

"But if you came back this morning, in Time," said Eckels eagerly, "you must've bumped into *us,* our safari! How did it turn out? Was it successful? Did all of us get through—alive?"

Travis and Lesperance gave each other a look.

"That'd be a paradox," said Lesperance. "Time doesn't permit that sort of mess—a man meeting himself. When such occasions threaten, Time steps aside. Like an airplane hitting an air pocket. You felt the Machine jump just before we stopped? That was us passing ourselves on the way back to the future. We saw nothing. There's no way of telling if this expedition was a success, if we got our monster, or whether all of us—meaning *you,* Mr. Eckels—got out alive."

Eckels smiled palely.

"Cut that," said Travis, sharply. "Everyone on his feet!"

They were ready to leave the Machine.

THE jungle was high and the jungle was broad and the jungle was the entire world forever and forever. Sounds like music and sounds like flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls flying with cavernous gray wings, gigantic bats out of a delirium and a night fever. Eckels, balanced on the narrow path, aimed his rifle playfully.

"Forbidden!" said Travis. "Don't even aim for fun. If your gun should go off—"

Eckels flushed. "Where's our Tyrannosaurus?"

Lesperance checked his wrist watch. "Up ahead. We'll bisect his trail in sixty seconds. Look for the red paint, for God's sake. Don't shoot till we give the word. Stay on the Path. *Stay on the Path!*"

They moved forward in the wind of morning.

"Strange," murmured Eckels. "Up ahead, sixty million years, Election Day over. Keith made President. Everyone celebrating. And here we are, a million years lost, and they don't exist. The things we worried about for months, a lifetime, not even bor or thought about yet."

"Safety catches off, everyone!" ordere Travis. "You, first shot, Eckels. Secon Billings. Third, Kramer."

"I've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffal elephant, but this is *it!*" said Eckels. "I' shaking like a kid."

"Ah!" said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. "Ahead," he whi pered. "In the mist. There he is. There his royal majesty now."

The jungle was wide and full of twitte ings, rustlings, murmurs and sighs. Suc denly it all ceased, as if someone had sh a door. Silence. A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, one hundred yards awa came Tyrannosaurus rex.

"Great God," whispered Eckels.

"Sh!"

IT CAME on great, oiled, resilient, stric ing legs. It towered twenty feet abov trees, a huge evil god, folding its delica watchmaker's claws to its oily, reptilia chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thou sand pounds of white bone sunk in thic ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam c pebbled skin like the mail of a terrible wa rior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivor and steel mesh. And from the great breath ing cage of the upper body those two del cate arms dangled out front, arms wit hands which might pick up and examin men like toys, while the snake neck coile And the head, a ton of sculptured stone i self, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mout gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like da gers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty c all expression save hunger. It ran, its pelvi bones crushing aside trees and bushes, i taloned feet clawing damp earth, leavin prints six inches deep wherever it settled i weight. It ran with a gliding ballet step, fa too poised and balanced for its ten tons. moved into a sunlit arena, warily, its beau tiful reptile hands feeling the air.

"My God." Eckels twisted his mouth "It could reach up and grab the moon."

"Sh!" Travis said angrily. "He hasn't see us yet."

"It can't be killed." Eckels pronounce this verdict quietly, as if there could be n argument. He had weighed the evidence and this was his considered opinion. Th rifle in his hands seemed a cap gun. "W were fools to come. This is impossible."

"Shut up," hissed Travis.

"Nightmare."

"Turn around," commanded Travis "Walk quietly to the Machine. We'll remi one half your fee."

"Didn't realize it would be this *big,*" said Eckels. "Miscalculated. Now, I wan out."

COLLIER'S **"I don't like my face, either"** JOHN RUGE

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"It sees us!"

"There's the red paint, on its chest!"

The Tyrannosaurus raised itself. Its ar- ıored flesh glittered like a thousand green ›ins. The coins, crusted with slime, eamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, › that the entire body seemed to twitch ıd undulate, even while the monster itself id not move. It exhaled. The stink of raw esh blew down the wilderness.

"Get me out," said Eckels. His mouth ıoved several times. A few words fell from is tongue. His jaw worked. "Too much. oo much. Never. Never like this before." hen he made a series of grunting sounds, ; if he had been hit, very hard, in the omach.

"Don't run," said Lesperance. "Turn round. Hide in the Machine."

"Yes." Eckels seemed to be numb. He ›oked at his feet, as if he were trying to ıake them move. He gave another elpless grunt and started out.

"Eckels!"

He took a few steps, blinking, ıuffling.

"Not *that* way!"

The monster, at the first motion, ınged forward with a terrible :ream. It covered one hundred yards › a few seconds. The rifles jerked up nd blazed fire. A windstorm from ıe beast's mouth engulfed them in ıe stench of slime and old blood. he monster roared, teeth glittering ›ith sun.

ECKELS, not looking back, walked blindly to the edge of ıe Path, his gun limp in his arms, :epped off the Path, and walked, not nowing it, in the jungle. His feet ınk into green moss. His legs moved im, and he felt alone and remote ›om the events behind.

The rifles cracked again. Their ›und was lost in shriek and lizard ıunder. The great lever of the rep- le's tail swung up and lashed side- ›ays. Trees exploded in clouds of :af and branch. The monster ›itched its jeweler's hands down to ›ndle at the men, to twist them in alf, to crush them like berries, to ram them into its teeth and its screaming ıroat. Its boulder-stone eyes leveled with ıe men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the lazing black iris.

Like a stone idol, like a mountain ava- ıanche, Tyrannosaurus fell. Thundering, it lutched trees, pulled them with it. It ›renched and tore the metal Path. The ıen flung themselves back away. The body it, ten tons of cold flesh and stone. The uns fired. The monster lashed its armored ail, twitched its snake jaws, and lay still. ı fount of blood spurted from its throat. omewhere inside, a sac of fluids burst. ickening gushes drenched the hunters. They stood, red and glistening.

The thunder faded. The jungle was si- :nt. After the avalanche, a green peace. ıfter the nightmare, morning.

In the time machine, on his face, Eckels ıy shivering. He had found his way back › the Path and climbed into the Machine.

Travis came walking, glanced at Eckels, ook cotton gauze from a metal box, and eturned to the others, who were sitting on he Path. "Clean up."

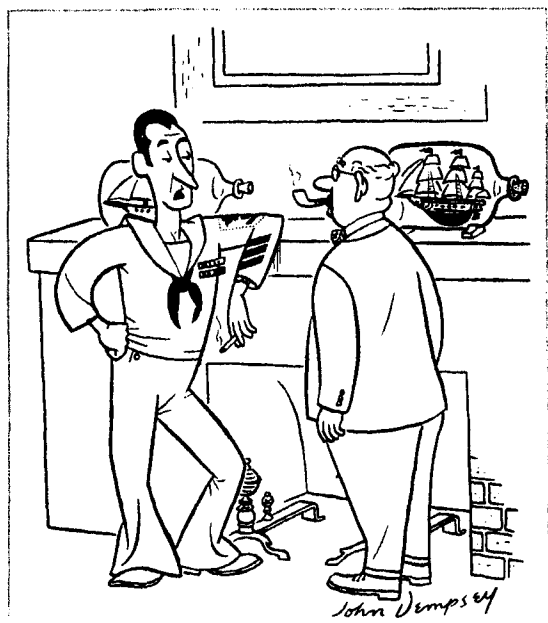
They wiped the blood from their helmets. The monster lay, a hill of solid flesh. Within, you could hear the sighs and mur- nurs as the furthest chambers of it died, he organs malfunctioning, liquids run- ning a final instant from pocket to sac to pleen, everything shutting off, closing up forever. It was a little like standing by a steam engine at quitting time, all valves being released or levered tight. Bones cracked; the tonnage of its own flesh, off balance, dead weight, snapped the delicate forearms, caught underneath. The meat settled, quivering. Another cracking sound. Overhead, a heavy tree branch broke from ts mooring and fell. It crashed upon the ead beast with finality.

"There." Lesperance checked his watch. "Right on time. That's the tree branch that was scheduled to fall and kill this animal, originally." He glanced at the two hunters. "You want the trophy picture?"

"What?"

"We can't take a trophy back to the future. The body has to stay right here where it would have died originally; so the insects, birds and bacteria can get at it, as they were intended to. Everything in balance. The body stays. But we *can* take a picture of you standing near it."

The two men tried to think, but gave up, shaking their heads. They let themselves be led along the metal Path. They sank wearily into the Machine cushions. They gazed back at the ruined monster, the stagnating mound, where already strange reptilian birds and golden insects were busy at the steaming armor.



"If you think that's hard, you should try to get a bottle inside a battleship"

COLLIER'S — JOHN DEMPSEY

A sound on the floor of the time machine stiffened them. Eckels sat there, shivering.

"I'm sorry," he said at last.

"Get up!" cried Travis.

Eckels got up.

"Go out on that Path alone," said Travis. He had his rifle pointed. "You're not coming back in the Machine. We're leaving you here!"

Lesperance seized Travis' arm. "Wait!"

"Stay out of this!" Travis shook his hand away. "This stupid fool nearly killed us. But it isn't *that* so much. Hell, no. It's his *shoes! Look* at them! He ran off the Path. My God, that *ruins* us! Who knows how much we'll forfeit! Tens of thousands of dollars of insurance! We guarantee no one leaves the Path. He left it. Oh, the damn' fool! I'll have to report to the government. They might revoke our license to travel. God knows *what* he's done to Time, to History!"

"Take it easy. All he did was kick up some dirt."

"How do we *know?*" cried Travis. "We don't know anything! It's all a damn' mystery! Get out there, Eckels!"

Eckels fumbled with his shirt. "I'll pay anything. A hundred thousand dollars!"

Travis glared at Eckels' checkbook and spat. "Go out there. The monster's next to the Path. Stick your arms up to your elbows in his mouth. Then you can come back with us."

"That's unreasonable!"

"The monster's dead, you yellow———. The bullets! The bullets can't be left behind. They don't belong in the past—they might change something. Here's my knife. Dig them out!"

The jungle was alive again, full of the old tremors and bird cries. Eckels turned slowly to stare at that primeval garbage dump, that hill of nightmares and terror. After a long time, like a sleepwalker, he shuffled out along the Path.

He returned, shuddering, five minutes later, his arms soaked and red tc the elbows. He held out his hands. Each held a number of steel bullets.

Then he fell. He lay where he fell, not moving.

"You didn't have to make him do that," said Lesperance.

"Didn't I? It's too early to tell." Travis nudged the still body. "He'll live. Next time he won't go hunting game like this. Okay." He jerked his thumb wearily at Lesperance. "Switch on. Let's go home."

1492 . . . 1776 . . . 1812.

They cleaned their hands and faces. They changed their caking shirts and pants. Eckels was up and around again, not speaking. Travis glared at him for a full ten minutes.

"Don't look at me," cried Eckels. "I haven't done anything."

"Who can tell?"

"Just ran off the Path, that's all. A little mud on my shoes— What do you want me to do—get down and pray?"

"We might need it. I'm warning you, Eckels, I might kill you yet. I've got my gun ready."

"I'm innocent. I haven't done anything!"

1999 . . . 2000 . . . 2056. The Machine stopped.

"Get out," said Travis.

The room was as they had left it. The same man sat behind the same desk.

Travis looked around, suspiciously. "Everything okay here?" he snapped.

"Fine. Welcome home!"

Travis relaxed. "Okay, Eckels, get out," he said. "Don't ever come back."

Eckels didn't move.

"You heard me," said Travis, irritably. "What're you staring at?"

Eckels stared at the sign on the office wall, the same sign he had seen earlier that day, when he had first come into the room. But somehow the sign had changed.

TYME SEFARI INC.
SEFARIS TU ANY YEER EN THE PAST
YU NAIM THE ANIMALL. WEE TAEK
YU THAIR
YU SHOOT ITT

Eckels felt himself fall into a chair. He fumbled crazily at the thick slime on his boots. He held up a clod of dirt, trembling. "No, it *can't* be. Not a little thing like that! No!"

Embedded in the mud, glistening green and gold and black, was a butterfly, very beautiful, and very dead.

"Not a little thing like *that!* Not a butterfly!" cried Eckels.

It fell to the floor, an exquisite thing, a small thing that could upset balances and knock down a line of small dominoes and then big dominoes and then gigantic dominoes, all down the years across Time. Eckels' mind whirled. It *couldn't* change things. Killing one butterfly couldn't be *that* important! *Could* it?

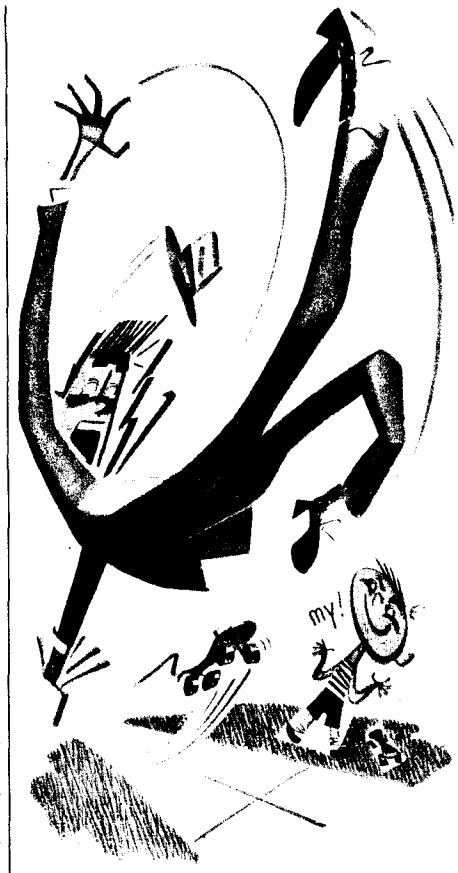
His face was cold. His mouth trembled, asking: "Who—who won the Presidential election yesterday?"

The man behind the desk laughed. "You joking? You know damn' well. Lyman, of course! Who else? Not that damn' weakling Keith. We got an iron man now, a man with guts!" The official stopped. "What's wrong?"

Eckels moaned. He dropped to his knees. He scrabbled at the golden butterfly with shaking fingers. "Can't we," he pleaded to the world, to himself, to the officials, to the Machine, "can't we take it *back,* can't we *make* it alive again? Can't we start over! Can't we—"

He looked up into Travis' angry, frightened face.

Travis shook his head. THE END



He floats through the air—with so little ease

Unlike the man on the flying trapeze, he will probably end up with a broken leg instead of a beautiful gal. All because Junior left his skate on the front walk.

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Armed with a peace-promoting constitution, the Hiroyasumura Bright Heart Society seeks to end tyranny in mother-in-law-ruled Japanese homes. One constitution plank: "I shall not quarrel over chickens"

In-Laws Are No Joke In Japan

Tokyo

THERE are no mother-in-law jokes in Japan, because a Japanese mother-in-law is no joke. She is, to her daughter-in-law, "worse than a thousand devils," according to a grim proverb. From the day the bride moves in with the groom's family (only the wealthiest Japanese newlyweds can afford a home of their own) she comes under the thumb of *o-shuto-san*—the honorable mother of the husband.

O-shuto-san practices a brand of household tyranny that has made Americans wonder if Japan will ever really accept democracy. Nowadays a woman can hold a seat in the Japanese Senate, but she can't sit at the same dinner table with her husband if her old-fashioned mother-in-law says no. Even "enlightened" husbands hesitate to cross mama in matters of domestic protocol.

The clash of old and new has helped boost Japan's divorce rate nearly 70 per cent since 1941. Many of last year's 82,500 divorces were attributed to "disagreement with elders" by rebellious young wives.

Domestic strife spread even to the rice-roots communities, and in January, 1951, the tiny farming village of Hiroyasumura (population 500) rose to meet the challenge. The people of Hiroyasumura, located some 600 miles south of Tokyo and out in the Kyushu paddy fields, founded what history may recognize as the first school for mothers-in-law and wives, the *Shinko-Kai,* or Bright Heart Society, dedicated to "building more harmonious homes."

No American prompted the Bright Heart Society, which began with a group of 15 wives and mothers-in-law and soon spread beyond Hiroyasumura until, today, scores of similar "schools" throughout Kyushu meet regularly.

Collier's attended a recent get-together of the pioneer chapter, held in the farmyard of Mrs. Kikue Nakamura, a forty-year-old mother of two, who acted as moderator and hostess. A "young wife" always presides and Mrs. Nakamura is considered in that class by the senior members, the eldest of whom, a seventy-four-year-old great-grandmother-in-law, was ailing and couldn't come that day. The youngest member, Mrs. Mineko Morimoto, nineteen, suckled her infant son throughout most of the discussion.

The meeting began, as always, with the reading aloud of the Bright Heart Society's "constitution"—eight basic commandments which the women promise to follow:

1. Mother-in-law and bride shall love one another as true mother and daughter.
2. I shall try to smile and laugh the whole day. I shall not let anger mar my countenance, nor shall I continually find fault in others.
3. I shall not quarrel over chickens. No two females in one household shall be permitted to raise chickens. (Selling fresh eggs is a major source of pocket money for the women, and there are endless disputes over whose chickens laid the eggs.)
4. I shall not disagree with my husband in a loud voice, but state my ideas quietly and in a reasonable manner.
5. Members of the household will consult with one another before selling produce on the market.
6. I shall not be angry when my husband leaves home on a journey, but shall smile and wish him a pleasant trip.
7. A mother-in-law shall not interfere with the education of her grandchildren, or a wife with the education of her husband's younger brothers and sisters.
8. Before breakfast, I shall vow to live that day in harmony with other members of the household.

The meeting lasted an hour and a half, during which the women discussed child care, crops and whether a wife should have the right to buy a Western-style dress with her clothes allowance. It was generally agreed that she should.

There was no doubt the women enjoyed themselves enormously. One sharp-eyed old lady admitted that talking with the younger wives kept her posted on world affairs—she never got around to reading newspapers any more—and now her grandchildren no longer regarded her as a fool. But the heartiest endorsement came from a non-member, Mrs. Nakamura's husband, who claimed the men had profited most from the society.

"We *want* our wives and mothers to belong," he said. "The Bright Heart Society has brought peace to our households. If the women want to argue now," he added with a smug grin, "they do it at meetings and not in the house." PETER KALISCHER

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL BERRY

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Arctic Outpost—Alert at "Alert"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

The men who have chosen this life for themselves are a strange collection of romanticists and realists. In the five stations on Canadian soil (Alert, Eureka Sound, Isachsen, Mould Bay and Resolute Bay), there is an equal number of Canadians and Americans at each installation, with a Canadian officer in charge and an American executive officer. The Americans are U.S. Weather Bureau personnel, ordinary citizens who volunteer for a one-year hitch. The Canadians, recruited by the Canadian Meteorological Service, serve for two years. The Americans receive salaries, plus special arctic bonuses ($100 for each month in the arctic plus $100 for each month of the Dark Period), which range from a total of $4,700 a year for airstrip mechanics to $6,600 a year for executive officers. The Canadian salaries are slightly lower.

Savings Pile Up

Money attracts most of the volunteers to the lonely arctic. They have no expenses and they can return home with most of their earnings intact. As Bill Pogermon, of New York, executive officer at Eureka Sound, put it, "I'll come out of this with at least $5,000. It would take me 10 years to save $5,000 in the States. So it's worth a year's hardship to get enough money to start yourself off in some business."

Notwithstanding, you also run across characters who seem to be right out of the adventure novels about the French Foreign Legion and the Alaska gold rush. Last year's executive officer at Alert, for example, was Howard Van Utt, of New York, Harvard graduate, landscape architect, modern-furniture manufacturer, and a member of an old New York and New Hampshire family. What attracted him to the arctic nobody knows.

The same question can be applied to lean, handsome, Australian-born John Lewis, last year's officer in charge at Alert. Lewis faked his age and enlisted in the Australian army when he was fifteen, then fought through the North African campaigns with the "Desert Rats" of General Montgomery's Eighth Army. He was so young that, he says, "I went into the wash stalls each morning and shaved my face, though I had no beard whatsoever, so as not to give away my age." Later in World War II, Lewis became an Australian fighter pilot mopping up against the Japanese in New Guinea; and when the war ended he kicked around the world, serving in the Israeli air force as a volunteer fighter pilot against the Arabs, and working on a weather ship in the Atlantic, before he volunteered for "isolation duty" in the Far North.

There is a sprinkling of young college kids here, like twenty-year-old Lee Morrison, of Robsart, Saskatchewan, who wants to make enough money to finish his schooling at the University of Saskatchewan and then return to the arctic as a geologist. You also find men of exceptional backgrounds and scholarship.

This year's executive officer at Alert, for example, is Warner Chapman, of Gulfport, Florida. Chapman was in the U.S. Army in World War II, and then served hitches for the Weather Bureau at Point Barrow, Fairbanks and Nome, Alaska, at Resolute Bay in Canada, and on Canton Island in the central Pacific. A zoologist who studied at Indiana University, he has accumulated a remarkable collection of photographs of arctic animals and birds, plus slides of tissue from rare polar creatures, the details of which he is collecting in a scientific study for university use.

All of his arctic money goes toward the purchase of equipment like a compound binocular microscope and a microphotographic camera for a laboratory which he is setting up in Florida. But the arctic apparently has got into his blood. He says, "I am a qualified administrative officer for arctic and antarctic expeditions, and if anybody asks me to go, I'll drop everything and join up."

With men of the caliber of Chapman and Lewis running the stations, they operate with exceptional efficiency. Each station crew includes meteorologists (they really are untrained, nonprofessional "meteorological assistants"), radio operators, airstrip mechanics, Diesel mechanics and cooks. Every day, the "mets," as the meteorologists are called, trudge to a bitter-cold shack where they perform the dangerous task of making hydrogen from sodium hydroxide, aluminum and water. At Alert, this hydrogen shack is labeled the "hellhole" because it must be unheated (any open flame would blow it up) and there is constant danger of death or injury from static-electricity-caused hydrogen explosions.

The hydrogen is stored in tanks and the mets use it to inflate balloons for their daily recordings. Twice a day they send up huge "radiosonde" balloons which ascend 70,000 feet into the upper air. A radar set in the glass-domed radiosonde building tracks the balloon, in order to record upper-air wind direction. Then a tiny radio transmitter attached to the balloon transmits information about the pressure, the humidity and the temperature in the upper atmosphere. These impulses are picked up by a powerful radio receiver in the radiosonde building. An automatic pen device is synchronized with the radio receiver and it records the transmitted impulses on a sheet of paper in such a way that they can easily be interpreted by the mets.

Ironically, out here in this uninhabited Land of Frozen Nowhere, the cardboard cases in which the balloon transmitters are packaged bear the legend, "This instrument belongs to the United States Government. Mail at any Post Office."

Collecting Weather Data

In addition, the crew releases two small "pibal" balloons every day, following them with a telescope device to record lower-level wind direction. They also make eight surface weather observations daily—noting the cloud ceiling, temperature, pressure, visibility and any snow and ice phenomena at the time. Finally, the radiosonde, pibal and surface observations are radioed (in code) to Edmonton, Canada, where all the information from all the arctic stations is interpreted and sent to the U.S. Weather Bureau and to our European allies. In this way, storms and fogs can be accurately predicted days before they hit England, Germany and France.

At Alert and the other arctic stations, the radio operators must man their posts 24 hours a day, in order to assist any friendly aircraft that might want position reports or might have to make an emergency landing at the airstrip. The airstrip itself must be kept in a state of constant readiness by the mechanics, and this probably is the toughest job of all. When the wind is blowing at 43 degrees below zero, it is almost impossible for a man to be out for more than a few minutes at a time, yet the mechanics must run their tiny bulldozers back-and-forth, back-and-forth to keep the strip clear of snow for any eventuality.

Not only that, but Diesel oil is so thick at this temperature that it takes a half hour merely to fill the tractors' tanks; and there are constant breakdowns caused

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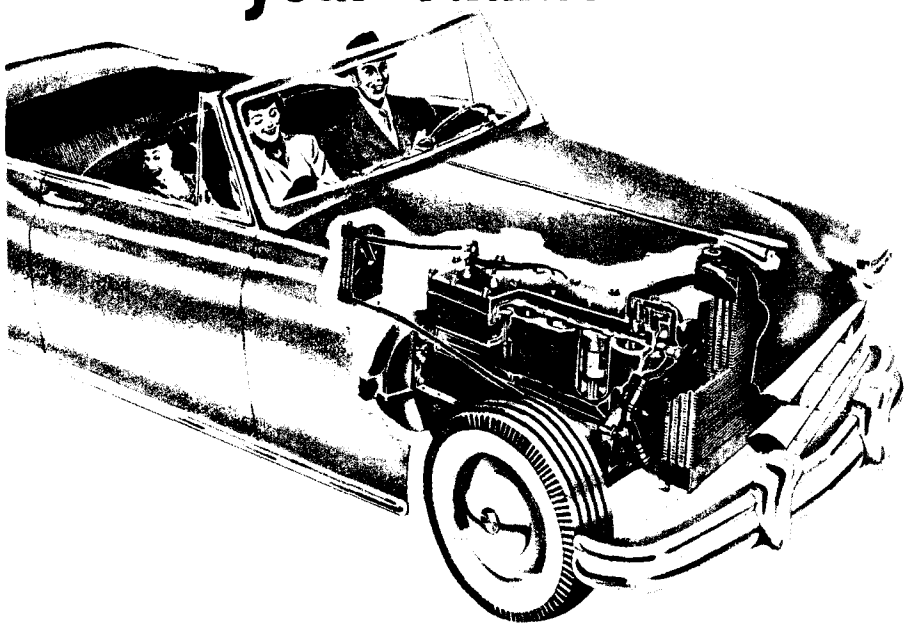
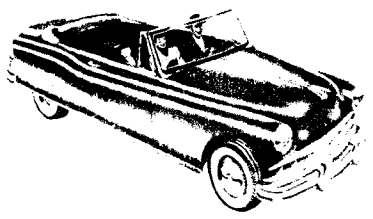
your radiator



Enjoy trouble-free summer driving...
remove rust and avoid overheating with



DU PONT
Cooling System
CLEANSER

Hot weather makes auto cooling systems work twice as hard . . . makes overheating more likely. But you can guard against this annoying problem *right now*, when you drain out anti-freeze—by removing rust with Du Pont Cleanser. **Du Pont Cleanser** makes the job safe, thorough, and simple. It will even do its work while you're driving. And neutralizer is included in the can for a complete job. There's no fuss, *no reverse flushing necessary!* Ask for a can at your auto supply store or service station today, or ask your service station about Du Pont's "Drain Out" service.

After cleaning, prevent rust all summer long with
NEW DU PONT ANTI-RUST and Water Pump Lubricant

When your cooling system has been thoroughly cleaned of rust, it's a cinch to keep new rust from forming with **Du Pont Anti-Rust.** This new liquid rust inhibitor developed by Du Pont not only prevents corrosion, but neutralizes acids, lubricates the water pump and helps eliminate squeaks. Du Pont Anti-Rust won't clog or cause sludge, and it's harmless to hose and metal parts.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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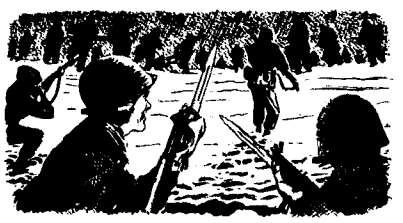
Lieutenant Stanley T. Adams
Medal of Honor

ONE BITING-COLD FEBRUARY NIGHT, Lieutenant Adams was on a bitterly contested hill near Sesim-ni, Korea. Out of the dark earth the silhouettes of some 150 Communist troops rose up against the skyline. Ordering fixed bayonets, the lieutenant, with only 13 men, leaped up and charged furiously against the overwhelming odds. He was knocked down by a bullet. At least three hand grenades actually bounced off his body before exploding nearby. But when Adams and his squad were through, there were only 50 Communists left on the hill—and they were dead.



"Nobody likes to kill," says Stanley Adams. "Nobody likes war. But today the surest way to invite a war is to be weak. You and I know that twice in the last ten years Americans have let their guard down. And the Philippine and Korean graveyards are filled with men who paid the price for it.

"Please don't make that tragic mistake again. Remember that in the world today, *peace is only for the strong*. Help make your country and your armed services stronger still—by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense Bonds. Put *your* bond-power behind *our* fire-power, *now*—and together we'll keep America at peace!"

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy United States Defense Bonds now!

Peace is for the strong...Buy U.S. Defense Bonds now!

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by metal joints shrinking in the intense cold.

For 24 hours a day, moreover, the entire crew must be on guard against the arctic's greatest hazard—fire. If the buildings of the installation were to be wiped out in one blaze, it might be months before rescue planes could fly in, and the crew couldn't live more than a few hours in the deadly cold without food and shelter. So the buildings are scattered and emergency caches are buried in the snow at varying distances from the station.

Each cache is marked by flags and contains arctic tents, potbellied stoves, 50-pound sacks of coal, and Army 10-in-1 rations—enough to carry the crew through the four-month Dark Period during which planes rarely can land at the outposts. There have been disastrous fires at Resolute Bay and Eureka Sound, and to avert such catastrophes, every man takes his turn at fire duty, checking all the oil stoves in the station at one-hour intervals.

The biggest danger is from high winds which can blow out the flame in a stove while the oil keeps dripping. Then the tiniest spark ignites the oil fumes, and in the extremely dry air of the arctic (little moisture gets into the atmosphere because all water surfaces are frozen), the wooden buildings go up like tinder.

Despite all this, the men get along fairly well in the outposts—while they are indoors. When we first came in out of the cold into the operations building at Alert, we were amazed to find such civilized living in the wilderness. The building was a combination living room-dining room-kitchen-radio room-office, with a hand-pump shower in a shed at the rear. With its easy chairs and factory-made furniture. the interior looked little different from that of a big residence somewhere in the United States.

The men spend most of their off-duty hours here, and one entire wall is covered with books and phonograph records. The records come from the U.S. Armed Forces Radio Service; the books are sent up by institutions like the Walker Library in Boston and by a remarkable woman in St. Paul Minnesota, named Margaret Oldenburg who is known from Alaska to Greenland as "the Angel of the Arctic," a philanthropist whose special interest is the people in these outposts. She also sends up hand-painted napkins, Christmas presents and drawings of tropical scenes.

Books and magazines are the most important diversion, for, as John Lewis says "If you don't lose yourself in reading up here, it's easy to go off your rocker." Second in importance are card playing and listening to the radio. Alert actually is much closer to Russia than to the United States, so Radio Moscow is their most powerful station. "We listen to their music which is pretty good," Lewis says, "and they tell us all about the 'secret new bases' which the United States is building in Greenland.'

Because of a freak of nature—the ionosphere layer over the North Pole—commercial radio stations in other parts of the world sometimes come in with unexpected clarity, and it is not unusual for the men to listen to a boxing bout in Madison Square Garden over Station KSTP in St. Paul or WLW in Cincinnati, or a bullfight over Station XEOY in Mexico. They can usually pick up at least one station in the United States carrying the World Series or the big college football games, and Chapman, an ex-resident of Indianapolis, boasts that he hasn't missed hearing an Indianapolis Speedway automobile race yet.

During the long hours of vigil at the short-wave radio, the radio operators have come up with another electronics diversion for the men by developing long-distance friendships with ham radio operators all over the world.

One of these, J. S. Surber, of Peru, Indiana, has built this into quite a hobby since he made his first contact with Jim Tarver, of Kerrville, Texas, one of the radio operators at Alert. Surber, a night train dispatcher for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, speaks with Alert—generally at

COLLIER'S

"Did you beat him fair and square or was he trying to sell you something?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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COLLIER'S "We pay every two weeks because you can't buy anything with one week's pay" BILL YATES

1:00 A.M. and at 1:30 P.M.—and he takes down messages, which the Alert operators collect from men in all the outposts, for relay to their families. Surber sends these messages to the families by mail, and occasionally he even has hooked up his radio to a telephone so the men can speak to relatives personally.

Surber has ordered badly needed items for the men from U.S. department stores, and there have been instances of wives traveling great distances to his home to speak with their husbands over his transmitter. Once, he may even have saved a man's life.

Last year, Alert's cook, W. W. George, of Washington, D.C., developed an infected wisdom tooth. If the infection spread, there was danger that George would become seriously ill. But it was during the Dark Period and he could not be flown out for another three months. So Tarver radioed Surber, who contacted a local physician and a dentist. These gentlemen gave Surber step-by-step instructions as to how the tooth should be extracted and the infection treated. Surber then relayed the information to Alert, and the crew carefully extracted the molar using a pair of mechanic's pliers. George recovered—after what was undoubtedly one of the longest-distance dental operations in history.

The Mysterious Cache

During the few brief weeks when the temperature rises above zero, the men at Alert engage in target practice, firing out to sea in the direction of the North Pole. They also go in for some cross-country skiing. This led to an interesting occurrence a few months ago, involving John Lewis.

The officer in charge always had an overwhelming desire to see nearby Robeson Channel, which separates Ellesmere Island from Greenland by only 15 miles, and one day he decided to make the trip. He set out on skis, and after he had gone about 18 miles, he saw what seemed to be a rock protruding above the surface of the snow. He pulled on the object, and, to his amazement, it turned out to be the top of a tent, which disintegrated at his touch. Not only that, but when he dug beneath the snow, he found an extraordinary array of items.

As Lewis reports in his diary: "Within the tent, I found about six sleeping bags of ancient variety. They seemed to be made of horsehair blanket or some type of coarse duffel. These, too, came apart at the touch. Other articles were one pair of red-and-black knee-length socks, a medicine box in which the bottles were all broken and the bandages rotted, a pair of moccasin-type boots, a cocoa wrapper, which from the writing appeared to be quite old, and, last but not least, a canister of rum. The contents of this last will respond to the application of a match and burn with a soft blue flame. A small sip is enough to tear the throat out of an ordinary man. But we seem to have some sturdy characters here who are intent on disemboweling themselves."

To this day, the mystery of the buried camp has not been solved, though the Ottawa Museum is working on it. The materials were anywhere from thirty to sixty years old, and the socks were worn and unwashed, as if they had been discarded in a hurry. No one knows whether this is evidence of some hitherto-undiscovered arctic tragedy, or an unknown facet of one of the great explorers' expeditions. In any event, it has provided endless discussion for the crew at Alert, and Lewis keeps asking in his diary: "Was it Peary? Was it MacMillan? Or was it Nares back in 1875, in the scurvy-ridden ship Alert, for which this station was named?"

The buildings at Alert are all experimental prefabricated arctic models being tested for the U.S. and Canadian armies, and they were erected by the men themselves. There are two barracks, and each man has a room of his own—a cubicle averaging about seven by eight feet. This is necessary in the arctic because it has been found that men are less likely to become deranged if they have one place where they can retreat when they want to be alone. The rooms are furnished with a chest of drawers, a desk, a scatter rug (made by The Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind in the United States) and a bed, which some men elevate onto high platforms to place them closer to the warm air near the ceiling.

Each man paints his room in the color most soothing to him, and he can decorate it as he pleases. Grafton, for instance, has caribou antlers over his bed. The most unusual decoration is in the room of radio operator Gifford Fortner, of Gravenhurst, Ontario.

It seems that, in the way of bureaucrats, the Canadian Post Office authorities insisted on establishing a full-fledged post office at Alert, despite its ends-of-the-earth isolation. Not only that, but the outpost was assigned a postmaster (Lewis) and an assistant postmaster (Fortner), both of whom receive the same notices and literature sent out to all Canadian post offices in inhabited areas. So over Fortner's bed is a sign reading: "*Notice!* Smoking, spitting, loitering, noisy behavior in this post office, and defacing and interfering with Post Office Notices or Property in any way, is strictly prohibited."

One of the most important of Alert's buildings is a Quonset hut at the far end of the installation in which the food is stored. Frozen meats and vegetables keep perfectly in this unheated building, and French-Canadian cook Aurèle Pouliotte refers to it proudly as "the biggest quick-freeze unit in the world." But the building is important for another reason as well. Under it live the outpost's pets, a large family of beautiful, white arctic foxes, who feed on the station's garbage.

One of the foxes, named Igor, is so tame that he sits up and eats out of Lewis's hand, like a dog. Lewis is so proud of the fact that he has come close to domesticating one of the world's wildest species of animal, that he has turned down the offer from goose Bay, Labrador, to ship in excess sled dogs, the standard pets at other stations like Eureka Sound. "If you bring dogs in," he says, "you lose the foxes. And I prefer the foxes. There aren't many places in the world where you can find tame wild animals."

They Guard Their Pets

But retaining Igor and his friends requires constant vigil against the vicious four-foot-high arctic wolves which prey on foxes. (Radio operator Jim Tarver recently killed one at 500 yards with a single shot through the head.) So the care and protection of their unusual pets has become a diversion at Alert co-equal with card playing, reading and radio listening.

During the spring and summer, when it is light 24 hours a day, these diversions are enough to keep the men occupied—as they are added to their regular duties and the backbreaking work of unloading the resupply planes and storing away a full year's supplies. In October, however, the perpetual night closes in, the planes stop coming, and for five months the men are in complete isolation, with little extra work to do. It is then that the psychiatric problems begin.

When a man cracks up in the Far North, he follows a pretty fixed pattern. First he argues constantly with his mates, then he avoids them, and finally he sits by himself just staring into space. The eventual outcome of this progression can be suicide. The outposts have had only one such case so far, mainly because the men have become trained to spot psychological weaknesses and if any symptoms show up in a new man, he is whisked out again before the last plane leaves in September.

But even for the strongest, there is no more welcome sight than the reappearance of the sun in March. The men dance and sing and drink their meager supplies of beer and whisky. There is an exhilarating feeling of having triumphed over nature when you have emerged alive from the horror of constant night in the arctic.

This, then, is life at Alert, and it does not vary significantly in the other Canadian-U.S. outposts or in the Danish-U.S. stations in Greenland.

We flew up to one base with a group of young Air Force replacements, and even *they* exhibited cockiness and good humor despite the fact that their destination, Greenland, is forbiddingly known as "the Rock" to the rest of the Air Force. "It just means that I'll get home from overseas sooner," said twenty-one-year-old Sergeant David Bonnell, of Mount Pleasant, Michigan. "Besides, if it didn't hurt Admiral Peary when he went to the North Pole, I guess it won't hurt me."

When I finally left the arctic, I was worried about the transpolar air route which leads directly over Greenland to the heartland of America. But then I thought of the caliber of the men who are blocking the way—Blowtorch Morgan, of Watonga, Oklahoma, who carves arctic airstrips out of the wilderness almost singlehandedly, John Lewis and Warner Chapman at Alert, Colonel Bernt Balchen, Lieutenant Colonel Albert E. Milliken, even young Sergeant David Bonnell, who cockily compares himself with the great explorer Peary. Then I stopped worrying, because this reminded me of a statement made by Charles Joseph Hubbard, the father of all the arctic stations, who lies buried at Alert where he died in an airplane crash in 1950.

"We most certainly shall prevail in the Polar Sea," Hubbard said, "because we are of the breed of Peary." THE END

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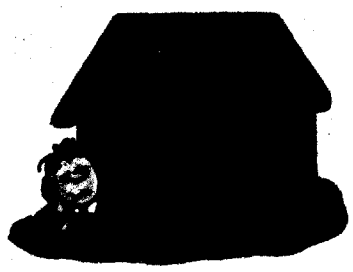
Just Married

A Game for Two (or More)

By TED KEY

(No rules. Learn as you play.)



DOGHOUSE (Start over)

JOE'S BAR AND GRILL (Start over)

START HERE

"Four toasters, twelve book ends, thirty-two ash trays . . ." (Go back one)

"I *said* it was *delicious!*" (Go back three)

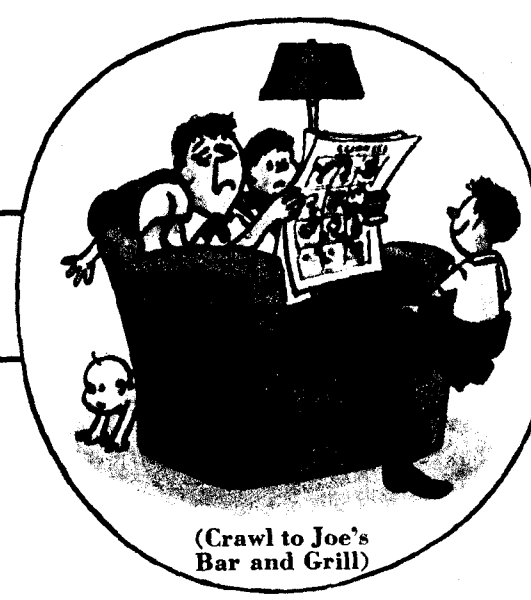
"If I'm not in when you get home, put the kettle on and . . ." (Go back five)

"Look, I ran into Joe Collins, we got to talking . . ." (Go to doghouse)

"Got that raise!" (Go ahead one)

"Doctor Lansbury? We're heading for the hospital!!" (Go ahead two)

(Go back seven)



(Crawl to Joe's Bar and Grill)

Collier's for June 28, 1952

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"I LOST 45 POUNDS... THANKS TO YOUR NEW REDUCING PLAN," SAYS MINETTE DIXON

Woman Editor Writes Ann Delafield of Amazing Results with Famous Beauty Consultant's Easy Way to Lose Weight

his enthusiastic letter to the renowned beauty uthority, Ann Delafield, is typical of the rateful thanks she has received from hunreds of thousands of pupils all over the world hom she has helped lose weight. Minette ixon had tried reducing before, but she was ever lastingly successful. Then she tried the nn Delafield Reducing Plan, and wrote Miss elafield of her wonderful accomplishment.

"With the aid of the Ann Delafield Appetite educer I was able not only to carry on a full me job, but to do all my own housework as ell. It seemed no time at all that I dropped om 170 to 125 pounds!"

E HAPPY—BE SLENDER

Now... you, too, can achieve similar thrilling success. A reducing plan is offered to you based on scientific laboratory research, and implemented by a vitamin protective capsule. If your story is like Miss Dixon's... and thousands of other women (and men) who have been struggling for years with a problem of overweight... the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan was designed for *you*. You'll be amazed how soon... how easily... you will find slender beauty. And the way to this new happiness will be *fun*, too!

During Miss Delafield's forty years of experience in helping people to lose weight, she has had pupils from all over the world... and most of them have been recommended by perонal physicians. Based on her accumulated nowledge of the problem, she is convinced he only way to achieve slender beauty is a atural, healthy way. And the good news to ou is that she realizes, too, the tortures of alorie-counting and starvation diets. So now he has developed for you, the Ann Delafield educing Plan... *an easy way to reduce that oesn't take the fun out of life.*

OU CAN EAT YOUR CAKE AND HAVE "IT" TOO

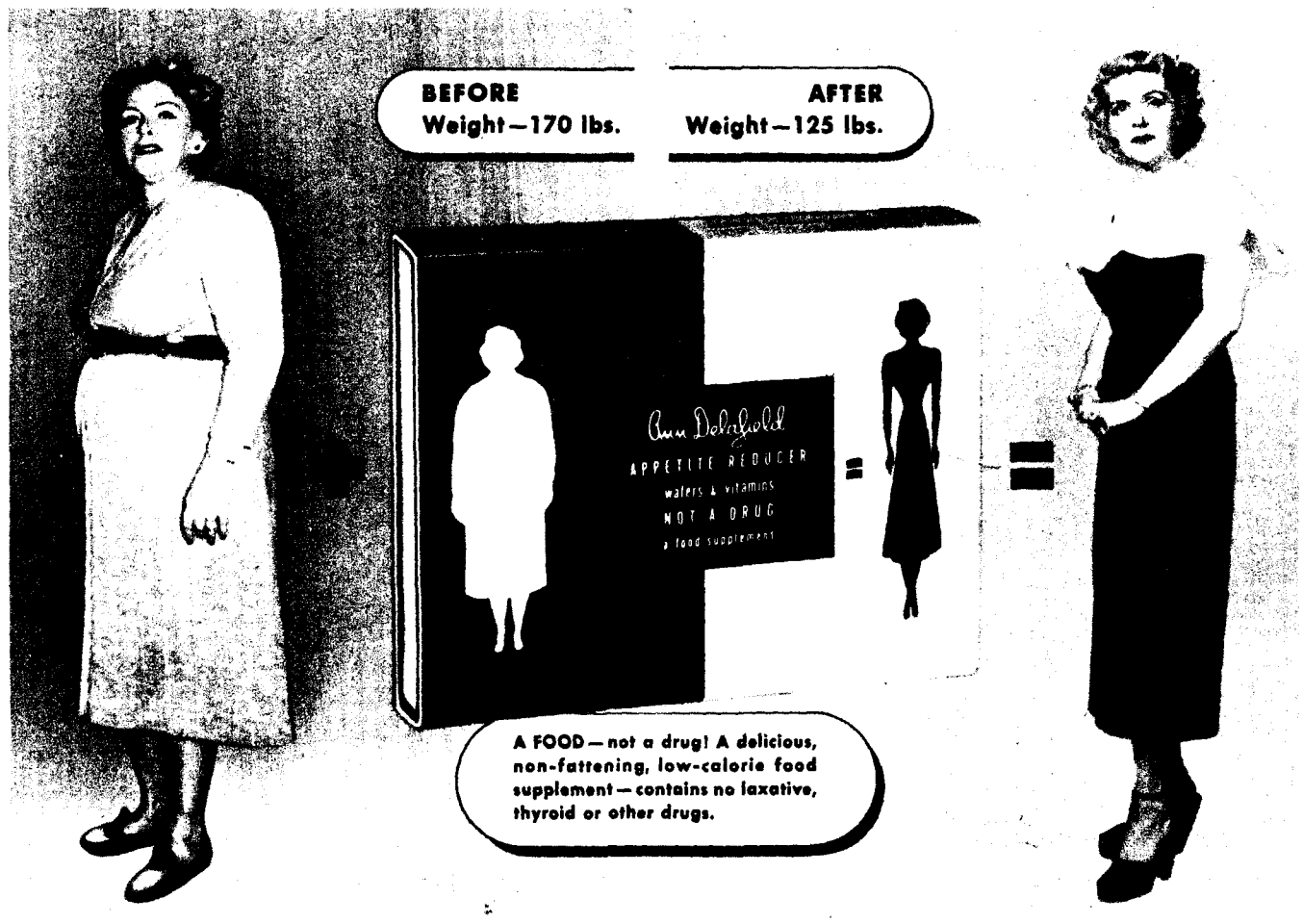
ncluded in the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan re generous, appetizing—yet low-calorie—enus. (You even have a piece of cake for essert!) The secret of the amazing success of Miss Delafield's plan is a scientifically produced... and *delicious*... wafer called the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer. When you feel he need of a pick-up for energy between eals, this pharmaceutically approved food upplement satisfies that urge... *without adding any ugly pounds.* This wafer was conceived fter years of practical experience and hours f consultation with physicians and dieticians.

In addition, your diet is supplemented by .nn Delafield Vitamin Capsules... carefully prepared by expert chemists to conform to the ecommended dietary allowances of the Food nd Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the contained vitamins.

ON'T PUT IT OFF

Begin this easy way to a richer, fuller life *now!* f your doctor has told you that your excess veight is not due to a glandular disturbance or rganic causes, start on your Ann Delafield educing Plan *today*. The complete package ..containing a book with suggested menus nd helpful beauty tips, a 30-day supply of our Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafers nd Vitamins costs just $6.95; the repeat packge just $5.95.

Rexall
DRUGGISTS OF AMERICA



Before Minette Dixon tried the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan she weighed 170 pounds. Every attempt to lose weight was an unhappy failure... but it was a different story after trying Miss Delafield's easy, natural way to reduce.

"Dear Miss Delafield," she wrote. "A wonderful thing has been accomplished with me. WITH THE HELP OF THE ANN DELAFIELD APPETITE REDUCER, I have lost 45 horrible pounds rapidly and becomingly. I was able not only to carry on a full time job, but to do all of my own housework as well. All of which goes to prove that reducing with the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducers is truly the vital way to beauty."

*Minette Dixon, New York City**

MARY ANN LLEWELLYN LOOKS TEN YEARS YOUNGER!

When Mary Ann Llewellyn tried the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan she discovered one of the magical results of losing weight a natural, healthy way. She maintained her vital energy and even slept better than she had for months. *She looked and felt younger!* Reporting her happy achievement to Miss Delafield, Mrs. Llewellyn wrote this:

"My friends say *I look ten years younger since I lost those thirty ugly pounds!* Whenever I've tried to reduce in the past, I've always felt hungry, but the 'Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafer' kept me so well satisfied that I was never tempted to take extra food. Thanks for giving us women *an easy way to reduce!*"

*Mary Ann Llewellyn, New York City**

**Address on request from Rexall, Los Angeles*

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Meacham laid the barrel of the gun across the crutch, and sighted at Hackbarth. "I couldn't miss a chinch bug with this setup," he said

SADDLE BY STARLIGHT

By LUKE SHORT

Emmet Hackbarth was not a strong man, not a fighter. He wanted to give up. And Sam couldn't let him—Hackbarth's surrender would mean the defeat of all the North Basin ranchers

IV

EMMET HACKBARTH'S ranch, Swallowfork, was set against the face of a bald foothill ridge, but some hidden spring had fed a great forest of cottonwoods that grew around its base. Among these cottonwoods lay the careless tangle of Swallowfork's buildings—a one-story log house, a low-roofed adobe bunkhouse, and, to the east, pole sheds and corrals.

This sunny morning, as young Johnny Glassford, the horse wrangler, rode in, the place might have been deserted except that someone in the distant blacksmith shed was making a din on the anvil. Johnny's normal course would have carried him past the open doors of the blacksmith shop, but, as if he didn't want to be seen, he turned his horse and the horse he was leading so that he cut in between the back of the shop and the corral.

As soon as he'd dismounted, Johnny loosened the cinch of his saddle, took off the bridle, turned both his horse and the led horse into the corral, and then stood looking uncertainly at the house. Presently, he moved into the barn and came out with a bottle of pine tar and went into the corral again.

The led horse had a wire cut on a lower foreleg, and Johnny, with the care of a newly hired sixteen-year-old, doctored it painstakingly. Then he stuffed the bottle of pine tar under the lowest corral pole, and then looked again at the house.

He stood there for several minutes, fashioning a cigarette with uncertain fingers, while he stared toward the house. Then, in a gesture of decision, he threw his half-rolled cigarette away, left the corral, and headed through the cottonwoods, for the house, with a long-legged, purposeful stride.

As he knocked on the side door, Johnny knew he was disturbing Hackbarth, and that the interruption would not be welcome, for Emmet Hackbarth's mornings were as carefully organized as an

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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ırmy colonel's. Since he was in the anching business to make money, and ince the making of money, its acceptnce and disbursement, was a matter of ecord, Hackbarth spent the mornings ecording his financial transactions. Anther rancher could keep his tally, his ccasional swaps, receipts and expendiures in his head from the year's begining to end, but Hackbarth did not even y. Ledgers, with their proper entries, ere the badge of a going business, a natter of pride. In consequence, his liv-ng room was no room at all; it was an cean of invoices, bills of lading, order lanks, letters of credit and accounts ayable and receivable.

WHEN Johnny knocked, Hackbarth looked up from the ledger at which e had been working. He answered in a retful voice and, pen in hand, watched hile Johnny stepped into the room, losed the door carefully behind him, nd took off his battered Stetson.

For a moment, Hackbarth, lost in his wn private world of arithmetic, had a ifficult time identifying his newest emloyee. When he did, he said, "Yes, ohnny."

"There's something you ought to now, Mr. Hackbarth," Johnny blurted ut. "You got two squatters on your and."

Hackbarth stared at him, accepting is news without understanding it. "Squatters?"

"Homesteaders. I don't know the name of where they're camped, but it's our land."

Hackbarth gave him a sour frown. "Well, didn't you tell them to get off?"

The color crept into Johnny's face, but his glance held Hackbarth's. "No, sir," he said slowly. "I think it would take more than me to move them."

"Why do you say that?"

Johnny shifted his feet, but his glance was level. "They just dared me to say something they didn't like," Johnny aid slowly, trying to put an npleasant memory into vords. "It wasn't what they aid, it was what they never ven spoke."

Hackbarth swiveled his hair away from Johnny in orler to hide the dismay he felt. 'm the next one, he thought retfully, and he recalled with listaste his last brush with omesteaders. There was no eason why a man should have o submit to this annoyance, Hackbarth thought. He had aid out good money for this rass and the stock on it and vas, therefore, entitled to proection against a nuisance. But, as it had before, the thought came to him now that perhaps Ganley was right and this land was still public. Even the suggestion that he had paid out good money for land whose title was in doubt seemed intolerable, and he sighed. Without turning, he said, "All right, Johnny. I'll take care of it."

When Johnny had gone, Hackbarth still stared out the window, thinking over what he must do. Sam Holley had shown the way when he'd moved the Raineys off Six-Up, but the thought of using force filled Hackbarth with distaste. His profession was turning grass into meat at a profit, not hounding trespassers off his property. But a moment later he knew what he must do, and he accepted it.

After the noon meal, a half-dozen hands were lounging and smoking under the trees in front of the cookshack. Roy Gates, Hackbarth's foreman, was not among them, but old Frank Utley, to whom the crew came for work assignments in Gates's absence, was hunched on his crutch, packing his after-dinner pipe, when Hackbarth left the house and headed for the cookshack.

There was no easy give-and-take between Swallowfork's owner and its crew. It was impossible for a man to run a ranch like a dry-goods store, but Emmet Hackbarth had never given up trying. So when he stopped and motioned Frank Utley to him, he did it as he would summon his chief saleslady.

Old Frank saw the summons and ignored it. He drew a match from his shirt pocket, fumbled for the familiar rough knot on the wood of the crutch under his right arm, struck the match on it, and lighted his pipe.

Hackbarth, accepting this reprimand, strolled over to the waiting men. At his approach, the talk dribbled off into silence.

Hackbarth addressed himself to Utley. "Frank, I want you to drop work this afternoon and bring the boys along with me. We've got a couple of homesteaders to move off."

Old Frank looked at him impassively. "Now?"

Instead of telling him to be ready in half an hour, or asking to be called when the crew was ready, Hackbarth made the insulting gesture of pulling out his watch and consulting it. Standing there in his black townsman's suit, his Stetson riding his head squarely, he seemed to these men to be some foreign master whose ways they would never understand. "At one o'clock," Hackbarth said.

Locking his hands behind him, he strolled out through the trees toward the corral, showing as plainly as possible that, while he was ready to ride now, he would give his crew their full lunch hour.

At one o'clock, Hackbarth mounted the horse Johnny Glassford had saddled for him and led out from Swallowfork, six riders trailing behind him. Out of courtesy, old Frank sided him, but there was little conversation. Hackbarth recognized old Frank's gesture, but he wished Frank had not made it. The sight of Frank's shriveled right leg draped over the worn rifle boot in which he carried his crutch always irritated Hackbarth. It reminded him that he was paying wages to an old white-haired, wrinkle-faced cripple, nearly useless, whom he had inherited when he bought the ranch.

Hackbarth remembered that he had neglected to question Johnny about the homesteaders. Now he was regretting it. He hoped there would be no women involved—especially no children.

EVEN before they reached the dry wash Johnny had identified, Hackbarth heard the sound of chopping ahead of him in the cottonwood motte. A minute later, when he and the crew reached the edge of the bottoms, and put their horses down the gentle slope, the chopping stopped. They've been waiting for us, Hackbarth thought.

Approaching the cottonwoods through the deep grass, Hackbarth saw a newly cut stake driven into the ground. It was flattened on one side, and there were figures penciled on the fresh wood. It was a corner post, and the sight of it annoyed Hackbarth intolerably.

He rode straight toward the camp in the cottonwoods, where Otey Bliss and Meacham were waiting. Reining up before the fire, Hackbarth looked at the two dirty men and then at their sorry-looking possessions. The expression on his usually stolid face held no anger, and only a faint resentment; mostly it was a reflection of disgust at what he saw. "What are you two doing here?" he asked in a businesslike voice.

Meacham, his cheek bulging with tobacco, chomped impassively on it a half-dozen times, and then spat. "We figure to homestead this piece."

"Well, pack your stuff and get along," Hackbarth said peremptorily. "This is my ranch and it's not open for homesteading. Clear out."

Both Otey and Meacham were coolly appraising the Swallowfork crew, gauging its temper and its capabilities. Otey's look lingered longest on old Frank Utley, whose gnarled hands were folded placidly on the horn of his saddle. When Hackbarth finished talking, Otey gave Meacham a quick, sly glance. He shifted his weight, hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his ragged jeans, and stared at Hackbarth with sleepy disdain. "Who are you, now?" he asked politely.

"Emmet Hackbarth. I own Swallowfork."

"Well, Emmet Hackbarth, you're now trespassing the hell out of two brand-new homesteads," Otey said cheerfully. "If that's your pappy with you, he's trespassing too. All of you get off."

As Otey spoke, Meacham moved a little closer to him,

The Story: To protect their ranges from would-be homesteaders, the ranchers of the North Basin, led by SAM HOLLEY, foreman of Six-Up, had banded together. They knew most of the "squatters" were egged on by HUGH GANLEY, a surveyor who hoped to make work for himself resurveying land, and the man who had broken up Sam's romance with VIRGINIA TALCOTT.

Their alliance was a shaky one, though. Sam antagonized ANSON HETH, one of the ranchers, first by interfering in a brawl between BILL TENCH, Heth's foreman, and two of Ganley's toughs, and then by getting a job with MRS. HETH for JULIA RAINEY, the sister of an evicted homesteader. Later, Sam encountered Tench in a bar again, was goaded into fighting him, and threw him out into the street, where he lay unconscious until Ganley's toughs, OTEY BLISS and ALBIE MEACHAM, found him and beat him to death.

Convinced that Sam had killed Tench, Heth went hunting him, but Julia found him first and warned him, and Sam rode into town to see Sheriff GEORGE DANA. Heth was in Dana's office, and Sam told him he had not killed Tench, but he refused to account for an hour he'd spent talking to Ganley about Virginia. Enraged, Heth went for him, and Sam knocked him down.

Meanwhile, Ganley had sent Meacham and Bliss to stake a claim on land belonging to EMMET HACKBARTH.

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and in the moving contrived to ram both hands in his hip pockets.

This unexpected defiance had a strange effect on Hackbarth; for a reason he did not understand himself, he felt himself blushing. He heard old Frank's horse move up alongside him, and he supposed this was old Frank's way of telling him that action was now necessary and they had best get on with it. However, the sight of these two seedy men, so eager for trouble, brought a sudden caution to Hackbarth. "I don't want to have to move you off, but I can do it," he said.

"That's one man's opinion," Otey said.

One of the Swallowfork crew in the rear started to move his horse so as to skirt the camp and come in on the other side. Without hesitation, Meacham made the effortless motion of lifting his elbow—and his gun was in his hand. He lifted his left arm and pointed directly at the rider, calling, "You stay put, buster."

AS MEACHAM spoke, Otey moved up to old Frank Utley's horse. Without a word, he reached up and drew Frank's crutch from its scabbard. Old Frank made a grab for the crutch, but Otey was too quick for him. Otey stepped back, grinning, and then with a motion of surprising violence jabbed the toe of the crutch into the soft ground. With an air of unconcern, he drew his gun from the waistband of his jeans, laid its barrel across the top of the crutch, and sighted along it at Hackbarth. He said flatly, "I couldn't miss a chinch bug with this setup, Mr. Hackbarth. Now, what were you saying?"

The bitter knowledge that the play had been taken away from him came to Hackbarth. He turned slowly in the saddle to look over his crew. At least four of them were armed, but they had made no move to back him up, and Hackbarth knew the full measure of his failure. These men did not like him, were not even loyal to him, and would risk nothing for him, he knew now. Those among them who would meet his glance of reproof looked only sullen and almost pleased at his mishandling of this affair.

Turning back, Hackbarth stared into the unwavering barrel of Otey's gun. The rider at the rear had pulled back into the group, and now Meacham was policing them all.

"I can't hear you," Otey taunted.

Somewhere off among the cottonwoods, a bird scolded shrilly; it was the only sound for a long moment, as Hackbarth wondered what to do. Finally, he said, "You don't think you'll stay here, do you?"

"If I wasn't damn' sure of it, I'd shoot you now," Otey said calmly.

Hackbarth felt the first real touch of fear moving along his spine. These men were of a breed he did not understand and had never met up with. They not only seemed to enjoy danger but they seemed eager to bet their dirty, insignificant lives on the chance turn of a word. It was, Hackbarth thought, bitterly unfair that his own life seemed precious to him, while theirs seemed of no importance to them. Their recklessness appalled him, and he could find no weapon against it.

Meacham was looking at him with a cool contempt, and again Hackbarth felt himself blush.

Otey finally broke the silence: "Take your pappy and go home, Mr. Hackbarth."

Meacham walked slowly over to Hackbarth, his gun hanging loosely in his hand. "Don't come here again," Meacham said coldly. "If I see one of your riders on these homesteads again, I won't go to the sheriff and I won't law you. I'll shoot you."

Hackbarth had never heard plain murder pledged before. He took his men and left.

When Anson Heth, flanked by two of his riders, returned home in the early afternoon, he seemed calmer to those of the crew who had watched him ride out that morning. He stepped out of the saddle by the corral, handed his reins to one of the riders, talked a moment, and then headed for the house.

As he tramped by the cookshack, he saw old Frank Utley sitting in the sun. Heth's broad, almost placid face looked annoyed. He stopped, and, to show that he would not be diverted, he made no move to approach old Frank, only said, "Hi, oldtimer."

Old Frank had learned all there was to know about humility in these last few years. He heaved himself awkwardly to his feet, slipped the crutch under his arm, and hobbled over to Heth. "Been waiting for you," old Frank murmured. He looked about him with a conspiratorial air, although the nearest possible eavesdropper was at least a hundred yards away.

Heth frowned. "What for?"

"Reckon you could find any work for me to do here, Anson?"

"You're too stove up to help anybody, Frank. Why? You leaving Hackbarth?"

Old Frank nodded vigorously. "Now or later. And I'd sooner make it now."

"What did you two fight about?"

"No fight, Anson," old Frank said grimly. "It's just that them sodbusters will take him over. A pair of them chased him off his own grass this morning. If two of them can back down six Swallowfork hands and their boss, it's time I got out before I get hitched to a plow."

"Where was this?" Heth asked, interested now.

Old Frank told him of the open defiance with which Meacham and Bliss had met Hackbarth. Discounting the fact that old Frank's contempt and disgust weighted the story, Heth realized that this was a major victory for Ganley and his riffraff. A few days ago, this news would have sent him into immediate action. Now he didn't give a damn, and he knew why. So far as he was concerned, the union of North Basin ranchers no longer existed. He and his crew could take care of Chainlink, and that was all that mattered. The weak would fall and the strong would resist, and Sam Holley's hope for unity was only a memory and a foolish one.

And he had no time to waste on the situation. "I've got nothing for you, Frank," he said flatly. "Emmet will take care of you."

He moved on toward the house, old Frank's news filed away and forgotten. When he went into the kitchen, he saw Eleanor Heth and Julia Rainey sitting at the big table under the window. Yards of curtain material lay helter-skelter on the oilcloth, and both women were sewing.

Eleanor glanced up, saw her husband, and smiled. "Did old Frank see you?" Eleanor asked.

"He saw me."

"What do you think is the matter with Emmet?" Eleanor asked quickly.

Heth walked slowly across the room, stopped beside the table, and said flatly, "To hell with that old woman! Guess where I've been." Heth's tone had a mock gentleness.

Eleanor said, "No notion. Where have you?"

"On Dan Beale's old wagon road to the reservation."

Heth saw the brief glance Eleanor exchanged with Julia, and he took a solid pleasure in anticipating what was to come.

"Have you?" Eleanor asked.

Heth nodded. "I got to wondering who tipped off Holley. I was looking for him. It wasn't you, because you rode to Ferrin. Besides the boys, there was only one other person here who'd heard the news of Tench."

Now Heth looked directly at Julia Rainey, who was watching him with a sober expression that could not hide her apprehension. "That pony Eleanor gave you toes in with his left hind foot. I'd know his tracks anywhere." He paused. "Now, you tell me where I found them."

"On the wagon road," Julia said levelly.

Heth shifted his attention to Eleanor, and his voice was mocking. "Remember how loyal she would be?" he said. "Remember?"

"Julia was—to me," Eleanor said quietly. "I sent her."

"You sent her?" Heth echoed, derision in his voice. He put both hands on the table and leaned toward Eleanor. "Then you can send her back again, send her clear away from here for good."

Eleanor put her sewing on the table and said quietly, "No, Anson."

Heth raised a fist and brought it crashing down on the table. "I say, get her out of here!" He turned to Julia. "Go pack your stuff! I want you out of here in an hour!"

Julia stood up, and Eleanor got to her feet at the same moment. Slowly, Heth straightened up, glaring at the two women.

"I told you before," Eleanor said quietly, "if Julia goes, I go."

Heth put a big hand against her che and roughly shoved her down into th chair. "No, you don't," he said flatly "You're not going off this place, and I'r telling the crew that."

Eleanor stood up again, saying angrily "You can't keep me here! I won't—"

With a backhand motion of his ur clenched fist, Heth clouted her across th face with a violence that sent her backwar into the chair again. She was too startled t cry out. Silently, she raised a hand to he cheek.

Heth again put both hands on the tabl and leaned across it, so that his face wa close to hers. "You're not going anywhere lady!" he said softly, angrily. "Suppose yo stay home and be a wife for a change."

He swiveled his head, looked at Julia and said roughly, "Get out!" Then h straightened up, turned slowly, and steppe outside.

THE room was utterly silent for a fu fifteen seconds. Then Julia skirted th table and came up to Eleanor, who wa staring blankly at the heap of curtain ma terial. Eleanor had her hand to her cheek but her eyes were dry and hard.

Julia put a hand on her shoulder. "Be lieve me, it's best that I go."

Eleanor didn't answer for a moment, an then she said with an angry bitterness, "Gc where?"

"It doesn't matter, just so it's away from here. Please don't ask me to stay. It's not fair to you."

Without looking at her, Eleanor reached up and touched her hand and then said, "I can't insist, Julia. Next time he'd hit *you*."

Eleanor said nothing more, and Julia went to her room. Hurriedly, she set about packing her few belongings in the worn valise. When she heard Eleanor walk down the corridor and stop in the open doorway, she did not look around until Eleanor said tonelessly, "I've thought of something."

Julia straightened up, steeling herself for an argument. She shook her head quickly and said, "It's no good, Eleanor. No matter who's in the right, I can't cause a quarrel between a man and his wife. Please don' ask me to stay."

"I didn't mean that. I can't ask you tc stay, but I can send you to Mary anc Lydia."

As Julia opened her mouth to protest Eleanor raised a hand to silence her. "Mary needs your help," she said. "She asked me only a day or so ago if I'd let you come tc her for a few days. Lydia worships you and you're good for her, Julia. Oh, pleasc do it."

Julia was confused and embarrassed, anc she knew Eleanor saw it in her face. Since old Frank Utley had come with the news that Meacham and Bliss had settled or Swallowfork to stay, she had been scarec and silent. The consequences of her talk with Ganley were plain enough now. She, and she alone, was responsible for Swallowfork's misfortune, and its misfortune was the North Basin's. Heth's dismissal of her had been almost welcome; she knew she could never stay at Chainlink with that burden of guilt upon her.

Yet the thought of going back to Relief, to Dick and to Ganley, was unbearable. She had come to love Eleanor Heth and her sister, Mrs. Beale, and Lydia. *They* were her people, not Ganley and his whining friends. But in a moment of vengeance and unwisdom, she had betrayed these friends, even before she knew them. And now she was reaping the rewards of her treachery.

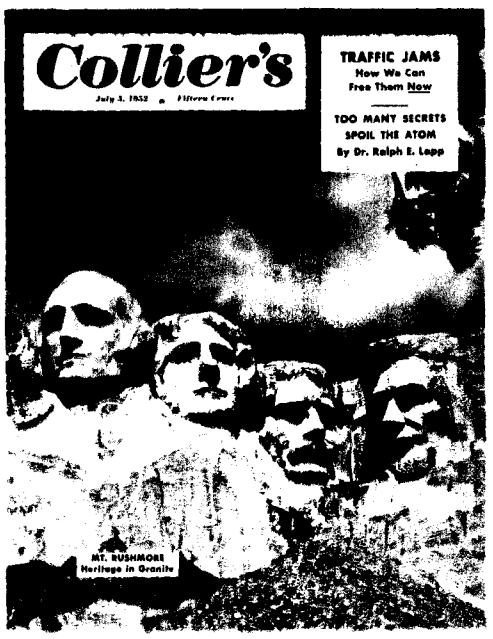
Eleanor Heth said, almost vehemently, "Oh, damn it, Julia! Don't be proud now! Let me write a note to Mary telling her I'm loaning you to her. When you've been there a while, I'll write her that Anson doesn't want you back. She'll never let you go."

"She'd keep me out of charity," Julia said miserably.

"She'd keep you because she loves you. We all do."

An overwhelming shame came to Julia

Next Week



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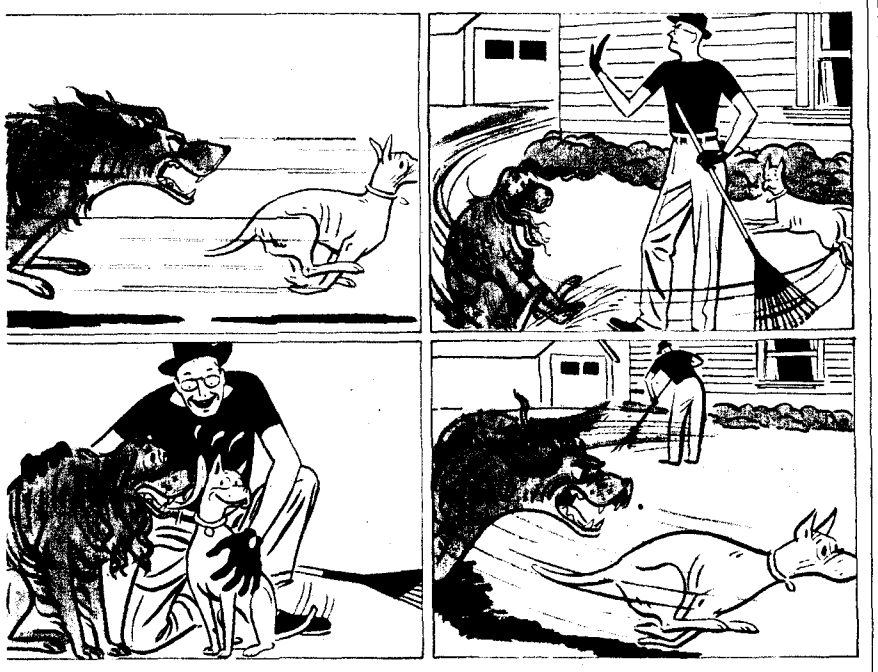

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

ıen, and she turned back to her packing, so .s not to have to look at Eleanor.

"I'll write the note now," Eleanor said, nd Julia, listening to her retreating foot- teps, thought: There's your choice: Six-Up ınd happiness, or town and misery. She vent on packing, refusing to make the :hoice. A helpless sense of fatalism came ɔver her, and she hated it. If she had any noral courage, she knew, she would go to own. Why was she wavering? In the end, Eleanor made up her mind for her, as ulia had known she would. When Julia :ame into the kitchen, Eleanor slipped ın envelope into the pocket of her dress. Together then, they went outside. The ɔuckboard, grimly ordered by Heth, was vaiting.

Eleanor went up to the driver, who was :ting in his seat, waiting. "Ted, you're drive Miss Rainey to Six-Up. Do you ıderstand?"

"He said town," the driver replied.

"She's changed her mind."

"All right," the driver said resignedly. When Julia had handed her valise to the :iver, she turned to look at Eleanor. Im- ılsively, Eleanor drew Julia to her and ssed her. "Don't say anything to Mary," leanor said softly. "Just come and see me hen my punishment is over."

On the ride to Six-Up, Julia sat slack in e seat, so uncommunicative that the :iver gave up his awkward attempts at ɔnversation. She felt drained and ex- ıusted by the events of the afternoon, and ɔmehow soiled. She had taken the easy ⁄ay out of her dilemma, but it did not hange the fact that she was counterfeit.

THEY pulled in to Six-Up just as the cook-shack triangle was ringing supper. ı cheerful puncher on his way to supper ame over to the buckboard and handed ulia down and lifted out her valise. Then e looked past Julia at the Chainlink driver. Were you on that hunt for Holley the other ay?" he asked.

The Chainlink hand nodded warily.

The puncher stepped back. "It's a long rive home, and I hope you're hungry."

Julia thanked the driver and followed the ⁄ix-Up puncher to the kitchen. He put own her bag and called, "Company, Mrs. Beale."

It was Mrs. Beale's daughter, Lydia, wearing an oversized apron over her dress, who first greeted Julia, with a squeal of delight. Mrs. Beale, looking pleased and surprised, welcomed her warmly. They were almost ready to sit down to their sup- ɔer in the kitchen, and Julia, with Eleanor's ıote still in her pocket, joined them. Dur- ing the meal they chatted, as women will, of the small but important things they had been doing since they'd last seen each other. As twilight fell, they drank their last cup of coffee and then did the dishes. Afterward, Lydia went out in the dusk with a pocketful of carrots for her favorite horse, while Julia and Mary Beale sought the easy comfort of the back-porch steps.

At supper, Julia had answered all Mary's questions about Eleanor with a quick and glib cheerfulness. Eleanor's real circumstances, Julia knew, were not for young Lydia's hearing. Now, knowing that Lydia would be gone for some time, she drew out the note and handed it to Mrs. Beale, saying, "I think that's to tell you I'm on loan."

Once she had said it, she didn't feel any better, and Mary Beale's obvious delight brought the old feeling of shame back to her. She was thankful and relieved when Mrs. Beale, after reading the note, asked what had been happening at Chainlink.

WHEN Sam Holley rounded the corner of the wagon shed he saw Lydia at the corral gate, and he smiled. The half-dozen horses in the corral were cautiously looking toward the carrots she was extending—all but her own bay.

He moved over beside Lydia, whose tone by now was beseeching. Sam heard her say, "Not you, and not you." And then she heard Sam and turned her head.

Sam said dryly. "I thought you had him trained."

"I have," Lydia said firmly.

"To do what? Run when you point a carrot at him?"

Lydia said, with exasperation, "Every time I offer him a carrot, the other horses kick him. He's afraid to come up."

Sam said gravely, "Maybe he voted Democratic."

Lydia giggled, and then pitched the handful of carrots over the heads of the other horses to her horse across the corral. Then she turned and fell in beside Sam, who headed for the house.

"Julia's here," Lydia said. "She's staying overnight, too."

"Good. Let's make fudge," Sam said gravely.

"Sam, quit teasing," Lydia said.

"Who's teasing?" Sam protested. "I mean it. Isn't that the way little girls make a celebration?"

Lydia thought about this for a moment and then she said gravely, "Well, that's the way I used to, but I think I've outgrown it."

"I haven't," Sam said. "And don't get grown-up on me, sport. Neither have you."

Lydia laughed softly, and Sam held the

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gate open for her. As they went up the walk, he saw Mrs. Beale and Julia Rainey on the steps. Julia was talking, and Sam, unable to distinguish her words, listened curiously to the low, pleasant pitch of her voice. As soon as she saw him, he knew, a coldness and a tartness would creep into it. He remembered their stiff and angry parting on the lumber road, and he wondered if she still carried her grievance against him.

When she saw him, she stopped talking, and Sam touched his hat. Julia said hello, smiling a little, and Sam, watching her carefully, thought: She hasn't forgotten. There was a certain shyness, almost embarrassment, in her greeting, but the tartness was not there.

Then Mary Beale said, "Sam, this is for you. Start again, Julia."

JULIA told them about old Frank Utley's visit to Chainlink that afternoon and the news he'd brought with him. As Sam heard of Hackbarth's surrender, he felt a kind of despair. He had been dreading this moment, and now he realized that he had been expecting that when it did happen it would happen to Emmet Hackbarth. Hackbarth's reluctance and timidity the night they'd moved Julia and her brother off Six-Up had made Sam doubtful of him, but now Sam felt only a sour satisfaction in knowing he had been right.

When Julia was finished, Sam said, "Who were the homesteaders?"

Julia described them as old Frank had—a couple of tough and dirty drifters. And Sam knew immediately they were the two men with whom Tench had almost brawled in the Revenue.

Sam looked at Mrs. Beale now, and he could almost read her thoughts. She was thinking, as he was, that they must act immediately to save whatever bitter unity there was in the North Basin. Sam said quietly, "I think I'd better do a little riding," and he turned back toward the gate.

"Sam, there's other news," Mrs. Beale called. Sam came back to the steps, wondering what new trouble there was. He could see a faint mischief in Mrs. Beale's eyes as she let him wait for a moment before she announced, "Julia is going to be with us for as long as Eleanor will let her stay."

At this news, Lydia bounced past Sam and up the steps to hug Julia. Sam was thankful that Lydia's move covered the moment's confusion he felt. His first feeling was one of pleasure, and then it was immediately tempered with wariness. Then the resentment came as he watched Julia smiling at Lydia. It was as if his last sanctuary were about to be invaded, his peaceful life at Six-Up shattered. He and Julia would argue, and their uneasiness of each other would develop into open dislike.

Mrs. Beale looked at him then, waiting for his welcome of Julia.

"Now I get cake for breakfast," he murmured, and glanced at Julia. "You reckon she can teach Lydia to braid her own hair?"

The two women smiled, and the awkward moment was past. Sam left them then, heading down the walk on his way to the corral.

By the time he was saddled up, he knew he must bring Will Ferrin in on this tonight; he almost had a moment of regret that Heth would not be with them too. The cool evening died into night before he reached Ferrin's ranch, and Ferrin already had the word and was waiting gloomily for him. If Swallowfork surrendered, it would bring homestead land to Ferrin's boundary.

Ferrin would fight like a cornered lynx for Rafter F, Sam knew, but it was not a pleasant prospect.

"I didn't tell you where I picked up the story of Hackbarth's homesteaders, Sam," Ferrin said.

"Where did you?"

"At Chainlink, and from Eleanor." He hesitated. "I suppose you know Heth kicked Julia off the place today."

Sam said he didn't, and Ferrin described what had happened. A quick sense of guilt came to Sam when he learned the cause of Heth's anger. Julia, he knew, would never have told him, and he felt a swift pity for the girl.

And then Ferrin's next words shocked every thought out of Sam's mind.

"Sam, Heth hit Eleanor today."

Sam glanced over at the dark figure beside him, seeing nothing, but feeling the savage anger of the man. "She told you that?"

"There was a mark on her face. She's no good at lying." Ferrin was quiet a moment; and then he said in a tone of utter wretchedness, "I'd kill him if it would do any good."

"Someone will," Sam said, "but it can't be you, Will."

"No, it can't be me."

The total discouragement in Ferrin's voice fitted Sam's own bleak mood. Once upon a time, Ferrin had waited too long, and another man took his girl. In a sense, that same sort of waiting time was upon them all here in the North Basin, and if they did not speak and act now, they were finished. If Hackbarth wouldn't act, Sam thought, someone must act for him, and soon—tonight if necessary.

They were approaching Swallowfork now, and a couple of ranch dogs started an alarmed yapping. Glancing over at the lamplit bunkhouse, both Sam and Will saw one of the crew cautiously step out to call off the dogs. He was careful to keep to the shadows, and he hung close to the wall, as if he were ready to dive inside in case of trouble.

"If we yelled boo, every lamp in the place would go out," Ferrin said sourly.

Lamps were lighted in the main house, too, and they dismounted at the yard fence, tied their horses, and tramped up to the house. At Sam's knock, Hackbarth opened the door. For a moment, he could not recognize them in the dim light from the lamp on the desk across the room. When he did, a look of sullen displeasure settled on his square face, and he stepped aside with an air almost of resignation. "Come in, Sam, Will."

Hackbarth led the way across the untidy room, and without offering them chairs he sat down at his paper-littered desk. It occurred to Sam that Hackbarth was at ease only when his broad beam was fitted into swivel chair and there were pencils a paper before him. Sam toed a chair aw from the wall, let his hat drop to the flo settled into the chair, and crossed his le "Tell us about it, Emmet," he said mild

"About what?" Hackbarth asked defe sively.

Sam uncrossed his legs, put his elbo on his knees, and asked, with an edge to l voice, "Nothing has happened to you tod that would interest us?"

Hackbarth shifted uncomfortably in l chair. "I can't think of a thing," he sa evenly.

Sam's voice was prodding. "You do think we're interested in homesteaders?"

"Not on my land, you aren't."

The sound of disgust from Ferrin ma Hackbarth turn to him.

"What are you doing, Emmet—standi on your own jackleg bill of rights?" Fer growled.

"I am," Hackbarth said stubbornly.

"But you've got a couple of homesteade on Swallowfork land, haven't you?" Fer said.

"They are here with my consent."

Sam said, "Why'd you give it, Emmet

Hackbarth looked squarely at Sam, a he said in a toneless voice, "Because wasn't big enough to boot them off, if y want to know."

SAM leaned back in his chair, glanci obliquely at Ferrin. Hackbarth's bal confession of weakness was so unexpecte that for a moment he could think of nothin to say.

As Hackbarth reached out and turned u the lamp, he said, without any apology i his tone, "It's all right for you two to ge tough with these homesteaders, Sam. Yo can handle yourselves and fight. You ca use a gun, and your crews will back you But I'm not that lucky—if you call it luck.'

Sam asked dryly, "Would you call i luck?"

"I don't know." Hackbarth's tone was resentful. "I do know that I'm a good rancher as long as I'm let alone, but when trouble comes I don't like it. I don't like to fight, and the men I work won't lift a hand to help unless I pay them." He spread his hands in a gesture of helplessnes

BUTCH

"Must I notify the police, dear? It's so seldom that I find anyone I can beat"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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hat am I supposed to do when two ghs refuse to get off my land?"
Nothing, Emmet," Sam said quietly. iat's why we're organized, so as to help another. You don't have to do a thing. 'll do it for you, and I think we ought lo it tonight."
Hackbarth had been tilted back in his ir. Now he leaned forward, planted h feet on the floor and both soft hands his fat knees.
His jaw was stubborn as he said, "You'll nothing of the kind."
Sam frowned. "You just admitted you 't do it."
Hackbarth shook his head. "Nobody l do anything to those homesteaders." n bafflement, Sam glanced at Ferrin, o was watching Hackbarth in open puzzment.
'Make it plainer, Emmet. What are you ting at?"
'Just what I said. Nobody will move se homesteaders."
Ferrin asked, "Why not?"
'The best reason in the world," Hackth said slowly. "I want to live."
Ferrin said, "Sam has just told you we n't involve you. We'll simply take our ws and order them off. If they refuse 'll move them off—feet first, if necesy."
Hackbarth said quietly, "Have you seen nem?"
Ferrin said he hadn't.
"They aren't the kind that'll move without help," Hackbarth said, a touch of wry umor in his voice. "They'll fight and you'll ave to kill them. I wouldn't bet you ould."
Sam cut in then. "Who said we want to, mmet? There are ways of moving people esides shooting them."
Hackbarth leaned back in his chair and eld up one fat finger. "Ah," he said gently, now we've come to the point. If you move iem, then *I'm* dead."
"That doesn't follow," Sam said.
Hackbarth shook his head. "But it does. hey've promised it. They said if my men ven so much as trespassed on their new omesteads, they wouldn't go to the sherf and they wouldn't take to law." He aused, and said flatly, "They said they'd ill me—and I believe them."
In the silence that followed, Hackbarth oked from Sam to Ferrin and then back ain to Sam.
Ferrin grunted. "What do you propose do, then, Emmet?" he asked.
"I propose to let them stay. I propose have you two keep out of this. I propose tell the sheriff that I gave them permisn to homestead. I also propose to tell n that I want protection from any neighr who mistakenly thinks he can move ose squatters off my land."

SAM leaned back in his chair, with a dismal feeling of failure. Hackbarth felt no ame at his timidity, and Sam knew a udging admiration for the man's honesty. ut Sam knew what Hackbarth had apparntly not even guessed at: Hackbarth was rough. His surrender this morning would pen the gates to every homesteader Gany could dig up. They would move on to wallowfork by the dozens, once the word ot out that there was no opposition here. hey would take over Hackbarth's choicest rass, and ahead of them would come the ard-scrabble South Basin ranchers, men ho cared nothing for farm land but eeded grass for their scrub cattle. The onest homesteaders and these poor ranchrs would fight among themselves, grabbing verything they could, fighting when opposed, and killing when necessary. There ould be nothing left of Swallowfork, not ven the buildings. Hackbarth would be he down dog and the rest of the pack vould jump him.
When Sam looked at Will, he knew that Vill was thinking the same thing. His expression was contemptuous. To a man like 'errin, who had worked and fought for vhat was his, defending it fiercely as a matter of self-respect, Hackbarth's words might as well have been spoken by an idiot.
Sam came to his reluctant decision then. Because he knew Hackbarth's timidity, the idea had lain half-formed in his mind this last hour, and he did not like it. It was risky, and knowledge of it could not be shared, not even with Ferrin. "Will, I think Emmet is lying to us," Sam said.
Hackbarth glared at him. "Lying how?"
"I don't think they promised to kill you if they were moved off. I think you were scared enough without that threat."
"My crew heard them. Call them in."
Sam shook his head. "I think it would be better if you weren't around. I think I'll sit here and make sure you don't hear what they say, in case you want to dock their wages for tattling. I think Will can go out to the bunkhouse and find out from them if you're lying."
Ferrin got up, and without a word went out of the room. He headed for the bunkhouse.
Sam stood up and walked over to look down at Hackbarth. "I don't think you were lying, Emmet," he said quietly. "I wanted Will out of the room. This is between you and me only." He paused. "What did you pay for Swallowfork?"

THIS was, of course, a question that violated Hackbarth's sense of propriety. His face reddened and he said stoutly, "That's my business and mine alone."
"Was it more than a thousand dollars?"
"Considerably more."
"Would you put up a thousand dollars to keep it?"
"What are you getting at?" Hackbarth asked.
Sam said slowly, "You've said this yourself, so there's no reason I shouldn't say it. You're afraid, Emmet. You won't fight. By this time next week you'll have twenty families on Swallowfork. You won't put them off because you can't put them off. Two weeks from now there'll be forty families here. They'll be living off your beef because you're too scared to stop them. A month from now you won't have any Swallowfork at all. Your crew will have quit, and no court will listen to you, because you'll already have admitted that Swallowfork is public land open for homesteading."
He paused, and let Hackbarth consider this for a full moment before he said, "A thousand dollars from you, Emmet, and this doesn't have to happen."
Hackbarth looked at him with a hard shrewdness in his pale eyes. "A thousand dollars for what?"
"To move those homesteaders off tomorrow." Sam could see the protest well up in Hackbarth's eyes.
"Buy them off, you mean?" Hackbarth said.
Sam nodded. "They have to move, Emmet. You can't move them, and you won't let us. What other way is there?"
Hackbarth thought a moment. "But they'll come back and blackmail me again."
Sam said quietly, "Not that pair, Emmet. You have my word for that."
Hackbarth got out of his chair and slowly began to pace the room. Sam watched him, knowing that he had touched Hackbarth where it would hurt the most—his pocketbook.
Suddenly, Hackbarth stopped and turned to stare across the room at Sam. "If I do, nobody must know this, or I'll be buying every man and his brother off."
"That," Sam murmured, "is up to you. But they'll be off."
Hackbarth moved back to his desk. Sam could see the distaste, the doubt and the confusion that were in the man's mind. Sam said, "Don't haggle, Emmet. Show me another way."
Hackbarth sank into his chair, closed his eyes, and rubbed his eyelids with his thumb and third finger.
For a long minute, Sam waited and then said, "What is it, Emmet?"
Hackbarth sighed. "I'll get it for you," he said.

(To be continued next week)

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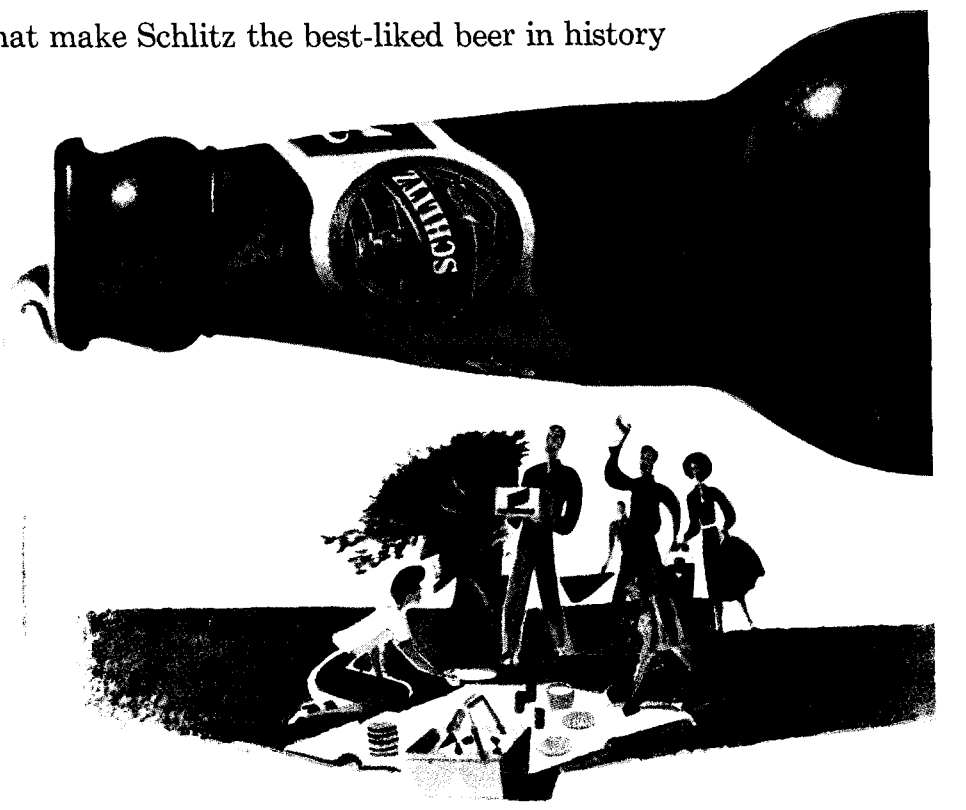

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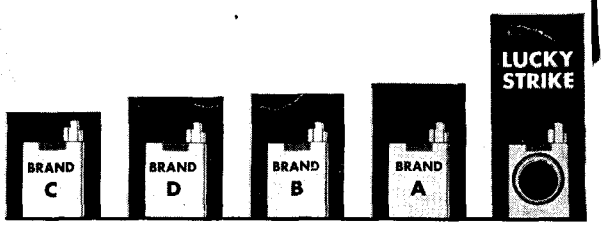

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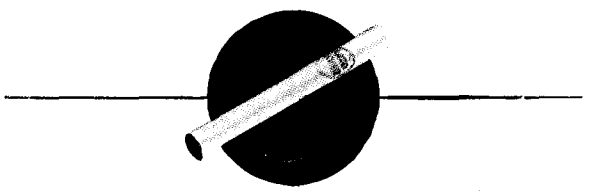

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